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Poetry.

"MY HOME."

Yon old gray wall, whose gable high
Lifts the Redeemer's sign,
Whose tendrils green like tracery
O'er arch and mullion twine—
It is indeed a holy place:
For God himself hath deigned to grace
This humble home of mine;
And thoughts of Him are blended fair
With every joy I've tasted there.

The one best friend whose modest worth
E'en from my praises flies;
The babe whose soul is budding forth
From her blue smiling eyes;
And prattling still the sturdy boy,
Who climbs my knee with heart of joy,
To gain his little prize—
Their looks of love, how can I see,
Nor think, great sire of love, on Thee!

Pride enters not yon peaceful room;
But books and arts abound;
Nor there do vain Penates come
To reign—'tis holy ground;
And duty, Lord, when evening brings
Release from toil on balmy wings
An household bard is found
To raise thy throne and offer there
The gift thou lovest, domestic prayer.

Within all studies end in Thee;
And when abroad I rove,
There's not an herb, a flower, a tree,
That speaks not of thy love;
There's not a leaf that whirled on high
Wanders along the stormy sky
That hath not words to prove
How like would be my restless lot
If Grace Divine upheld me not!

Oh! look upon yon glorious scene,
Wood, hill and wave survey;
Mark every path where God hath been
And own his wondrous way.
For me, I daily come to bless,
Dear landscape, all thy loveliness;
And dare not turn away
Till I have spoken the Psalmist's line,
"These gracious works, dread Lord, are Thine!"

My Home! My Home! I've paused awhile
In many a stranger land
And seen in all born nature smile
Beneath her Maker's hand;
But never since calm reason took
From fancy's clutch her rhyming book
A joyful resting planned—
Till here the blessed scene I laid,
Here in mine own romantic shade.

My Home! My Home! oh! ever dear
Thy hallowed scenes shall be;
In joyous grief, in hope or fear,
My spirit clings to thee.
I deem my home an emblem meet
Of that enduring last retreat,
From pain and passion free,
Where peace shall fix her bright abode
And yield her followers up to God.

—Rev. Edward William Barnard.

Our Story Teller.

THE TELL-TALE NECKLACE;

—OR—

The Soldier of Fontenoy

A Tale of Circumstantial Evidence.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"Dare not, Valentine! What has Adrienne done?"

"She, madame, nothing! My father has forbidden me to speak to her. He says that the daughter of the Count de Mornasse can hold no intercourse with the daughter of a convict."

The scorn in Valentine's tone drew the attention of the duchess to her flashing eyes and crimson cheeks. She seemed to gasp for breath; every word came with difficulty.

"Poor Adrienne! I knew she would have to suffer, but I did not expect this! Well, Valentine, however hard it may be, my child, do your duty, obey your father. Adrienne would tell you that a father's wish should be a daughter's most sacred care."

"I know it, madame; but——"

"Poor girl! she would devote her life to her father's service if she could."

"And must she suffer on forever? Can nothing be done?"

"Alas, Valentine, nothing."

"Then you think the soldier's story entirely false?" Valentine had faced the duchess now, and her eager eyes were filled with meaning. "Those papers and jewels that he persists in speaking about?"

"Child, your own father's words completely contradict his statements."

"But his theory of the murder—the disappearance of the money——"

"Lies, all lies!"

"That necklace that you gave his wife?"

"The miserable man must have destroyed it or hidden it to avert suspicion."

"It was a curious necklace, I believe; it was composed of topazes, turquoise—"

"Oh, not at all! It was made of rubies, emeralds, and sapphires."

"Yes, madame—no doubt, there were others made like it?"

"What, duplicates?"

Valentine seemed too much interested to speak. The duchess shook her head.

"Oh, no!"

"No—madame?"

"It is very improbable. You see, that necklace was made to order; the design was my own. Of course, a person who could afford to wear such a necklace would not care for a duplicate of mine. Ornaments should be unique, or they lose one of their principal charms."

Valentine stood speechless, her eyes fastened on the duchess; her voice, when she gained control of it, was husky and uneven.

"Madame, you would recognize that necklace——"

"Anywhere! It has my likeness set in diamonds in the medallion; the clasp had three diamonds; you pressed the center one and it opened. My Christian name—Claire—was on the inside piece!"

Valentine tottered, and caught at the nearest chair for support.

"Why, Valentine, what is it that agitates you so? Are you ill?"

"A sudden thought! Adrienne—her grief, my own duty."

"Ah! you love her—you would help her if you could?"

"Yes—if I—madame—see, those jewels there. My father—brought them to me. I am to wear some of them; if you—would select——"

"Why, certainly; but Valentine, indeed, you must control this grief, this emotion."

The duchess turned away to look at the treasures of the former Countess de Mornasse. Valentine softly drew the necklace from her pocket, and put her finger on the center diamond of the clasp.

"I will know," she murmured. The stone moved under her slight pressure, the clasp opened with a spring, and the one fatal word "Claire" met her eyes.

A sharp, despairing cry rang through the room; the duchess turned, but Valentine stood as if petrified; her eyes were fixed on something that she held in both hands.

"What is it, Valentine?" asked the duchess.

Valentine shuddered, and let her hand drop to her side, thus concealing the necklace in the folds of her dress. The duchess saw the rapid movement, and approaching, put her hand on Valentine's arm. Valentine's face, white and rigid with horror, startled her.

"Valentine, something terrible is weighing upon you. Will you not confide in me?"

"You! Oh, no! I cannot. I must think!"

"But what have you in your hand?"

"One of the jewels, madame. I do not like it!"

"Well, let me see it."

The duchess held out her hand. Valentine shrank away from her, and quickly put the necklace into her pocket. Her eyes were wild with fright, her whole body shook; she murmured, gasping as if for breath:

"No, no! I—not now. I will not wear it!"

"Well, there are others, Valentine. Come, try and be calm, my child. See, the pearls are beautiful, and Adrienne will wear pearls. Will you have these?"

Valentine stood for a moment looking from the duchess to the casket. Then she turned away and threw herself into a large chair, as if perfectly exhausted. The duchess sat down near her, and tried to soothe her.

"It is useless, madame; my mind is made up. I will not go to this presentation."

"Not go! Why, Valentine, that is nonsense, unless you are physically unable."

"It is not that, madame. There are other considerations."

"You are fretting about Adrienne. Do not let that weigh with you for a moment. After you have been presented, I will talk to your father, and obtain his consent to your speaking to Adrienne. Reflect, my child. For years you have not only lived in great seclusion, but even your name was withheld from your associates. It is very important that you should now be introduced and accepted as the daughter of the Count de Mornasse. Nearly all these estates are yours, in right of your mother. The count cannot claim them, except through you. You see, your presence at this presentation is, therefore, necessary for many strong reasons. So, be strong and self-reliant, my dear child. All will yet go well. I must leave you. What shall I tell Adrienne?"

"Tell her I have not forgotten my promise."

"And the jewels—will you wear the pearls?"

"Perhaps so, madame."

The duchess rose and kissed Valentine, in her kind, motherly way.

"There, dear child, now you will compose yourself, and do what is right. This is a very convenient entrance. I am so glad we can see each other so quickly, and without any ceremonious announcing."

The duchess smiled, as she returned Valentine's deep courtesy, and slowly disappeared in the ante-room beyond.

No sooner had the heavy door shut, than Valentine drew the necklace from her pocket, and examined it.

"There cannot be the slightest doubt, then. This is the necklace? Let me think. Given by the duchess to Madeleine; placed by the soldier in a box with the money, the jewels and the papers; taken with them—stolen by the murderer of Madeleine! Oh, what—what is this mystery? On one side or the other is concealed a dreadful crime. Which story am I to believe? On the one hand, a convict, a galley slave—a man whom every circumstance pointed to as the murderer—even the testimony of his own child. On the other, a gentleman, respected and accepted as the Count de Mornasse, returning, after an absence of twelve years, to claim his family estates, and bringing with him—this irrefutable proof that the soldier did not perjure himself; that his theory was right! Another did the deed! But who? Why do I tremble so? My brain seems on fire! 'You will do right.' The duchess said so as she left me. Yes—I will do right! Adrienne shall not suffer any longer! Is it not she—not she who is to bear the misery and disgrace? No, her father is innocent; another man murdered her poor, helpless mother, and that man is—my father!"

Overcome at the horror of her own conviction, Valentine fell back, nearly fainting, on a chair. She still grasped the necklace, but all her physical and mental power seemed paralyzed by the weight of the secret that tortured her. She tried to think of some explanation for her father's possession of the necklace, but her reason would not accept what her fancy suggested. The dull, heavy torpor of despair was settling down upon her. The count's manner and words were his worst accusers.

"I must see Adrienne," she murmured, over and over again; and while she was speaking the door near her again opened and Adrienne stood before her.

Adrienne was a vision of loveliness in her white satin and brocade draperies. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure, her lips parted in her own bright smile as she saw Valentine, and stretching out her arms she would have embraced her friend.

With a cry, Valentine sprang to her feet and shrank away from Adrienne's touch.

Adrienne's arms fell at once, her eyes filled with tears.

"I see you do not wish for me, Valentine. I should not come, but the hours are so long, so weary without you. I have been so weak, so ill! Will you not even take my hand?"

"Oh, do not touch me! I dare not—I cannot——"

Valentine clasped her trembling hands and drew back; but then, as if fascinated by Adrienne's gaze, stood immovable, and the two girls eagerly looked at each other.

Valentine's face was baffling. Adrienne could not read the drawn, set features, the clear, searching eyes, in which were reflected in turn agony, despair and grief. Love and hope were no longer shining in their dark depths. Adrienne had seen her own features when sorrow had taken its strongest hold upon her, but they never expressed the fear mingled with terror that she now perceived in Valentine's beautiful face. Yet this was her Valentine, the friend who had listened to her griefs, shared them, and tried to sustain her with pleasing hopes. This was the girl who had put her arms about her on that terrible day and promised to help her. What had come over Valentine? What had caused this change in one who had vowed constancy and never-failing sympathy? Adrienne's heart failed her before Valentine's silent, earnest scrutiny. She shivered, and, putting out her hand, clung to the chair for support.

"You are right, quite right, Valentine," she said, sadly. "The daughter of a galley-slave should not hope to associate with the daughter of an honest, noble gentleman. I am sorry to have disturbed you. I will not trouble you again—"

"And can you believe that, Adrienne? Can you thus reproach me? If I were in your place and you in mine, is that what you would think? Is that the way you would treat me?"

"No, no, Valentine! I would not turn from you—I would love you more than ever, Valentine. I would say that human judgment is liable to error; that men before this have been accounted guilty, although the evidence was purely circumstantial, and later discoveries proved them to be guiltless. I would still sustain you with hope, and whisper of courage; for I tell you, Valentine, that in spite of the overwhelming testimony of your father's evidence against the truth of my father's word, my soul still cries out, my mind refuses, to accept the conviction of his guilt; my heart assures me, teaches me, that he is innocent!"

Adrienne raised her hands to Heaven, as if to clothe her assertion with the solemnity of an oath.

Valentine drew near her, speaking in low, steady tones, the stern expression of her features for a moment softening into one of wondering admiration for the gentle girl before her.

"Adrienne, your heart teaches you the truth. Cost what it may, I will tell you to follow its dictates; they will show you what is right."

"What—what have you discovered? Why do you speak so decidedly, Valentine?"

"Because, Adrienne, I am now as strongly convinced as you are of your father's innocence!"

"Oh, Valentine, can you speak to me thus?"

Adrienne caught Valentine's hand and tried to kiss it, but Valentine drew it away, and shrinking, again showed Adrienne a face distorted with terror and despair.

"No, no! you must not! I do not deserve it yet—wait—wait."

"Again, Valentine! Alas, what have I done?"

"Nothing. You have only suffered, the victim of a cruel man's heartlessness!"

"Why does your voice change so, Valentine? Surely you do not blame my father? I am the cause of all his wretchedness."

"You, Adrienne! Oh, no: if your father were here I would fall on my knees before him, as I do now before you. I would tell him how I honored him for his noble conduct; how I grieved for his long, bitter punishment. I would assure him that his innocence should yet be made manifest to the world; that he should be restored to his liberty, to his country, to his child——"

Valentine's voice broke in sobs.

Adrienne gazed at her, as if doubting the evidence of her senses. Valentine on her knees, her hands clasped, her eyes raised as if invoking help and guidance, was a sight so strange, so inexplicable under the circumstances, that Adrienne sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"YOU WILL KILL ME."

"To his child, who destroyed him!" she murmured. "Oh, no! it is too much now to hope for. It is impossible!"

Valentine rose suddenly, and bent over her friend. Her voice was hoarse and uneven.

"You were but an infant—a child, not conscious of the meaning of your words, of the terrible consequences you were bringing upon him—your father. Tell me, Adrienne, if that fearful thing had taken place when you were old enough to realize the terrific effect of your own words——"

Valentine struggled for utterance.

Adrienne lifted her head, frightened at Valentine's painful efforts to speak.

"Well, what, Valentine?"

"If, I say, you were quite old enough to know what you were doing, and if——"

"If what, Valentine?"

"If you were, as then, thoroughly convinced of your father's guilt, would you—would you do as you did then?"

"What, cause his arrest—inform against him? Never!"

Adrienne rose to her feet, and approached Valentine.

"But think, Adienne, if he were really a murderer—if your mother were dead—dead by his wicked, brutal act!"

"I would not give him up. A child has no right to cause a parent's death. Surely, Valentine, in such a case, Heaven would not condemn me for keeping silent!"

"But, Adrienne, could you keep silent? Would not your mother's blood cry to Heaven for vengeance on her murderer? Would you not die under the torturing weight of such a secret? It would kill you."

"That is true; but, Adrienne, I could only die. I would not betray my father!"

Valentine staggered back, her eyes fixed on Adrienne's glowing face. For a ment there was silence. Valentine put her hands to her head, as if to recall her scattered thoughts. Adrienne watched her, perplexed at her earnestness. After reflecting for a short time, she put her hand on Adrienne's arm, and stared fixedly in her timid, sad face.

"You say that you would shield from punishment your mother's murderer?"

"Valentine, think to what a horrible, lingering death I should consign him! Then, loving him as I did, as I do, could I do it? Oh, the mere thought of such an action on a child's part makes me shudder!"

"And he would thus escape all punishment." Valentine seemed to think aloud.

"He could not escape his own conscience, Valentine. To live unsuspected of the crime, yet tortured by that ever-present accuser, would be an expiation for the deed."

"You are reasoning on the theory that no arrest would be made, that your father being unsuspected, the real murderer would be supposed to have escaped pursuit."

"Why yes, Valentine; and would you not do the same?"

"Under those circumstances, I might. A life-long repentance might atone for the crime. But, Adrienne, suppose that an innocent man were arrested for the crime, tried, found guilty, and condemned, like your poor father, on circumstantial evidence, to wear a convict's dress and drag a chain, as he does, in the streets of yonder city?"

"Oh, Valentine, you frighten me!"

"Suppose, I say, such a case! A guilty man shielded, and an innocent one suffering the infamy, the pain, enduring the toil, the heat, the cold, the insults of any brutal person who cared to taunt him while passing! More than that, the separation from his family—perhaps from a daughter like you, and who, like you, believed in his innocence! Suppose, I say, such a case, and yourself the child conniving at the unmerited punishment of an innocent man! What—what would you do then, Adrienne? What would you do then?"

Adrienne shrank away, frightened at the passionate vehemence of Valentine's voice, at her flashing eyes and burning cheeks. But Valentine followed her.

"Tell me, Adrienne, what would you do?"

The appeal was full of anguish, and would be answered. Adrienne's eyes filled at the sight of Valentine's sorrow.

"Alas! Valentine, I cannot reason as you do; I cannot comprehend your meaning. I do not know what I should do. I dare not contemplate such a position. Mine is sad enough, humiliating enough; but that—that would be——"

"Far worse! You shrink from even the contemplation of a child satisfied of her father's guilt, and witnessing an innocent man suffering in his stead; but, if you were placed in such an awful position, with no one to go to, no one to help you, Heaven would inspire you, Adrienne, as it will inspire me!"

"Valentine's uplifted eyes, her clasped hands, raised in fervent supplication, was a sight that for a moment held Adrienne still in mute surprise. Then a light broke upon her. She caught Valentine's hands, held them firmly, and whispered passionately:

"Why do you ask me these questions? What have you discovered? What is troubling you? Quick, Valentine, tell me! You have learned——"

A heavy step in the ante-room made her pause; both girls turned and met the count's eyes fixed on them as he entered.

Adrienne would have shrunk away under their angry expression; but Valentine, with a rapid movement, threw her arms around Adrienne's waist, and, thus supporting her, awaited the count's scornful words.

"So, together again!"

Valentine did not stir.

"I thought I told you, a short time since, my wishes on this subject."

"You did; but Adrienne cannot, in any way, injure me."

Valentine's voice was calm and clear! Her eyes met the count's quick glances with a fearlessness that enraged while it puzzled him.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that Adrienne and I are now equally convinced of her father's innocence of the crime laid to his charge."

"And you persist in disobeying me. I was explicit in my command that you should have nothing to do with that girl."

Valentine shivered, and looking lovingly at Adrienne, who was gently disengaging herself from her strong clasp.

"Forgive me, Valentine, if I have caused you to disobey your father. I did not know that he——"

She ceased, unable to speak.

"Do not fret, Adrienne. Separation cannot change our love for each other—"

"Separation, Valentine."

The count turned away from Adrienne's startled eyes; but Valentine, bending, kissed her passionately, tears choking her voice.

"Courage, Adrienne; trust me. I will not forget your grief, and my promise."

"But separation! to lose you, Valentine!"

"There might be worse evils, Adrienne; and if you lost me, and had your father restored to you, you, at least, would be happy."

"And you, Valentine? You speak and look so strangely! I will not leave you!"

"It is better, Adrienne; I must speak to my father."

Another close embrace, and Valentine went to the door of the garden entrance, holding Adrienne's hand. There the young girl turned, and saluted the count, who stood with his back to her, taking no notice of her courtesy.

Adrienne flushed. Valentine looked at the count.

"Father, Mademoiselle Renaud salutes you."

The count turned, and made a deep, mocking bow.

Valentine closed the door, and approached him fearlessly.

"Well, so this is your promised obedience."

"I did not seek Adrienne; she came here."

"What new evidence did she bring you of her father's innocence?"

"She? None whatever!"

"This new assurance, then, comes to you from Heaven?"

Valentine looked steadily at the count, but did not reply.

He spoke roughly, walking up and down, without meeting her eyes.

"Pshaw! I am tired of all this nonsense; have you selected your jewels?"

"No; I cannot wear them—I will not!"

"You will not! Why, what is the fault with them? Are they not rich enough for you?"

"Rich enough! They are too expensive for me."

"Oh, now you are joking with me. You are angry with me. Well, perhaps I am severe, even unjust; but I have reasons. Come, Valentine, your poor mother used to love so to deck herself in these. Come, take these diamonds."

"I cannot. They all terrify me! See this one. This seems to burn into my flesh as I hold it!"

She drew the necklace from her pocket, and put it before the count's eyes.

He looked from her to it, as if he thought she was losing her senses. Then he held it for a moment, and pressed the medallion to his lips.

Valentine eagerly watched the action without letting go her hold.

"That necklace! Why, that is the very one which your mother wore on her wedding-day. Why, something must have bewildered you, my daughter."

"Yes; I see."

Valentine again concealed the necklace; and going to a table, sat down and leaned her head on her hand in deep thought.

"Well, I am waiting your pleasure, Valentine. Everything is in readiness for our drive. We have delayed long enough already."

"I am not going to the presentation!"

"Not going? But I must insist upon your going; you know I am your father."

"It is because you are my father that I now speak as I do."

"I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

"I mean that we must leave France."

"Leave France! You must be raving. Why, I have only just returned, after an enforced absence of twelve long, painful years. I have brought with me every possible proof of my identity, so as to be able to enjoy life and secure all these estates for you. Leave France! I should like to know on what grounds—for what reason?"

"Because justice must be done. The man now suffering unmerited disgrace and bitter shame must be released. I ask you to leave France. I will go with you. Once out of danger, beyond reach of capture, you can explain everything, prove his innocence, and restore him to liberty."

"Why, what are you talking about? Who is the man whom I am to liberate by this sacrifice?"

"Jean Renaud."

Valentine rose as she spoke.

The count stood for a moment gazing at her, an expression of cunning and curiosity meeting her steady scrutiny of his face.

"Jean Renaud? the galley-slave! What are you insinuating? Do you mean to accuse me? your father!"

Valentine clasped her hands.

"Do not drive me to such an extremity! Be merciful to him, to his child! Has he not suffered enough for you—for another's crime? Must his innocent child die, broken-hearted, because no help can reach him? Do you suppose that I will stay here quietly and look on at another murder!"

"I think you have lost your senses, Valentine."

He turned away. Valentine followed him, her hands clasped, her voice soft in pleading.

"Will you agree to my earnest prayer? Heaven, perhaps, has spared you to make reparation for this terrible sin. Do it, and I shall love you! I will follow you in your exile, work for you, care for you, be indeed your daughter——"

"I tell you no! Here I remain."

"You will not undo this injustice? You will not leave France?"

"Never! I tell you. Never! What is more, I command you to cease talking on this subject, which seems to be depriving you of your senses, driving you into insanity. We must leave this place; and that without delay. The presence of that girl is simply maddening. It affects me almost as much as it does you."

"Her presence may excite your fears, but it has nothing to do with my agitation."

"Then, may I ask the cause of it?"

"It is caused by your danger. I doubt my own ability to keep silent. I am not convinced that it is my duty to do so."

"What! you threaten me!"

"No! I implore you to do what is right, what is kind."

"You must have discovered something which you consider important evidence against me!" said the count, approaching his daughter and speaking in a whisper. His eyes had a dangerous gleam in them. Valentine faced him boldly.

"You are right; I have."

"What is this proof? Where did you find it?"

"Do not ask me. It is enough that it is sufficient for the purpose if I wish to use it against you. I ask you again to leave France and clear the innocent.

"I want that proof. Give it to me!" He caught her arm firmly in his powerful arms; his white face was convulsed with passion; his words came rapidly in eager, hissing tones; his hot breath seemed to burn her cheeks. "Give it to me, I say! quickly, or—or I will make you!"

"For what—to hide it or destroy it? never!"

Valentine trembled in his grasp, but her eyes unflinchingly met his.

"You will not, you say; then, by Heaven, I will——"

"You will kill me, as you did—Madeleine!" Valentine said, slowly.

The count's arms relaxed, let go their hold, and, with a cry like that of a wounded animal, he shrank before Valentine's flashing eyes. She caught his arm, speaking passionately:

"Well, do it! kill me if you will; it would be more merciful than to let me live with this secret to hide from the world."

"I will not let you brave me," cried the count, regaining courage as Valentine faltered. "You are my daughter—you shall obey; give me what you have!"

"Yes, I am your wretched daughter, made so by your crime. Why do you hesitate? Once before a helpless woman stood between you and your heart's desire——"

With a yell the count sprang upon her, and caught her by the throat, but her sharp cry was echoed from the doorway. As the duke and the duchess entered the room the count released his daughter, and cowering away, sank into an easy-chair and covered his face with his hands.

Valentine tottered toward the duchess, and fell, nearly fainting, in her arms.

The astonished duke looked from father to daughter, as if at a loss for words.

"What does this mean?" he at length asked the still trembling count.

"I am sorry that you should discover us in such an embarrassing situation," the count stammered, with difficulty. "But—really, my daughter——"

"What is the matter with your daughter? She is white and cold—she trembles like a leaf! I do not understand this!" cried the duchess, indignantly. "Speak, Valentine, speak, my child!"

Valentine stood upright with a great effort, and looked steadily at the count.

"Shall I speak, or will you agree to my proposal?"

"Oh, speak if you will, my daughter." The count came quite close, speaking slowly. "Of course, you must do as you think right. I—am only your father."

"My father!" Valentine shuddered; her startled eyes glanced at the three faces confronting her. The count's snake-like gaze seemed to fascinate her. She put her hand to her head, speaking wildly: "Yes, yes, my father! What did she say? I would die, but I would not betray my father!' Oh, Adrienne——" She stopped.

"Count, explain this scene. What has so suddenly affected your daughter?" the duke said, firmly.

"I—the fact is, I am as much surprised as you are. The events of the last few days have undoubtedly unsettled my daughter's mind. For the last five minutes the child has been uttering the most alarming, impossible accusations and threats. I fear she is mad."

"Mad!" cried tht duchess, while Valentine stared at the count as if doubting the truth of what her quick perceptions were grasping with fatal accuracy.

"Yes, madame, there can be no doubt of it. My daughter is mad!"

"Mad!" echoed Valentine. "Mad! Oh! he says that I am mad!"

The last word was a wild cry of despair, and as it rang through the room, Valentine fell insensible to the floor.

The duchess raised her and laid her on the sofa; the duchess, assisted by the maid, who came running in at the sound of Valentine's voice, quickly applied restoratives. The count walked rapidly up and down, avoiding looking at his daughter.

"Take him away," whispered the duchess; and the duke, understanding her glance, drew the count into an adjoining apartment.

Valentine slowly regained consciousness. Coming out of the long, death-like swoon, she saw the duchess bending anxiously over her. She smiled as she recognized the kind, motherly face, but the next minute shivered and glanced fearfully around her.

"He is not here; do you wish to see him?" asked the duchess.

"No, no, not now: I am not strong enough. Do not let him come."

"No; I will invite him to come with us to the city. You will try and compose yourself and sleep, my child. You are over-excited and troubled; give up thinking, and rest. I will tell your father that you must not be disturbed."

"I shall feel quite well in a little while," Valentine said. "You must not remain any longer; I have already detained you some time. Marie will stay with me."

Valentine smiled wearily and sadly as the duchess kissed her. She was questioning whether they would ever meet again.

Fortunately, the duke had persuaded the count that he had better appear at the reception, the minister having been informed of his presence in the neighborhood.

The duchess entering, reported Valentine much better, but advised leaving her to obtain rest and sleep. The count, after a slight hesitation, agreed to be advised by the duchess in regard to visiting his daughter, and soon after he set out alone for the city.

Neither the duke nor his wife felt at ease about Valentine; and when Adrienne described her interview with her friend, and the count's anger, they thought that it only partly explained the scene they had witnessed.

"The man is passionate, and has been away from the society of ladies. He would not intentionally injure his daughter," said the duke.

"He must be something worse than passionate," the duchess exclaimed. "I am positive that he was choking her when we surprised them that time. Do you know that I consider it dangerous to leave her in his power so completely."

"Oh, you were mistaken, my dear. What! choke a delicate, lovely girl—his only child! Why, the man would be a monster!"

The duchess and Adrienne were not convinced by the duke's explanation.

Adrienne began to grow nervous in regard to Valentine's safety, but felt somewhat reassured on perceiving the Gount de Mornasse in the crowded reception-room of the Hotel de Ville.

The duchess, with her quick intuition and faith in personal sympathy, thought it but right to let the Marquis de Calonne understand the present state of affairs at Chateau La Grange.

Perceiving the young man enter the rooms and look about him rapidly in search of the brilliant vision he expected to meet, the duchess quickly sent for him.

The marquis was looking unusually handsome; his features were lit up with a charming smile as he bent over the hand the duchess held out to him.

"I suppose," he said, "that you feel perfectly happy this afternoon. I just saw Mademoiselle Adrienne leaning on Raoul's arm and smiling at his remarks. I always judge of how you feel by her appearance."

"You are right, my dear marquis. Adrienne's face is a very good test of my condition of mind: But you have not mentioned Valentine?"

"No, I expected to find her with you. I saw the count in conversation with the Duke de Choiseul a few moments since."

"Valentine is not here; and I think that if you can leave your duties here without it being noticed, you had better go to her. Say nothing to any one. I will tell the duke if he misses you."

"Why, you alarm me! Yesterday I saw her. She is well?"

"Do not look so worried. I cannot enter into explanations without attracting attention, the very thing I wish to avoid. You must see Valentine before the count sees her again. Something is wrong; neither Adrienne nor I could win her confidence. You understand me? Try what you can do."

"But when did this happen?"

"Since morning; she was dressed to come here. It is inexplicable to me. The duke is not suspicious, but I fear something very terrible. The count was quite ready to pronounce her mad, but Valentine is not inclined to lose her senses. I left her quite weak, but perfectly sensible. Lose no time."

The marquis had listened in shocked silence. He pressed the hand he held to his lips, and with a low "Trust me," left the crowded room. In a few minutes he was riding rapidly toward Chateau La Grange.

His bright, clear-headed Valentine mad! That was simply an absurdity. He had talked to her within twenty-four hours, and had left her in the gayest spirits, full of interest in the coming presentation to the Duke de Choiseul. What had happened to trouble her? Who had dared to annoy her? The count must have caused this rapid alteration of spirits. With a sudden feeling of terror, the marquis recalled a fact that he had tried his utmost to forget. This was, his first impression of Valentine's father. It had been entirely unfavorable; now it recurred with added force.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WONDERFUL SURGERY.

The Manner in Which a Texas Girl Is Kept Alive.

The San Antonio correspondent of the Galveston *News* tells the following story of a wonderful surgical operation recently performed in the former City. San Antonio contains a wonder, the like of which cannot be found in the United States. It is nothing more nor less than a child, seven years old, that, instead of masticating and swallowing its food in the usual manner, is fed through an aperture in the stomach made for that purpose. The child is gaining strength, can walk and play, and bids fair to soon be as stout and healthy as any other child. On Saturday last I determined to go and see the child for myself. The facts are as follows: About two years ago Mr. S. T. Lumley, at that time living in Pennsylvania, had the misfortune to have his little daughter Jessie drink a solution of lie, which a negro woman had carelessly left on the table. A large quantity of the corrosive liquid was swallowed. Death is the certain result in such cases. There have been quite a number of cases in San Antonio, where children drank concentrated lye, and none have survived except in this instance. The lye destroyed the mucous membrane, and a stricture of the æsophagus is formed, which means that the throat, or at least the channel through which the food goes into the stomach, is drawn together or contracted to such a degree that only liquids, and not much of them, can pass through. If the child does not die at once, it lingers for a year or so, and then goes into a consumptive condition and perishes of slow starvation. It is impossible for a human being to live exclusively on liquid nourishment; but where concentrated lye has been taken there are times, particularly in cold, damp weather, when the sufferer can not even swallow milk. All attempts to open the closed-up æsophagus are futile, hence the sufferer slowly starves to death.

Suuch was the condition of the little girl, Jessie Lumley, when she was taken to San Antonio for treatment. The child was very much emaciated, could not swallow even liquid food for days at a time. As it was the only possible chance she had for life, her parents consented that the operation of making an opening in the stomach should be attempted. The operation has been performed in England but this is believed to be the first time it has been attempted in the United States. Your correspondent cannot give the technical terms, but can make the modus operandi intelligible to the general reader. An incision four inches long was made a few inches to the left of the pit of the stomach, much stitching being required. Through this incision the stomach is reached. The next part of the operation requires the most delicate handling imaginable. It consists in sewing the stomach to the walls of the abdomen, but the greatest care has to be taken not to penetrate the stomach itself. The needle and stitches only penetrate the skin of the stomach. The result is that the stomach, as the wound gradually heals, grows to the wall of the abdomen.

The patient was put under the influence of chloroform, and the operation successfully performed. Unfortunately, the child had an attack of chills and fever, which had to be cured, which gave it a set-back. The operation described took place three weeks ago. The stomach had grown on to the sides of the abdomen, and eight days ago the final operation of making a small incision into the stomach, through which the food was to pass, was performed, and twice a day during the past week a beefsteak, cut up fine, has been passed with the forceps into the stomach, and the child is steadily gaining strength.

On Saturday last I visited the child, and saw it feed. We halted in front of a small one-story house, which we entered. A little girl, with light hair and blue eyes, was sitting up in bed surrounded with playthings. Her mother, a young woman of about 30 years of age, was busy in the room.

"Do you want your supper, Jessie?" said the doctor.

"I want steak. I don't want any bread, 'cos it hurts," said the little girl, whose thin features and pale complexion showed the result of her long fast.

The mother brought in a rare beefsteak which the doctor proceeded to cut into small pieces, crumbling up the bread at the same time. The food being prepared, the child lay back on the bed, and the opening in the side was exposed. It was only an inch in length, and presented the appearance of a badly healed cut. It was a little inflamed. I stood by and saw the doctor take one piece after another, and carefully introduce it with the forceps into the stomach, until the plate was nearly empty. The child complained a little at times, but did not appear to suffer any. She finally said: "My stomach is full," and as there was no more steak, the doctor desisted. Finally some cotton was placed in the opening, a bandage put on, and she sat up and was soon fondling her playthings.

The following additional facts may be of interest to the medical fraternity and others interested: No particle of soid food has passed through the child's throat since the accident. A grain of rice nearly strangles her. Milk is also injected into the stomach through the opening. The only possible danger is from the wound closing up, hence it is kept open with cotton. At first a plug of expansive cotton was used. There is no reason why the child should not become stout and healthy. The food digests readily, just the same as if chewed and swallowed. To the inquiry if this mode of taking nourishment would have to be kept up through life, no definite answer was given, as it depends on the possibility of reducing the stricture of the throat.

HUNTING A TIGER.

A Tiger from Forepaugh's Menagerie Discovered at Large in a Field, and, after Repeated Expeditions and Alarms, is Shot and Killed.

Philadelphia Times, Oct. 25.

A most exciting affair occurred up in Torresdale, on the New York branch of the Pennsylvania railroad, 14 miles from Philadelphia, early yesterday morning. About five o'clock, and while it was yet very dark, Andrew Hoffmeyer, a stone mason, who lives about fifty rods from the Red Line Hotel, near the railroad, was awakened from his sleep by hearing moans proceeding from some point outside not far from the house. He listened for some moments, trying to make out what it meant. First there would be a low groan, which would gradually rise higher and higher, until it would clearly resemble a human voice, then sink again and die away in a long wail. This kept up for some time, Hoffmeyer listening meantime with mind more perplexed than ever. At length he roused his wife and both listened. The sounds would break out at intervals and continue a short time, then cease as before. It resembled a human voice more than any other sound imaginable, and the listeners finally came to the conclusion that it was some one in pain. Presently, when the sounds were renewed, Hoffmeyer sprang out of bed, declaring that he knew it was some one in distress, and that he could not lie there and listen to the sound any longer. Dressing himself hastily he went down stairs, opened the door and passed out in the darkness in the direction

WHENCE THE NOISE PROCEEDED.

It came from the field of a neighbor, named Wheelan, adjoining Hoffmeyer's yard. Walking down across this field he presently, through the darkness, discerned what seemed to be the body of an animal, lying close up against a fence. Hoffmeyer thought it was a cow suffering from some hurts, and full of good intentions advanced closer, until he had got within a few steps of the incumbent form of the animal, when he became conscious of two fiery eyes glaring at him out of the darkness with an expression that belonged to no branch of the cow species under the sun. To say that Hoffmeyer got out of the way quickly is to do injustice to the remarkable physical activity which he brought to bear on the matter at that critical moment. There was a tree not far distant, and in his progress toward this desirable point the grass never felt the touch of his feet. Having reached the tree, and seeing he was not followed, he deliberated a moment, then ran toward a shop where lights were glimmering at that early hour. It was States' butcher shop. Bursting into the place, where Mr. States and two or three hired men were at work, he informed them breathlessly of what had happened. At first they were disposed to discredit his story. Hoffmeyer stuck to it that some kind of a wild animal was down in the field and that he had almost stepped upon it. At length the men threw down their work, and, declaring they would settle the matter in short order, the party sallied out.

"LET'S GO AND CAPTURE HIM,"

said States, laughing at what he conceived to be a good joke on Hoffmeyer.

Down into the field they went, States heading the party. Soon they heard the groans and saw the dark body of the animal which States said was a cow and increased his pace. When he got near the fence Hoffmeyer, who was cauticusly bringing up the rear, called out to him:

"You'd better not go too near," he said.

States answered nothing. Firmly determined to capture the animal, he strode bravely up until within a few feet of it, when he stopped suddenly and quickly.

"My God, it's a tiger," cried States, turning white as a sheet and executing the most rapid retrograte movement probably that ever fell to the lot of man. The others did not wait till he reached them. Every individual man took to his heels and cleared the field with unparalleled promptness. They ran back to the butcher shop, where States got an axe and an old bird gun. Several of the others scared up an old shot-gun apiece, and in a body they ran to the Red Lion Hotel for more assistance. Here the only man they found awake was Allen Eckert, the barkeeper. Eckert, like States and the others, at first would not believe what they told him. To satisfy them, he joined the party, however, and for the third time the place was visited, this time with more caution and circumspection than on any of the previous occasions. Eckert took the lead, vowing that if there was any wild animal there he would find out what it was. By this time it was lighter, for the morning had begun to break. Eckert got to the fence, but went no farther. Stopping short, as his predecessors had done before him, he uttered an exclamation and retired the way he had come, the rest of the party rapidly leading the way.

"IT IS A TIGER

sure enough," said Eckert, as he went back to the hotel and got an immense double barreled gun used for duck-shooting and heavily loaded with No. 5 shot. Armed with this effective weapon, and accompanied again by the others with their small bird guns which not one of them would venture to fire, they got down by the fence again. By this time it was about six o'clock. When they reached the place the animal had risen from the spot where he was first discovered and was walking slowly along on the other side of the fence.

It was a tiger, and a very large one. He moved along the fence slowly until he came to a point opposite the place where the men were standing. Here he stopped a moment and, placing his paws against a rail, looked over. The men promptly proceeded to give him more latitude, retreating to the nearest house, which was occupied by a family named Clary. Eckert requested Mrs. Clary to leave the door open, so that in the event of his shot missing its object he could retreat inside. The animal, meantime, had taken himself off the fence and was leisurely pursuing his way. Going down within about 30 feet of him Eckert leveled his gun at him. Just as he was about to fire he was stopped by a yell from one of the party, who advised him not to risk it, as, if he missed and only served to rouse his tigership, some of them would lose their lives. Without heeding the request he went a little closer, and, while the animal stopped to look at him, took deliberate aim for the region of the left shoulder and fired. The tiger jumped five or six feet into the air and fell dead without a groan. The men with the bird guns promptly rushed up and emptied the contents of each and every additional gun into the dead tiger's head, being evidently determined that he should not come back to life again. Having done this and still having doubts as to whether the work was complete, Mr. States came forward with his axe and

BATTERED THE ANIMAL'S HEAD

almost into a jelly, after which there appeared to be but little doubt that he was dead. The next thing to be done was to remove the body. A lumber wagon coming along at the time, the carcass was placed upon it and hauled up to the Red Lion stable, where it was weighed and measured. Its weight was 205 pounds, it was seven feet nine inches long and over three feet high. It measured 13½ inches around the fore arm. The animal escaped from Forepaugh's menagerie, which has been in Frankford for the past two days. It could not have been at large long, as Hoffmeyer was the first man, by all accounts, to discover it. The distance from Frankfort to Torresdale, is about six miles. It had probably been in the woods all night until driven by hunger into the fields. The news of the killing spread like wildfire in Torresdale yesterday, and hundreds of people, including many of the summer residents of the town and surrounding country, visited the place to inspect the carcass. If the hide is not claimed by Forepaugh it is the intention of the Red Lion folks to have it stuffed. Had the discovery been made later in the day, the excitement would have been tenfold more intense. Occuring as it did at an early hour, when few were out of their houses, the excitement did not begin until after the animal had been killed and the news had spread through the neighborhood.

Another Centennial.

New York Times.

If that honest enthusiast, Robert Raikes, who, 99 years ago, founded the first Sunday School in England, could revisit the glimpses of the moon, he we would be a little astonished, no doubt, to listen to the eulogies, and hear the talk of celebrating the centennial of his little school in an out-of-the-way corner of Great Britain. It can scarcely be imagined that the most enlightened insight into possibilities should have perceived, in 1780, the extraordinary and almost universal development that would be given to the Sunday School in the course of a century. The centennial of the movement is to be celebrated next year with a Sunday School Convention of the World in London, and by public meetings in all the larger Cities and Towns in Great Britain. At these gatherings, collections are to be taken, for the purpose of establishing a permanent Sunday School fund, to be employed in the improvement of existing schools, and in the extension of the movement in all quarters of the globe. The same mode of observing the centennial has also been adopted here, under the auspices of the Foreign Sunday School Association, and will, without doubt, be generally carried into effect, with the result of raising a large fund for the purpose of extending the movement. The managers of the association expect to raise a few thousands—say $25,000 or $30,000—in this way; but with the enthusiasm once aroused, and the popular wave in motion, $100,000 is more probable than half that amount.

A Cool Letter from a Husband.

From the London World, Oct. 18.

I have become accidently possessed of the following letter, which is a correct copy of one lately addressed by a Corporal of Marines to his wife, from a vessel which is at present stationed off the west coast of Africa:

"WIFE—I was greatly surprised to hear from you (through my Captain). I had forgotten that I was married, and to tell you the truth, I had entirely forgotten you. I should have thought that a handsome young woman like you would have been above applying to a poor marine for help. I think you have been guided by your mother in this matter, as you have in all others. Well, I should like you to act upon my advice for once; that is to take no notice of your mother, do the best you can for your self, and, if possible, get married again. It might be better for you. I can assure you that I never will trouble you as long as I live. I am very comfortable in the service, and there is no doubt but that I shall stay in the service for the next 16 years. My Captain said that he would not interfere with my private affairs, and if I had any trouble with you to take no notice of it. I must now conclude, and I don't think I shall ever see you or Manchester again, for I have greater attractions in Portsmouth than any other part of England.

"I remain, etc.

"P. S.—I cannot return your letter as it is lost."

In this letter the sternness of the warrior and the inconstancy of the sailor are fearfully and wonderfully combined.

Hints to Poets.

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:

Do you pay for poems sent you for publication? and how much? L. B. G.

The price is regulated entirely by the merit of the production. When Tennyson, Whittier, or any of the free-for-all bards send in a verse or two a check for $100 is returned by the next mail. Ordinary poetry, known to the trade as "B1," and which grades a little above the production of high school girls, is quoted this week at $3.60a3.65 per column, agate measure; while the general run of lyrics are unsalable. In all cases the Poetry Editor considers himself at liberty to reconstruct the little gems that come to this office. A fair specimen of his work is as follows. Sample fall poem:

The glorious Autumn days are come,
With many a gorgeous dye;
The woods beyond the meadow brown
Stand red against the sky.

Same thing reconstructed:

The glorious Autumn days are come,
And gorgeously they dye
The red-headed woods beyond the field,
Like rainbows in the sky.

It will be noticed that the sentiment has been preserved, and the language whooped up a little so as to give greater effect to the verse. The central idea of the poet is to convey the intelligence that there has been a frost in his neighborhood, and that, as usual upon such occasions, the leaves have changed color. None of this has been lost; the news is all there, but worked up in a rather more sensational and attractive manner, that is all.

A Cruel Hoax.

Virginia City Chronicle.

Last evening, just before sundown, a gentleman, who was sitting by his window on north B street, casually remarked:

"There goes the woman that George Brown's dead gone on."

His wife, who was in the back room getting supper ready, dropped a plate on the floor, stumbled over the baby, and ran like a quarter horse to the window, with

"What? Where? Tell me, quick!"

"The one with the long cloak—just at the corner."

Then the woman at the window said in tones of deep disgust:

"Why, that's Brown's wife."

"Yes, exactly," remarked the brutal husband, quietly.

Then the disappointed woman went back and got supper ready, but her usual sweet disposition was soured for the evening.

The Domestic Revolver.

Figaro.

A gentleman goes to an armorer's and asks for a revolver.

"Here's a real nice family weapon," says the clerk.

"Family weapon?"

"Yes, family weapon; just the thing for domestic tragedies; six-shooter, you see, sir—two bullets for your wife, two bullets for the destroyer of your happiness, two for yourself. All the go, sir! Sell hundreds of 'em for bridal presents, sir."

French Wit.

From Figaro

Isn't that your friend, Mme. B., who is dancing there?"

"Yes."

"That's a frightfully ill made dress she has on."

"Yes, but if it wasn't it wouldn't fit her."

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY NOV. 6, 1879.

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We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage pre-paid):

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Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber of THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer. The magazines and papers are all sent direct from the offices of publication to subscribers, so that there will be no delay in their receipt. No subscriptions received at the above rates for less than one year.

Please remember that WE CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSIONS on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

TEXAS is 35 times as large as Massachusetts, and more than that much meaner.

THE Charleston (S. C.) *Courier* throws TILDEN overboard and comes out for BAYARD.

AUSTRIAN finances are going steadily from bad to worse, as they have done for 125 years.

STILL the recruits for the Mormon Church continue to arrive in New York from Europe.

THE Philadelphia *Times* remarks that "If GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS is a Hayes Republican the President is not."

EVERYTHING in Memphis is booming, except the work in the street-cleaning and sewer-building departments.

THE Easton (Penn.) *Free Press* thinks that CHANDLER and HARTRANFT would make an excellent Republican Presidential ticket in 1880.

THE Louisiana Republicans feel as if there is a chance for them, and they are making vigorous efforts to poll a full vote and carry the State.

THE Albany *Journal* regards it as a sign of returning prosperity that Dr. MARY WALKER is missing under circumstances that warrant the country in hoping for the worst.

GERMANY proposes to refill the national treasury by the purchase of her railroads. That usually has the opposite effect in other countries, but it may be different in Deutschland.

PHILADELPHIA *Bulletin*: History repeats itself, but sometimes with decided variations. DIOGENES had a tub. S. J. T. had a barrel. One was looking for honest men: the t'other for dishonest ones.

BURLINGTON *Hawkeye*:

There was a young girl of Ottumwa,
She said, "I will get married some way."
But the fellows who passed her
They giggled and sassed her,
This singular girl of Ottumwa.

THE grand total of specie imports since the resumption of specie payments is $56,081,971. It is not unlikely that the first year of specie payments will witness gold imports to the amount of $75,000,000.

As the Greenbackers only cast 95 votes at the recent election in Baltimore, the prospects are that the party will not be a very troublesome element in State politics. There is not enough of it even to sell out.

ITALY has gone over to Germany and Austria in a league against France and England. She probably shows in this way her resentment at the refusal of the latter to accept her offered co operation in Egypt.

THERE are over 500 circus riders—male and female—in the country, who receive from $75 to $300 a week eacch, and yet there are people who counsel us to fling away vaulting ambition because it does not pay.

YONKERS *Gazette*: Some gifted genius, who knows not that he is the jailor of a poetic fancy such as TENNYSON would give a dollar for, remarks of the present weather that it is "the tail of Summer stickin' through the knothole of the past."

ACKLEN, one of Louisiana's Representatives in Congress, says Sen. KELLOGG "must go." The Senate, he says, will not seat SPOFFORD, but simply declare the seat vacant, in which case his successor would be appointed by the Governor.

DUMONT, Chairman of the late Republican Convention of Louisiana, says it is a mistake that the Convention declared for GRANT. The resolution, he says, was referred to the Committee, and the Convention adjourned without taking action on it.

THE Abolitionists of Spain are going to work in real earnest to secure the emancipation of slaves in Cuba. They have called a great meeting in Madrid to inaugurate a decided movement in that direction, and mean to press it to a successful termination.

THE spelling reform is making real progress. The Chicago *Tribune's* "favorit," "opposit," "hypocrit," and the *Home Journal's* "telefone," "telegraf," "filosofy," etc., already appear as correct and natural to the readers of those papers as any orthografy could be. It is all a matter of habit.

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES.

The Democracy's history is one doleful record of missed opportunities. Each one of the six decades which have elapsed since the party was brought into being by a marriage between the hunker element of the Federal party, and the more reckless moiety of the Jeffersonian Republicans, has abounded in one great opportunity which was offered to the Democracy to put itself in accord with the best interests of the country, and make a record to which it could afterwards point with pride. Each of these has been scornfully rejected. In the decade between 1830 and 1840, the first after the birth of the Democratic party, it was offered the opportunity of placing itself at the head of the movement for the development of the resources of the great country west of the Alleganies. It was asked to lend its aid to foster such schemes as the great National Road, and a comprehensive system of canals through Ohio, Indiania, Michigan and Illinois. It not only refused but attacked those who favored such projects with the malevolence that the Country has since learned to recognize as peculiarly Democratic. "No Internal Improvements" was as much of a Democratic rallying cry as "This is a White Man's Government," was a few years ago.

In the next decade the Slavery question assumed prominence. For awhile the Democrats halted at the parting of the roads, not knowing which to take. The cause of Freedom looked as if it was likely to be the winning side, and it might be the best to assail Slavery as an aristocratic Whig institution. Quite a number of the Democrats wandered off into Abolition paths, but this seems to have all happened while the Southern lords of the party were neglecting their duty of managing the party. As soon as they woke to a realization of what was going on, and cracked their whips, order was restored and the party turned a firm and defiant front to the "Free-Soil Shriekers," as it was then customary to term them.

In the next 10 years another chance was offered the party to redeem itself, when the question arose whether the boundless territory of the Far West should be consecrated to Freedom, or blighted by the curse of Slavery. The strain upon the party was terrible, and when it rejected the opportunity to retrieve its past errors, and decided to allow the fetters of the Slaveocracy to be welded still more firmly around its recreant limbs, it lost not only the last vestige of respect from the Nation, but also, a majority of its own right thinking members.

Its next grand opportunity was in the decade of 1860–70. They it was given the chance to throw its immense power and influence on the side of patriotism and National integrity, and end the war at once. It did not, and by this not only sank infinitely lower in the estimation of the people, but cost the Nation hundreds of thousands of lives and millions of treasure by its refractory course.

When the war was over it could have partially retrieved itself by a frank acceptance of the results of the struggle, and and a cordial effort to repair the ravages of the contest. Again it did precisely the thing it should not do.

Its latest great opportunity has just been sinned away. The blunder of opposing Resumption was only less senseless, less stupid and less criminal than the blunder of opposing Freedom and opposing the war. In some respects there was less excuse for it. The opposition to Freedom was in obedience to the selfish dictates of men who had much to gain by the spread of Slavery. The opposition to the war was somewhat excusable on the ground of natural sympathy with old friends and allies, but the opposition to Resumption has not even these slender excuses. It was a senseless rebellion against the good of the entire community, by a class of men who had as much interest in the result as any. The only reason that they had was that Resumption was desired by their political opponents—not as a political measure, but as something of the highest importance to the good of the country.

The Democracy will now enter upon a period of living down the remembrance of their blunder in regard to Resumption, as they had formerly to live down the remembrance of their errors relating Internal Improvements, Freedom and the War.

FALSEHOOD THE DEMOCRATIC FORLORN HOPE.

Driven from the discussion of every living question of importance, the Democratic leaders now find themselves shut up to talk about matters of the smallest concern, and to fabrications and false issues provided as substitutes for all that has heretofore so fully occupied their attention. This has been specially true since the Fall elections, and more especially since that of Ohio.

Speaker RANDALL, in a speech before a Democratic meeting in New York on Thursday evening, furnished a good illustration of the desperation in this respect to which that party has been forced. Referring to Gov. ROBINSON, he said:

> He found the State taxes $15,000,000 and has reduced them to nearly $8,000,000. He has freed you from the general fund debt and has wiped out the floating debt of the State. He has also freed you from the bounty debt. The administration of your prisons has been reduced from a cost of $750,000 a year until they are now self supporting.

Nothing could be more impudently false than this claim of credit for Governor ROBINSON, for the reduction in the expenditures and taxes in that State. The fact is, as has been time and again, shown that each and every one of the results named by Mr. RANDALL, were brought about by the Republicans, and largely with the determined opposition of the Democratic party. The reduction in State tax was from $15,727,482, in 1874, to $7,941,297, in 1878; but not an essential item of this great change can justly be credited to Gov. ROBINSON or the Democratic party. The main item consists of the $5,000,000 bounty debt, which was extinguished under the Republican administration of Gov. DIX. The other items of reduction were produced chiefly by three constitutional amendments, by which reformation was effected in the system of Canal management, in the prison system, and in Canal expenditures. Each of these measures was adopted against the persistent resistance of the Democratic party in the Legislature and at the polls, and every one of them were in effect the day that Gov. ROBINSON was inaugurated. Not only this, but during the four years of Democratic control, from 1868 to '72, (with Gov. HOFFMAN, first elected by the TILDEN-TWEED fraud of '68,) they diverted to current expenses some $16,000,000 raised by taxation to meet the principal and interest of the bounty debt. This they did, in order to make a fraudulent pretense of "reduction in taxation." During that period, they spent $8,383,467 beyond the income, and robbed the Sinking Fund of nearly two-thirds its amount, the bounty fund of $5,566,000, leaving the snug deficiency of $11,000,000 for the Republicans to meet by additional taxation and economy, who paid $10,500,000 of Bounty debt, leaving only $700,000 of that indebtedness to be paid when the "Great Reformer," SAM. TILDEN, came into office, Jan. 1. 1875. The only power which either TILDEN or ROBINSON had in respect to expenditures consisted in the veto of appropriation bills for current expenditures. How much of reduction either effected in that direction will be seen when it is stated, that during TILDEN'S two years these averaged $600,962 more than during Gov. DIX'S administration, while under ROBINSON'S term it has been $225,262 more than DIX'S. So much for the audacious claim which SAM. RANDALL went to New York to make.

THE INDIANS.

The Ute Indians are undoubtedly among the most savage and treacherous of the red men with whom the Government has to deal. They have shown a persistent enmity to the whites even when everything seemed to be at peace, and a determination to do all of the harm possible whenever it could be done with impunity.

Under these circumstances the safe arrival of the women and children saved from the late massacre at the house of Chief OURAY is a matter of congratulation. They report that their lives were spared through the interposition of SUSAN the sister of OURAY, who even did the most unusual thing of going into the council of the Indians and pleading that the captives be spared. Her conduct and that of her brother shows that there are exceptions to the general depravity of the Ute Indians.

The outbreak, according to Mrs. MEEKERS report, may be attributed to four things, viz.: Repeated changes and lessening amount of rations issued to the Indians, no head chief the same as Ouray is here, a Ute Indian for interpreter unfriendly to MEEKER, and plenty of bad whisky furnished by the ranchmen. All of these causes put together are not sufficient to excuse such abominable, cold-blooded murders, and yet it must be remembered that the perpetrators are savages, with brutal instincts, and wild passions inflamed with whisky. They see no reason for the continual changes in the arrangements the Government makes for them. Adding this to their naturally warlike desires, and the result is not to be wondered at.

A discussion as to the causes of the trouble is, however, idle, for the only question now is as to the prevention of future difficulty. It has been so long before the public unanswered, or at least not answered successfully, that people are in despair of anything being done short of completely annihilating the Indians, to bring relief.

As the BLADE has said before the only proper thing to be done now is to place the Indian Affairs in the hands of the War Department. It will be a change, and hence a chance for improvement. The savages will be dealt with promptly and summarily. The army is the only thing that they are afraid of. It is all that can hold them in check. The time has come when warlike measures are what is needed, and indeed are all that can be effectually employed to keep these red men in order. It is probable that the final end will be the extermination of this people. History repeats itself, and that has been the story of all barbarous Nations in their struggle with stronger, civilized ones. Meanwhile the best that can be done should be to prevent the shedding of so much innocent and valuable blood.

ECONOMY BRINGS PROSPERITY.

One good has certainly grown out of the past few years of business depression and consequent financial distress. It has taught people a lesson of economy that it does not seem can be soon forgotten. During the days of plenty, when money was so easily obtained, even the poorest among the working people spent freely for anything that came in their way, with no thought of the morrow. As a consequence, when the hard times came, it found them with nothing laid by, and the result was bitter suffering and grumbling discontent. Improvidence was becoming as much a characteristic of this country as of the laberers in many parts of Europe. The thrift and economy that had built the fortunes of many of the rich men of the United States were becoming remnants of the past, displaced by a prodigal expenditure that could not help but bring ruin.

The check came just in time. Its results can be seen now in many ways. People are becoming satisfied with a more simple and safe way of living. Savings banks report a greatly increased number of depositors owing to which their business is much more brisk. These depositors, they say, are largely among working men who feel now the necessity of saving each week some little of their earnings towards a safety fund for the future. Not only are they earning more but they are making what they have go farther.

If this change proves a permanent one then the hard times will indeed have proved a blessing. With all the lessons taught by distress the most valuable is that which gives a desire and strength to do better, and this one is of that kind. Continued and increasing prosperity must be the result, not only to individuals, but to the Nation at large.

IT is given out that Gen. WALKER, Superintendent of the Census, expects to complete the organization of the Supervisors' Districts in the different States next week, but the selection of men to fill the offices will not be made until after Congress assembles. The distribution of Supervisors now stands as follows: New York, 11; Pennsylvania, 10; Illinois and Ohio, 8 each; Missouri, 7; Indiana and Texas, 6 each; Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, 5 each; Alabama, Iowa, Michigan, North Carolina and Wisconsin, 4 each; California, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Jersey and South Carolina, 3 each; Arkansas, Connecticut, Maine, Nebraska and West Virginia, 2 each; Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Nevada, New Hampshire, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont, the Territories and the District of Columbia, 1 each.

RIDICULOUS REGULATIONS.

At present rate of progress the Post Office Department of the United States will soon be as clumsy, as inefficient, and as exasperating to the public as that of Germany or Austria. Like the bureaucrats of those countries it seems continually on the look out for excuses and pretenses for not ministering to the convenience of the people. In France and England the study of those managing the Postal Service is as to how they can adapt it still further to the public needs, what will render it more flexible and readily adjustible to varying conditions, and how it can be rendered more certain that every letter deposited in its care shall reach the person for whom it is intended. A recently returned traveler mentions with astonishment that a letter which had been addressed to him in London, but which arrived after he was left, was finally handed to him, weeks afterward, as he was getting into a stage in a remote part of the Scottish Highlands. It had followed him in all of his wandering. Wherever he went, the Postal Department had its eye upon him, and hastened to serve him in a way that he had no right to expect that it would.

Now compare this with the stupid rulings of our own Postal Department, which seems constantly on the alert for something to serve as an excuse for not carrying a man's letter, or not delivering it to the person for whom it was intended. The worst of these are the recently promulgated regulations that every direction on a letter or other package sent by mail must be plain and unmistakable, or the article will be sent to the Dead Letter Office. No clerk or other employe is allowed to use any discretion as to the meaning of an address, or, interpret it in any way. He is not even allowed to infer that so plain a direction as "New York City," means "New York, N. Y.," but unless the superscription is in direct accordance with the regulations of the Postoffice, he is to refuse it transmission. This is simply idiotic. It can serve no good purpose, whatever, but will work endless embarrassment to the public.

SOUND WORDS FROM THE VICE PRESIDENT.

In a speech at Ogdensburg, N. Y., on the 23d Oct., Hon. W. A. WHEELER uttered the following ringing words, which are in complete unison with those of Sec. SHERMAN, reproduced in Tuesday's BLADE. He said:

> To-day the Solid South dominating the Democratic party stands at the door of the Treasury. A President alone stands in the way. The question whether a Democrat shall succeed Mr. Hayes is the one which addresses you to-night. *The vast Southern claims will be paid if the Democracy come into power.* The questions which were tried by the war are now on trial at the ballot. No more silent are those who sleep by Southern headstones to-night than are the blacks at the South. The Democracy has made its way over the disfranchisement of the negro. *The South is more solid for murder and violence than the savage Utes, who, on their part spared the women and children at the Agency.*
>
> What of the solidity of the North? Ask Maine, ask California, ask Colorado, ask Ohio, ask Iowa. And what of New York? She alone can bar the way to a Solid South. She led in the armies of the Union. She will lead the North at the ballot-box.

These words of warning are timely. That they are just, cannot be doubted. The issue presented to the American people by the disloyal combination of unrepentant Rebels and Northern Copperheads, is one that cannot be too clearly understood or too resolutely resisted. The enormous aggregate of Southern war-claims, already on file at Washington, only awaits the capture of the Executive branch of the Government, for their recognition and payment, for which the "Solid South," would, through caucus power, compel the vote of the Northern doughfaces, just as the South always dominated over the same truculent race. No man ever did maintain a position of influence in the Democratic party, who refused to bow to such dictation, and no one ever will. Whether it be in behalf of violence and fraud, to starve the Government into the repeal of all election safe guards; to pay Rebel war-claims; or to undo all that four years of war was supposed to have accomplished, the Democratic vote, North and South alike, stand, awaiting the beck of the secret caucus. Not a man, on peril of his political existence, would dare to consult his own judgment or consider his own manhood. Northern Democrats, so far as they follow their party, are just as "solid" for the South, as the South sees fit to make them. For proof, read the shameful record of the Extra Session, where every movement was dictated by caucus.

The Vice President's language was as just as it was clear, when he said that "the South is more solid for murder and violence, than are the savage Utes, who, on their part, spare women and children." The hunted savages of the plains never would have slaughtered the defenseless and unoffending ones of the CHISHOLM family, as did the "solid" Democrats of Mississippi. It is entirely safe further to say, that an armed United States soldier would be safer in the camp of the most hostile of the Utes, than would be a Republican candidate for office in almost any County of the Southern States. But this state of things is not to remain. The Republican party proposes to see to it that this country is not ruled by the shot gun and the tissue ballot, and this purpose will not be relinquished.

THE Charleston *Courier* calls on all the Southerners in Washington to resent what Gen. GARFIELD said at the Prisoners Re-union here by socially ostracizing him in Washington. That would be very fine, but fortunately the Southern element at Washington has not the power to ostracize anybody. The problem is not whom the Southerners will admit to their circle; but who will admit the Southerners. The ravings of the *Courier* are very stupid. It makes the common mistake of imagining that the whole people of the South are held responsible for the atrocities of Andersonville. The responsibility of the Southern people only extends to their support of the brutal leaders who planned and committed those atrocities, and the moment they will disclaim that JEFF. DAVIS and his crew were their accepted and approved agents in every act of the war, then that responsibility ceases. If they, however, prefer to continue to accept and indorse Mr. DAVIS and all that he did, we do not see on what grounds they can claim exemption from the odium of Andersonville.

SEN. DAVIS wants more room. He has written to the Sergeant at Arms of the Senate to have a larger chair prepared for him. The Chicago *Times* thinks he will move it into the White House. Scarcely

"F." VS. "PH."

Some Consideration of the Etymological and Other Reasons for the Change.

From the Electrotyper.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., July 26, 1879.

To the Editor of the Electrotyper:

I see no material objection to the reformed *ar, hav, tho, thru, wisht,* but when you by orthography make philology to mean word brother (or sister,) from *filius*—instead of love of words, from *philos*—don't it beat your *filosofy?*

Respectfully yours,
GEO. REES.

As to *filology*, the Greek *logi* would not properly compound with Latin; and if a hybrid were made with *filia* or *filius*, it would be *fililogo*. *Filology*, Italian *filologia*, Spanish *filologia*, represent the Greek *philologia* accurately and unambiguously. The early Romans also represented the *phi* by *f*. It was only when Cicero and other Greeklings began to talk Greek and affect to giv the true Athenian sound to words from the Greek that they began to write *ph* in Greek words, the Athenian pronunciation of *ph* being nearly that of *ph* in *up hill*. We do not say *p-hilology*, and there is no good reason for writing it.

If some example could be picked in which a Greek word and a Latin word hav the same sound, so that the written form of each is the same, and therefore ambiguous, that again, would be no reason for putting a false spelling to either. The ambiguity might possibly sometime cause a slight annoyance. A false spelling would certainly always make trouble and confusion.

When we write filology, we do not make it mean word brother; we simply make it mean thru the eye what it means to us when we get it thru the ear. The reformers aim to abandon historical spelling, which, filologists tell us, is always unreliable and frequently misleading. Who knows that there is any possible difference between *philology* and *filology?* Only the scholar, and his very scholarship makes him (or should make him) entirely indifferent to the spelling. The one scholar in 500 is surely very unreasonable to ask the other 499 to learn a clumsy and contradictory orthografy for his benefit—no, not for his benefit, but to please his whim. In abandoning historical spelling, we do not abandon the history of words. Dr. Franklin fully answered this objection, nearly or quite a century ago, when he said, "Etymologies are at present very uncertain; but, such as they are, the old books would still preserve them, and etymologists would there find them." If he had lived in our day, he might hav added that every one could find them in the dictionaries.

Max Mueller says "the present spelling is in many cases utterly misleading," that "no one can honestly call it either historical or etymological." Prof. Ellis says, "It admits of demonstration that fonetic spelling, so far from being a hindrance to etymology, is its only sure and safe guide." Prof. March says, "Comparativ filology is founded on fonetics, and no scholar ever works in this field without lamenting the condition of the English language." Prof. Whitney says, "it is the hight of unreason to assert that our reading of English etymology is in any manner dependent upon correct historical spelling." In short, the *eminent* filologists all make light of his historical objection; only the *little* great seem disposed to urge it.

We hav answered Mr. Rees' note at considerable length, because he offers an objection that is often made to the spelling reform. We shall continue to urge our readers to render their aid in every way to advance the reform. To journalists especially we appeal. An *united* effort on the part of the newspapers of the United States would soon reconcile and habituate the entire people to a considerable advancement in the direction of a purely fonetic system. The easiest and most feasible step toward the desired goal would be the general adoption of the following amended spellings: *Ar, hav, gir, liv, definit, infinit, tho, thru, gard, catalog, wisht.* These hav the sanction of the highest filological authority; they ar simple and easily understood; their adoption would subject no one to the suspicion of either pedantry, or eccentricity they find abundant analogies thru our language; and they would find almost immediate favor with people at large. There is absolutely *no* good reason why they should not find a place in every journal in the land.

THE CAPTIVE ZULU.

Cetywayo an Enormous Man, Measuring Sixty Inches Round the Chest.

From the Cape Times.

A reporter, who accompanied Cetywayo on his voyage to Simon's Bay, says: "In the surf-boat Cetywayo had his first experience of seasickness, and if he wanted to be shot when caught by Major Marter, it is certain that he wished he were dead ten minutes after embarking. All the dignity with which Cetywayo had borne his captivity gave way as he saw the sea and realized his fate; while the antics of the whole party in the surf-boat are said to have been ludicrous. Nothing could persuade them to sit down quietly, and when they moved they did so crawling on all fours.

"Cetywayo was placed on deck, inasmuch as the builders of the "Natal" never contemplated carrying a passenger who would require that four wives should sleep in his cabin with him. In the kraal His Majesty occupied a central mattress, and his four wives and an intombi (young girl) had mattresses around him. Everything in the way of personal comfort that he asked for has been given to him. During the voyage of the "Natal" there was one rough night, and the King had a very bad time of it, but he generally kept up his spirits, and conveyed in his cheerful moods his impression of new sights. The first morning when there was no land in view, he, after looking around, held up his hands in intense astonishment; but, like all natives, he does not permit himself to appear to be much surprised at anything. At home he was rather a considerable beer drinker, but he thinks our beer very inferior stuff, and palms that off on his wives, while he is quite ready to do his share of the "fire water" in the shape of gin.

"He has rather a wild way of taking to European food, and as a preliminary to a substantial feed of beef the other day he devoured a pot and a half of jam. He was good enough to come out of his shell during the time his photograph was being taken, and the smiling face he put on, as his photograph will show, proves that he is not altogether unacquainted with the ways of the world. When his wives were being photographed nothing could induce them to leave off giggling or to sit still until Cetywayo sternly commanded them to do so, and and then at once they were motionless as statues. It was evident that they had not forgot the temper of the King and the way he once reigned in Zululand. When he was afterward asked to sit for another photograph, he declined doing so, on the ground that he was not going to make a fool of himself twice in one day. He would not sit with his wives, because, he said, having his photograph they could easily cut the group of women in two to put him in the centre, and he suggested that if other photographers wanted his likeness they could photo his followers as often as they liked, and the pictures would sell just as well, for the white man would buy anything.

"The photo will show Cetywayo to be an enormous man, of a little under six feet high; a handsome, overfed specimen of humanity, with nothing repulsive whatever about him. A tape measure round the chest would probably show 60 inches, and each thigh half that number of inches; and this should convey what an immense fellow the King is. Yet he is not ungainly in figure, and there is an unmistakable dignity about him which, together with his fits of sociability, have drawn toward him the good feeling of his escort. He is not unappreciative, either, of the duties of his rank, and I mention these incidents to indicate in some degree what the Zulu Court was like, and that, barbarous as it was, it must have had a dignity of its own. For instance, on Saturday last the medical officer in charge introduced his superior officer to the King, when the latter reported that the medical attendance during the voyage was all that could be desired. The whole party evince a very earnest wish for clothes, and Cetywayo was in great delight on wearing a suit sent him by the Commodore, and strutted about quite proudly with a black hat which he had managed to squeeze over his head ring.

He has lately developed a wonderful taste for scribbling, and in a few months under the careful tuition of Major Poole, would probably become a polite letter-writer. Indeed, Major Poole has the King, excepting the sulks, which are exceedingly inconvenient, perfectly under control, and the attempts at letter-writing are an infinite source of amusement. The wives of the King, who are his fellow-captives, are four in number, and are tall, lithe, shapely women of about 20 years of age. The photographs are not just to them, for their attractions seem to be in their vivacity and their good temper. Like their lord and master, they are anxious about their dress. On Sunday Cetywayo was taken on a tour of inspection of her Majesty's ship *Boadicea*, which visit seemed to have given him a terrible shock; such a visit a year ago might have saved England some millions of money."

WHAT THEY THINK.

The London "Truth" About Gen. Grant.

London Truth, Oct. 9.

On the whole, Gen. Grant may be described as about the one great gun America has turned out since Washington—Lincoln, perhaps, and certainly Longfellow, excepted. He is, moreover, a truer exemplification of his country's genius than either of those eminent men. For the typical Yankee is Jack of all trades, and has proved an old proverb false by being good at many things.

Grant, for instance, has been tanner, farmer, banker, soldier, politician, and means to end, apparently, as Chairman of a canal company. Two things, however, he is not—neither writer nor speaker, which is, perhaps, the one un-American trait in his character. Among the few men who can manage to make him talk is Lord Napier of Magdala. Grant's delight with Gibraltar, of which Lord Napier is Governor, was unbounded. He liked every thing and man about it, from "His Excellency" downward, and said that no spot in the British Empire had made him understand better the secret of England's power. The silent warrior, one sees, can occasionally pay a stately and graceful compliment.

Grant likes us, on the whole, and is reasonably proud of his Scotch origin. If the Alabama business never ended in a tragic way—which it well might have—the praise is probably due to him. Motley, the American Minister to our Court, was all for war, and even threatened it. Grant snubbed him fearfully, and observed to a friend: "I thought, after that, Motley would have been man enough to resign." But Motley took a different view of the case. He had made what he fancied to be a great name as an author, and wanted to be chronicled as a great diplomatist into the bargain. The man's soul was absolutely eaten up with vanity, and the anecdote is not altogether out of place, for we are dealing with men and things American — Motley's time as United States Minister to London was chiefly employed in "moving heaven and earth," as a friend of his told me, to get himself named "Ambassador." Ambassadors, as every one in society knows, rank immediately after the Princes of the blood. They alone, as the Congress of Vienna put it, have the "representative character." Ministers, or to give them their full style, "Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary," are accorded, by the courtesy of England, precedence after Dukes. Motley was once dining at Lady Egerton's; so was the Duke of Norfolk. "Shall I take you into dinner?" quoth the Yankee Envoy to Lady Edgerton, who, with an imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, replied: "If you like." How matters were squared with the Premier Duke is a fact of not much consequence; but it is worthy remembering that these are the sort of men—republicans in their own country, aristocrats abroad—with whom an American President has to deal. And Grant managed them very well. Motley he summarily recalled when he found that gentleman would not take a hint. As to others, it may be borne in mind that the President came very fairly out of the civil service scandals revealed in 1876. I forget who was the principal rogue, but he and every one after him were careful to say the President was guiltless.

WHAT IT MEANS.

Full Significance of Ohio's Verdict.

Albany Evening Journal.

The full returns from Ohio make the Republican victory complete and overwhelming. Foster is chosen Governor by a majority of 20,000 and upwards—the largest majority Ohio has given the Republicans in a State election since the war. Both branches of the Legislature are Republican by a handsome majority, and this carries a gain of a United States Senator.

This result primarily means two things. In the first place, it means that the people of the North feel the dangers of Southern Democratic ascendancy, and are rising in their might against it. The spirit and purposes of the solid South stand unveiled before the whole country. It represents violence, repudiation, raids on the National Treasury, State Rights, the denial to the Nation of all power to protect its own elections, the practical disarmament of the Republic and its transformation into a mere loose league without the authority to guard its own life or to secure the honesty of its own officers. With these purposes the solid South has captured Congress. Nothing stands in the way of its designs except the Presidency. It hoped and expected to capture that last remaining barrier next year; but Ohio shows that the people are aroused to the peril, and that a solid North will confront and defeat the solid South.

In the second place, the Ohio victory means that the people see the soft money, inflation, repudiation tendencies of the Democratic party, and will not trust it. In spite of Resumption, the Democracy of Ohio adopted as their leader the most blatant and conspicuous inflationist in the land. They openly arrayed themselves against the maintenance of Resumption, and against all sound and conservative financial principles. The people see that Resumption is a success, that it has re established confidence, that it has brought a grand and lasting wave of prosperity. They see that these are the fruits of Republican fidelity and statesmanship. They see that the Democratic party has resisted all these results, and that its success would hazard the overthrow and loss of all that has been gained. And clearly perceiving these things, they are taking the one plain course of sense and safety.

The same thoughts which fill the public mind in Ohio are guiding it here. The people of New York realize the same dangers which roused the people of the West, and their answer will be still more emphatic.

Foster Helping Conkling.

New York Sun.

Charles Foster, Governor elect in Ohio, is heaping coals of fire on the head of Sen. Conkling by coming to this State and making speeches in favor of Cornell. Last summer, after Foster had beaten Father Taft in the nominating Convention he sent a special, personal request to Mr. Conkling, asking him to visit Ohio during the canvass and deliver two or three addresses for him. The Oneida Chief received the message with surprise, and curling his lip in the most contemptuous manner, sneeringly replied: "What! *I* go to Ohio to speak for Charlie Foster? I!"

How it must delight the Senator to now see Foster and John Sherman tugging away in this State to help elect Cornell. However, as Sherman seems to be making more speeches than Conkling, perhaps if Cornell should happen to sweep in, Sherman will claim a share of the boom.

As a fly-catcher Jack Frost outranks any base ball player in the country.—*Phila. Chronicle Herald.*

UNITED STATES FINANCE.

View of the Country From an English Standpoint.

Herapath's London Journal.

What are we to say of United States finance? Why, that is the most wonderful finance in the world. Only fourteen and one half years have now elapsed since the close of the great American civil war of 1861–5; and yet in that time the annual burthen of the public debt of the United States is now little more than one-half what it was when the gallant Lee gave up his sword in Virginia to Unconditional Surrender Grant. The Republic lay then bleeding at every pore from wounds unhappily inflicted by its own children; the National credit was reduced to the lowest ebb; the treasury had to face an enormous mass of undischarged obligations; the Ministry and the Congress had to patch up as best they might the largest, the most inveterate, and the most bitter family quarrel, which the world had ever seen. The task was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, but even then the secretary of the Washington Treasury (the honest and far seeing Hugh McCulloch), had the courage to declare that American credit ought to be the best in the world. Who could have implicity accepted at the time this prophetic declaration, with the Executive Government in the dubious hands of Andrew Johnson? Yet what do we witness now across the Atlantic? We behold a national credit maintained untarnished during 14½ rather troubled years. We see a fairly successful restoration of harmony between States and populations which at one time appeared hopelessly antagonistic to each other; we note a reduction in the rate of interest paid on the obligations of the Republic to a reasonable level; and we are bewildered with an astounding development on all sides of practically illimitable natural resources.

The fact is, the American Republic has entered into the second century of its existence upon an entirely new phase. The abolition of negro slavery as the "peculiar institution" of the Americans—the astonishing growth of the vast West—the expansion of the population, white and black, of the United States to some 48,000,000—the reduction in the rate of interest on good security to 4½ or 5 per cent. per annum—are all circumstances which render the American a totally different nation. When the illustrious Washington boldly essayed the difficult task of establishing the independence of his country against the veterans and—alas! that it should have to be confessed—the mercenaries of Great Britain, he exclaimed one day, in a moment of something very much like despair that it took a wagon load of paper money to purchase a wagon load of provisions. But now the Americans appear likely to become the producers and financiers of the world. In the first eight months of this year they sent Great Britain and Ireland 20,895,785 cwt. of wheat, to say nothing of 4,170,100 cwt. of flour; and the deliveries of American live stock and dead meat to this country also exhibit a steadily increasing importance. Further, we can scarcely walk down a street in London or any large provincial Town without witnessing tempting American commodities of a miscellaneous character. Then New York is becoming an international monetary center, only this week we have an intimation that Russia proposes to negotiate a portion of a new external loan at New York. Having brought their own public finances into good order, the Americans are thus becoming financiers for neighboring nations. Even the *Times* is now fain to publish statistics illustrating the growing wealth and power of the teeming American Republic.

Facts About the Utes.

Captain Merrell in Chicago Tribune.

They are the best dressed and the best looking of all the Indians. They will not work; they will fight to avoid work. They want a good deal from the Government and not much talk. And that suggests why a stave was driven into poor Meeker's mouth. It is a significant thing. In all their mutilations the mouth is not generally touched. When it is, it means too much talk,—in other words, too many promises and no fulfillments. I believe, says Captain Merrell, that Meeker fulfilled every promise the Government gave him means to fulfill, but he had probably made promises that he couldn't carry out. Captain Jack is a great fat, lazy, cowardly, gluttonous Indian. Gov. Evans' family were much annoyed by him last year. He made himself perfectly at home there, going into Mrs. Evans' room and using her comb and brush. Finally the Governor hit upon a plan to get rid of him by asking him to work. Mr. Meeker was as complete a representative of the Christian religion as I ever met. He blamed me continually for what he termed my harshness, and asserted that prayers and Christian influence, and kindness would eventually bring the Indians to civilized life. He met them with an olive branch in one hand and a Bible in the other, and prayers on his lips. He carried out his policy and you see the result. I told him if he did so he would be a dead man. He was the embodiment of the Quaker policy. He accepted the position of agent not for its emoluments, but from a sense of duty. He was a noble man, and I never met a purer or more upright and devoted friend of the Indian than he. He would get on his knees and pray, trusting in God for his safety. He often exceeded his instructions in his kindness of heart. I often told him to be careful in one thing—in making promises to be sure and promise less than he was able to give—in the fulfillment to give a little more than he had promised, and to do it in as few words as possible. The Indians don't like talk.

A Weather Prophecy.

Philadelphia Record.

As Christmas day comes this year upon Thursday, the following quotation from an ancient MSS. in the British Museum is pertinent for publication at the outset of winter as a prophecy of coming events the approaching year:

If Xmas day on Thursday be,
A windy Winter ye shall see;
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempests, strong and thick;
The Summer shall be good and dry,
Corn and beasts shall multiply;
That year is good for lands to till;
Kings and princes shall die by skill;
If a child born that day shall be,
It shall happen right well for he;
Of deeds he shall be good and stable,
Wise of speech and reasonable.
Whoso that day goes thieving about,
He shall be punished without doubt;
And if sickness that day betide,
It shall quickly from thee glide.

Republicanism and Prosperity.

N. Y. Commercial.

A Democrat who has just returned to Washington after a tour through the iron district of Pennsylvania, gives a rosy account of what he saw there. Towns which were filled with unemployed workmen 12 months ago are now humming with business; no one who is willing to work need remain idle; mills established more than 40 years ago, are doing more work than ever before, and some of them are running day and night. Whereupon this observant Democrat moralizes: "If this return of prosperity has been accomplished under Republican rule," say the Pennsylvania farmers and workingmen, "what is the use of turning over the State to the Democracy?"—and this reflection is becoming general, to the detriment of the Democratic chances.

South Carolina Won't Have Tilden.

Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

The Democratic candidate must come from the East, and if he is to have the faintest chance of election, he must not be Samuel J. Tilden. To nominate Tilden is to throw away the electoral vote of South Carolina and lose two or three Congressmen. Can the National Democratic party afford it? Nor is the evil confined to South Carolina. There will be trouble with both Florida and Louisiana if the candidate be Tilden. To speak plainly, while the South, wielding an enormous power, is not disposed to dictate who shall be nominated, it has already said that the nominee should not be Tilden.

IN A NEW ROLE.

Mark Twain Conducts a Republican Meeting at Elmira, New York.

Elmira Special to New York Times.

The largest political meeting of the campaign was held in this City by the Republicans last evening. The opera house was densely packed to hear Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut. Gen. Hawley was introduced by Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemmens), who said: "I see I am advertised to introduce the speaker of the evening, Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut, and I see it is the report that I am to make a political speech. Now, I must say this is an error. I wasn't constructed to make stump speeches, and on that head (politics) I have only this to say: First, see that you vote. Second, see that your neighbor votes. Lastly, see that yourself or neighbor don't scratch the ticket. General Hawley was president of the Centennial Commission. He was a gallant soldier in the war. He has been Governor of Connecticut, member of Congress, and was president of the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln."

General Hawley—That nominated Grant.

Twain—He says it was Grant, but I know better. He is a member of my Church at Hartford and the author of "Beautiful Snow." May be he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen, I respect him; as a personal friend of years, I have the warmest regard for him; as a neighbor, whose vegetable garden joins mine, why—why, I watch him. That's nothing; we all do that with any neighbor. Gen. Hawley keeps his promises not only in private but public. He is an editor who believes what he writes in his own paper. As the author of "Beautiful Snow" he has added a new pang to Winter. He is broad souled, generous, noble, liberal, alive to his moral and religious responsibilities. Whenever the contribution box was passed I never knew him to take out a cent. He is a square, true, honest man in politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. He has never shirked a duty or backed down from any position taken in public life. He has been right every time, and stood there. As Governor, Congressman, as a soldier, as the head of the Centennial Commission, which increased our trade in every port and pushed American production into all the known world, he has conferred honor and credit upon the United States. He is an American of Americans. Would we had more such men! So broad, so bountiful in his character that he never turned a tramp empty handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. His public trusts have been many, and never in the slightest did he prove unfaithful. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfumery in a glue factory—it may modify the stench if it does not destroy it. And now, in speaking thus highly of the speaker of the evening, I have not said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is General Hawley."

Mr. Clemens was frequently interrupted by applause and laughter. At the close of his remarks, General Hawley stepped forward, and, for an hour and a half, spoke on the issues of the day.

"OLD SI."

He Delivers a Lecture to a Green Citizen.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Look hyar," said Old Si, as he encountered a negro trudging with his head through the middle of a ladder, "look hyar, don't yer slew dat ladder round heah so brash! First ting yer knows, yer'll brush off two or three white folks from dis pavement, and den dar'll be ern urder independent candydate for de chane-gang suddenly spread round twixt de gutter an' de kyar track!"

"Ef yer don't want to git dat old jaw ob yourn bustid all ouer the lef side ob yo' hed, yer better git off in de wagin road when I cums 'long!" replied the darky ladderman.

Old Si regarded the fellow with one eye on the squint, and then bent down an end of the ladder and held it to the ground with his foot, and as the saucy fellow stood painfully in this improved stock, the old man said:

"Hit 'pears ter me you is er onripe nigger in dese parts. Ef you'd bin libin' 'round hyar long you'd kno'd 'fore now dat hat's equibalent for goin' ter Memphis ter nuss yellow feber to sass me. I'se de man you'se heerd tell 'bout what crippl'd dat elerfint in de cirkus las year by jess layin' my han' on his back. Dey had ter men' dat elerfint by bracin' his backbone wid er bar of ralerode iron, you heah me!"

"I didn't mean no harm, sho'!" whined the darkey in the ladder.

"I don't speck you did, but den yo' mouf 'pear to be sot on moughty loose hinges. Dis town hez got sartin rules ob ettiket, de frunt wun ob whum are dat yung niggers and furrin mokes mus' keep order when de ole fokes is passin' by!"

"I'll do dat, sartin'—you see ef I don't!"

"I kno's dat yer will, kase I'm gwine ter keep you in min'. Wheneber I heahs dat some nigger wid jaws on him like de side ob er 1804 habbersack, an' er nose like er burnt pine peg mauled in de groun' with er fence-rale, an' eye on him like de knuckle-bones ob de Texas steer, an' wool on his head liker black ram bo'n in er cuckle-burr patch—I'll kno' hit's you; an' when I ketches up wid yer I'll boun' yer tink Atlanta is sicherwaied right in de middle of Yazoo City an' I is de haf-brudder of Gineral Barksdale wid er shot gun in bofe han's. Now, go on an' sin no mo'—don't you'se reddy ter exode simultanter."

And the old man raised his foot and passed on contentedly.

Another Game.

Detroit Free Press.

A Woodward avenue grocer had just got through with a rush yesterday when his eye fell upon a basket of parcels yet undelivered, and he called to his delivery man:

"My soul! John, but here's an order which ought to have been delivered on Cass street two hours ago! Take it right away, and if the woman finds any fault, tell her that you run a wheel off and had to go to the shop."

"That won't do," replied the man; "I've made that excuse to her three or four times."

"Well, tell her that one of our clerks was taken suddenly ill."

"I told her that twice last week, and she wanted to know their names, what doctor had been called, and all about 'em."

"We couldn't say we had a slight fire here?" mused the grocer.

"We could, sir, but she'd look in the *Free Press* to morrow to find the item."

"I suppose you have played the sick horse game?"

"Half a dozen times, sir. She's a very prompt and knowing woman, sir, and she'll be as mad as can be."

"Well, if you can't get out of it any other way," said the grocer as he saw the basket into the wagon, "you may state that I was waited upon by a committee of first class citizens, tendered the nomination of Alderman of this Ward, declined it, and in the confusion forgot her order. Go ahead now and drive like blazes and give her to understand that we care nothing for political honors and that this house cannot be undersold!"

Chips.

Josh Billings.

Thare haz been menny a hero born, lived, and died unknown, just for the want ov an opportunity.

Thare ain't nothing that will sho tha virtews and vices ov a man, in so vivid a light, as profuse prosperity.

Mi dear boy, allwuss keep sumthing in reserve. The man who kan jump six inches further than he ever haz jumpt, iz a hard customer to beat.

Most wimmin would like to have their husbands lions—but well broke to their holter.

Thare ain't nothing on arth that will take the starch so klean out ov us, az to git kaught bi the phellow we are trieing to ketch.

It is a good deal ov a bore to have others luv us more than we luv them.

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

* * *

CINCINNATUS is requested to send his address to the editor of the Household.

J. L. Harmon, Ills.: The postoffice address of Senator Zack Chandler is Detroit, Mich.

MATTIE B., Xenia, Ind.: We cannot decipher the name of the book you want. Try again.

Mrs. M. A. E., Petosky, Mich.: No name is signed to your inquiry, hence—see rules above.

A. W. P., Reedsburg, Wis.: Write to Harper & Bros., New York, and enclose $2.00 for Munson's Phonography.

A. H. W., Rolling Prairie, Ind.: We published such a list of questions less than a month ago. Do you read the BLADE?

A READER, Limerick, Ill.: 1. We don't know. 2. None of the Andersonville sketches have ever been printed in German.

J. E. S., Belmore, O.: Write to Hon. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C., on all matters pertaining to pensions.

JOHN H. McNEW, Mirabele, Mo., writes: "J. H. Bryant asks my address in the BLADE of September 4. Letters addressed as above will reach me.

G. F. F., Paola, Ind.: We have gone over this subject so often. Write to the Superintendent of Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., for circular of instructions.

E. D. CAMERON, Cherokee, Ioa., asks: "Can any one inform me of the whereabouts of Dr. Hugh Russell, First Assistant Surgeon of the 38th Vol. Wis. Inf."

JOHN SMITH, Spencer, Ind., wishes to obtain the address of Dr. Fisher, one of the physicians of the 123d Regt. Ky. Col. troops; also of Lieut. Morton, Co. B, same regiment.

DANIEL LANE, Orchard Grove, Ind., asks: "Will Charles McKibben, of 73th O. V. I., Co. E, please send his present address to an old comrade of Andersonville Prison?"

J. A. BELL, Paris Crossing, Ind., would like to obtain the address of Capt. James Barrington, late of Co. H, 174th O. V. I., or of Joseph Wilcox or Wesley Clarke, of the same company and regiment.

E. GARRISON, Karonna, N. Y., would like to have the address of an officer or two of the old members of Co. K., 23d Ohio Vol. Inf. Any of the members who will write to him will do him a great favor.

J. S. C., West Stockholm, N. Y.: The articles you name are standard, and ought to find a market anywhere. Perhaps you might facilitate their sale by advertising in some good paper at home or abroad.

E. F. DUKE, Hutchinson, Kan., wishes to learn the whereabouts of one Dr. Nellis, who was Surgeon of the 10th Regiment West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, whose postoffice address at that time was Marietta, O.

S. W. LEMONY, Gratiot, Wis., writes: "If possible, I wish to ascertain the number of general hospitals at Nashville, Tenn., in the Spring; also, the names and present addresses of the surgeons attending the same."

Mrs. BARBARA HELMS, Littleton, Kans., would like to know if any of our readers could tell her or give her any information about her brothers, John and Charles Danners. When last heard from they were in New York.

JAS. A. BLACKBURN, Oakville, Mich., asks: "Will any of the readers of the BLADE give me the address of Arba Tucker or Phoebe Tucker? They went to Kansas some 25 years ago, more or less; do not know what part of the State."

W. H. LINDSEY, Kan., asks: "Will some of the readers of the BLADE please give the address of Dr. Ousley, also Dr. Adams. In 1873, they had their office in Sedalia, Mo. They are traveling. Surgeon Ousley is supposed to be somewhere in Texas.

E. D., Stone Bank, Wis., asks: "Does Massachusetts elect a Governor every year? If not, why did they elect last year, and have candidates again in the field this year?"—Massachusetts elects a Governor annually, and the term extends through the calendar year.

SPENCER LANGDON, Gibraltar, Mich., wishes to obtain the postoffice address of Steven More, late a member of Company I, —— Pennsylvania Volunteers. When last heard from he was near Warren City, O. Also Sergeant McGee; last heard from near Tidioute, Pa.

MARY, Remington, Ind.: We regret to say that we could not offer you any encouragement at present in the way of remuneration for stories, sketches, etc. The market is thoroughly stocked, and we could hardly undertake to pay you for work of this kind unless it should prove vastly superior to the great mass of such matter.

EDSON HYDE, Coudersport, Potter County, Pa., wishes the address of persons by the name of Hyde and descendants of the Hydes, with the names of their ancestors on the Hyde side as far back as they can give them and a statement of the proof that each one has in their possession to prove their kinship with the Hydes.

H. M. H., North Lawrence, Kan., asks: "Has there been any arrangements made by which the Indian Territory can be settled by white settlers? If so, in what way can it be taken or bought?"—There has not. The government persistently refuses to allow white persons to settle on this land.

A. J. PINSCHMAN, Winston, N. C., writes: "Privates Dennis Shay, Reuben Winslow and Fred. Burns, then members of an Ohio Brigade, died at this place in 1865. If any of their old comrades will inform me to what company and regiment they belonged I will secure tombstones from the Government to mark their graves."

L. SALTZER, Monroe, Wis.: "Frederick Zora, late a private in Co. I of the 8th Regt. of Mich. Cav. Vols. is supposed to have died either in an hospital at St. Louis, Mo., or Helena, Ark. Any one knowing anything concerning the decease of said soldier will confer a great favor on his family, who are in destitute and needy circumstances, by sending such information addressed as above."

I. W. MERRILL, Philmont, Columbia Co., N. Y. wants the address of Marion L. Giault, formerly of U. S. steamship Powhattan, but known to have been at work in a car shop in Omaha, Nebraska, January 30, 1875; any information as to his present whereabouts, or where he went from Omaha thankfully received.

G. F. C., Burnt Fire, Mont., asks: "Was Gen. U. S. Grant serving in the United States regular army at the breaking out of the war of the rebellion?"—He was not. He resigned his Captaincy in the regular army in July, 1854, and at the breaking out of the war he was engaged in commercial pursuits at Galena, Ills.

P. S., New Milton, W. Va.: You will have to present your claim to the Court of Claims at Washington. The expense of prosecuting such claims is outrageously high, and unless you can make some conditional arrangement with some reliable claim lawyer, you would better let the matter drop, if the amount involved is not a large one.

L. B., Bairdstown, O.: "1. A pension can be obtained and is due to a widow of a soldier or officer who died by reason of disease contracted while in the service of the United States, without regard to time of marriage. 2. The application will be acted upon in the Pension Office and regarded according to the merits of the case, and on evidence filed, without reference to the adverse disposition manifested by other parties.

P. M., Dixon, O., asks: "To settle a dispute, will you please give the derivation of the phrase *scot free?*"—The old Anglo-Saxon word "scot" meant a tax, fine or contribution. Hence a person who was "scot-free" was free from the payment of tax or scot. Very naturally the second definition was of a person who escaped from any impending danger or calamity or risk, and hence was said to go "scot free."

F. M., Blacksburg, Va., asks: "1. What is the negro population of the United States? 2. What is the poll tax? 3. Where can I get Webster's quarto dictionary?"—At the time of the last census it was 4,880,000. 2. A tax of so much per poll or head levied on adult male citizens. It is levied in only a few of the States. 3. From G. & C. Merriman, Springfield, Mass.

STEPHEN RICE, Ontario, Kans., writes: John Lindsley was a private in Co. B. of the 2nd regiment of Kansas Volunteer Infantry, and belonged to the reserved corps stationed at Leavenworth, Kans. His death was the result of disease contracted in the United States service. Any one who can give the postoffice address of the surgeon who had charge of that regiment at the close of the War will confer a great favor on his two orphan children.

D. B. M., Bentonville, Ark., asks: "Will you please give age of Gen. Sheridan, date of entering the service, etc.?"—Philip Henry Sheridan was born in Perry County, O., in 1831; graduated at West Point in 1853, a classmate of Schofield. A Captain in May, 1861, he rose in rank and position by distinguished service in the West. In 1864 he was put in service in the East, where he displayed great generalship. Since the war he has had charge of various military departments. He is now Lieutenant General, with headquarters in Chicago.

Mrs. F. J., Waynesville, Kan., asks: "Is the widow of a soldier who contracted his death in the service entitled to a pension in case she did not marry him until after he received his discharge. Also, can his child claim any thing from the Government?"—Please note answer to L. B., Bairdstown, O., in the Correspondents' Columns, as to the right of a widow to a pension when her husband has died from disease contracted while in service. She is always allowed $2 per month for each child under 16 years of age, and when the widow dies or remarries the pension is payable to the children until they attain the age of 16.

G. W. H., Warrensburg, Mo., writes: "On the 25th day of June, 1861, I enlisted in the United States Volunteers for three years, and was regularly mustered the same day. I served as a private soldier until the 17th of September, when I was promoted to Captaincy of my company, in which capacity I served until February 28, 1862, when I was mustered out of service, along with the regiment. Am I entitled to any bounty, and if so, how much?"—If a soldier is promoted to a position of commissioned officer before he has served two years he forfeits all bounty. You are not entitled to any bounty under existing laws.

A. M. B., LaPorte, Ia., writes: "By your permission I desire to further answer 'Logan's' question in your issue of October 23d. There are thousands of people all over the land who are keeping the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath of the Lord, besides the Jews. They do so because so far as Scriptural evidence (and evidence should settle any question, political or religious,) is concerned, there is nothing to the contrary. Quite a number of periodicals are issued and tons of books and tracts are being scattered over the land. If 'Logan' or any reader desires to know further, address the writer."

D. P., Bryan, O., asks: "When were the English sparrows introduced into this country?"—The first English sparrows introduced into this country from England were brought to Portland, Me., in 1858, six in number. In 1860, 12 were brought to New York City and liberated in Madison Park. In 1864, 14 more were set at liberty in Central Park. In 1866, 200 brought from Germany were set at liberty in Boston Common. In 1869 they were introduced into Philadelphia to the number of about 1,000. The general opinion is that the country would be better off if they had been left at home.

H. F. L., Paris, Ill., asks: "What is the origin of the word 'pagan?'"—The word "pagan," derived from "pagus," a village, signifies properly the dwellers in hamlets and villages, as distinguished from the inhabitants of towns and cities; and the word was so used, and without any religious significance, in the earlier periods of the Latin language. But how came it first to be employed as equivalent to "heathen"—to be applied to those alien from the faith? It was in this way: Christianity first fixed itself in the cities and centers of intelligence; and the outlying villagers, being the last to receive it, were designated as heathens, and so heathens and pagans came to be convertible terms.

G. P. W., Pataskala, O., asks: "What is the origin of the word 'caitiff,' and what was its original meaning?"—Our use of the word "caitiff," which is identical with "captive," only coming through the Norman French, has, in like manner, its rise out of the sense that he who lets himself be made prisoner in war is a worthless, good-for-nothing person—a feeling so strong in some States of antiquity that, under no circumstances, would they consent to ransom those of their citizens who had fallen alive into the hands of the enemy. The "captives" were accounted "caitiffs," whom they could do better without. The same feeling has given us "craven," another word for coward; the "craven" is he who has craved, or craven, his life at the enemy's hands, instead of resisting to the death.

J. C., Bellefontaine, O., writes: In your usually correct answers to correspondents, you labor under a misconception in your answer to C. M. D., Pyrmont, O., which you will excuse me for correcting. You say that "the M. on the neck of the new dollar is a mint mark," which is a mistake. The designer of the new dollar was an Englishman named Morgan, whose initial the M. is. The mint mark will be found on the reverse side, under the eagle, on the coins above the dimes and under the wreath on dimes. Where S. is for San Francisco mint, C.C for Carson City, Nev., O. for New Orleans and where no letter or mint mark appears, it is understood that the Philadelphia mint struck the coin."—We are much obliged to our correspondent for calling attention to the advertance of our previous answer, which was written hastily.

Z., Albion, Pa., asks: "1. By which method is short-hand writing most easily learned, and where can it be obtained? 2. What is the address of Mrs Bella Z. Spencer, author of "Tried and True?" 3. Where can I obtain a book fully explaining the expenses and income of the Government? 4. Judging from the election in Ohio during the past five years, may it be considered a Republican or Democratic State?"—1. Either Pittman's, Graham's or Munson's system of short-hand is good, and neither is easily learned. The differences in the principal systems of short hand are found mainly in minor details, and any man who masters either of these systems is competent to do first-class verbatim reporting. Pitman's work may be had of Ben. Pitman, Cincinnati, O., and Munson's of Harper & Bros., New York, but we do not now recall the publisher of Graham's.

HUGH WILL, Ava, Ill., asks: "1. Are not a majority of the editors of the leading papers in the United States infidels, or unbelievers in the orthodox religion, and the inspiration of the Bible? 2. Did Grant take some one along with him to write a history of his tour around the world. If so, who? 3. Who were the persons that accompanied him? 4. Where can I obtain a book entitled, "Fox's Book of Martyrs" and what is its cost? Some time ago a good many correspondents were inquiring where they could procure the seed of the Catalpa tree. I can supply their wants if they will forward postage."—1. No. 2. John Russell Young accompanied him as a representative of the New York *Herald*, but not with any view on Grant's part to being "written up." 3. Gen. and Mrs. Grant, Hon. A. E. Borie, Col. Fred. D. Grant, John Russell Young, and Dr. John M. Keating. 4. Almost any bookseller can procure it for you.

P. H. A., Farlinville, Kan., asks: "1. What rank did Gen. Scott hold when he died? 2. What rank did Grant hold when he was elected President? 3. What rank does Gen. Sherman now hold? 4. What rank does Sheridan now hold? 5. When was the rank of Lieutenant General established? 6. What office did Congress establish for Grant?"—1. That of Lieutenant General. 2. That of General. 3. The same. 4. That of Lieutenant General. 5. The grade of Lieutenant General was first conferred on Washington, and expired by limitation at his death. It was revived by Congress February 15, 1855, and given to Gen. Winfield Scott as a brevet, but this act was also so framed that the rank should not survive him. Congress again revived it by an act passed March 1, 1865, and the rank was conferred on Grant. When the new grade of General created July 25, 1866, in favor of Gen. Grant, Gen. Sherman became Lieutenant General, and when the latter succeeded to the rank of General (March 4, 1869,) the rank of Lieutenant General descended to Gen. Sheridan. 6. The preceding statement answers your last question.

J. S., Bath, Mich.: A "Board of Trade," as the term is ordinarily understood, is simply an association of persons engaged in dealing in the same or similar commodities for their own convenience, protection and benefit. Such boards generally assume certain duties in connection with their regular business, such as the collection and publication of statistics relating to trade and commerce, but they have no delegated authority from the City or State other than such as is granted under their charter. The Toledo Produce Exchange (formerly Board of Trade), for example, is an association of merchants organized primarily for the purpose of buying and selling grain. They meet twice a day or oftener, which brings buyer and seller together, either directly or through their agents. They do not control the price of grain, for that is regulated by the markets at New York and Liverpool, with some influence from Chicago, Baltimore, etc. But they determine how grain shall be graded, and enact other rules relative to the enforcement of contracts, etc., etc.

W. E. F., (No address), asks: "Suppose I am working on an article which I expect to have patented. Some one gets my idea, and gets it patented before I do, can they claim the invention, providing I can prove I was working on said article previous to his patent, or, in other words, that I am the real inventor?"—In case a patent has been issued the Commissioner has no power to revoke it. All that he can do in the premises is to issue you a second patent, giving you precisely the same rights. But you could doubtless proceed against him for perjury in swearing that he believed himself to be the original inventor, when in reality he had stolen the idea from you. —There are so many patents on gates that you could not obtain the address of any particular one without having the date of the patent or some other information pertaining thereto. If you know the date of the patent and name of the patentee, you may obtain a complete copy of the petition and specifications of the patent (with the patentee's address), by writing to A. B. Evans & Co., May Building, Washington, D. C.—We are not familiar with the standing of the company named.

W. E., Caster Hill, Pa., asks: "Does the volume of money in actual circulation in any country regulate the price of commodities; that is, will inflation produce a rise in prices, and contraction a fall in prices? If you answer affirmatively, what authority can you give me for saying so?"—While we can hardly assert that the volume of money in circulation in any country regulates the prices of commodities, it is unquestionably true that the cheapening of the currency by an over issue of paper does produce a rise in prices, while a contraction in such currency produces a decline in the price of commodities generally. The present inflation of currency by the importation of gold does not involve a cheapening of the currency such as an issue of paper money would bring about. The best possible illustration we could give you of the effect of a cheap currency upon prices is found in the history of prices during and after the war of the rebellion. The paper dollar, which on the opening of 1862 was worth 100 cents in gold, depreciated with succeeding issues till in July, 1864, it was worth an average of only 38.7. The gold dollar was not in circulation, having fled at the first appearance of the gold premium, so that there was nothing to mark the fluctuations of the currency except the change in prices. The contraction in the currency, attended with a steady appreciation in the value of the paper dollar has been followed by a corresponding decline in the prices of nearly if not all commodities. It would seem as though the matter might be logically stated as follows: Whatever cheapens the purchasing medium enhances the value of the article purchased, and conversely whatever enhances the value of the purchasing medium cheapens the article purchased. The increase of paper money (or promises to pay) cheapens the currency, therefore it enhances the price of other commodities. Of course a paper money redeemable on presentation in gold is not intended in this proposition.

WM. G. S., Santa Claus, Ind., asks: "1. Please give as full an account as you can spare room for of the life and death of Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot; and how should the name be pronounced? 2. What steps are necessary for removing a Postmaster? 3. A widower, with a number of children, marries a widow, also having some children. Afterwards, the widower's son marries the widow's daughter; then the widow's brother marries the widower's daughter. This occurred here, and some folks would be glad if you would explain the relationship existing among the different members of the family. 4. In ordering books from the BLADE catalogue, when several books of the same name are catalogued, how am I to indicate which one I wish to purchase?"—1. Sir William Wallace, the celebrated Scottish hero and patriot, is supposed to have been born about 1270. He was a son of Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire. While attending school at Dundee, he killed the son of the English Governor in revenge for an insult received, and was compelled to take refuge among the mountains. Having gathered around him a band of devoted followers, he carried on for several years a successful partisan warfare against the English forces. After the capture of Aberdeen, Forfar and other towns, he was engaged in the siege of Dundee, when the news came of the advance of a large English army toward Stirling. He immediately marched to meet the enemy, gained a signal victory over them at Stirling bridge, and entering England, ravaged the northern part of the country. He was soon afterward defeated, with great loss, near Falkirk, by the English, led in person by Edward I. The office of Guardian of the Kingdom, which Wallace had held for a short time, was now taken from him, and after several years of border warfare, he was betrayed into the hands of the English, and condemned and executed as a traitor. His achievements have long been a favorite theme with Scottish poets and writers of romance, and have been especially celebrated by 'Harry the Minstrel,' sometimes called "Blind Harry." 2. That depends. The only official who has any decided voice in the matter is the Postmaster General. You might write to him, but it is not probable that he would pay any attention to mere complaints, unless they were backed up by well-substantiated charges. 3. This is an old conundrum in a new form. We leave it for the BLADE readers to amuse themselves with during the Winter evenings. 4. Name the page of the catalogue.

THE UTES MUST GO.

A Band of Stalwart Miners to Occupy the White River Reservation.

Leadville Herald.

It has been long known to the miners and prospectors that the White River reservation is largely composed of some of the most valuable mineral lands in the State, and during the last Summer several venturesome prospectors have penetrated the mountains and found indications which prove that the mineral wealth of the locality can scarcely be computed. Locations have been made and carefully marked, and eastern capital has been invested to such an extent that it is safe to say that before another year the scenes that preceded the permanent occupation of the Black Hills will be re-enacted. A struggle between the Government on the one side and resolute miners on the other, to end in the occupation of the country. It is said upon good authority that one company of miners, from 100 to 150 strong will leave some point in Colorado, presumably Leadville, in December, and proceed directly to the reservation. The men will be thoroughly armed and equipped, and propose to go to stay. They will be followed in the Spring by other companies, and if the reported wealth of the country is true, it is not improbable that 2,000 men will be in the reservation before the close of another season. The effect of this immigration upon the Ute problem it is not difficult to foresee. If mineral is found in paying quantities the Utes must go. They will no longer be permitted to occupy land the value of which they failed to recognize. The occupation of land that is now waste, and always will be so long as the Utes control it, is a practical way of settling the Indian question, and the Government will do well to look the issue squarely in the face, as from present appearances it will certainly be forced upon them.

PITH AND POINT.

The editor's position is one of trust, says one of our rural exchanges. Certainly: he has to trust nearly everybody.

One man asked another why his beard was so brown and his hair so white. "Because," he replied, "one is 20 years younger than the other."

"It is said that the Chinaman who married the Newark lady the other day now wears his hair cut short." His queueriosity is satisfied.—*New Haven Register.*

The agriculturist of the New York *Mail* says: "Smythekin's idea of window gardening is to sit in a window and watch other people do the gardening outside."

The man who plays the cornet
May think that he is "some,"
But, Lord! he ain't a patchin'
To the man who beats the drum.
—*Ottawa Republican.*

"Blessed are the dressmakers," was the way in which a small child gave account of the minister's text. The fashionable fall costumes were at church that day.

A colored political preacher once told his hearers that "publicans" were frequently mentioned in the New Testament. "But de hull Bible," he added, "from one lid to tother, don't say dimicrat wunst!"

A priest asked of a condemned criminal in a Paris jail: "What kind of conscience have you?" "It is as good as new," replied the prisoner, "for I have never used it."

A young lad recently ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend, with a cigar in his mouth. "What made you leave home?" said the friend. "Oh!" said he, "father and mother were so saucy that I couldn't stand it—so I quit 'em."

A professor lecturing on "English Industries" to a class of juveniles informed them that it took seven men and a boy to make a pin. "I expect," said a little fellow, "that it's the seven men that make that pin and that they use the boy to stick it into to see if it's sharp enough."

Porus Plasters were marked down to 15 cents, by a Danbury druggist, yesterday. This is much cheaper than an undershirt, to say nothing about the saving in washing. Besides, you always know where it is.—*Danbury News.*

A Newark Sunday School boy gave his teacher an illustrative definition of "responsibility": "Boys has two buttons for their 'spenders, so's to keep their pants up. When one button comes off, why there's a good deal of responsibility on the other button."

A fact which the most astute Shakespearian scholars have not yet chronicled is, that, although Desdemona is the wife of Othello in the first act, she in the third act becomes his smother.—*New York Star.*

A noble little fellow was asked by his aunty why it was he preferred sleeping alone. He pondered seriously for a minute and then gravely answered: "Well, I don't know; I guess it's cheaper."

A trade journal, speaking of the preparations for the holiday gift season, says: "Their factory now turns out over 600 doll babies a day." This must be the original "Baby Mine."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A woman applied for a situation recently at Belfast, with her clothes dripping like a waterspout. On being asked as to her condition she said she understood the lady of house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready for service.

Kissing the baby may result in deforming its nose and bringing on near-sightedness. The safest way is not to kiss a baby of the female persuasion until it attains the age of 13 years. The cartilage of the nose is much stronger.—*Meriden Recorder.*

"Any burglars in this town?" a traveler asked a villager in Western Tennessee. "Well, no, not now, stranger; they was a couple of 'em here last spring, but one night they broke into the editor's house and starved to death before they could get out."

This reform in spelling is a good thing for people who write letters from the summer land for the *Banner of Light.* Now, if the wise men could only hit upon some independent go-as-you-please line of grammar, the spirit correspondents will stand at the head of the class.

"Why do guns burst?" asks a contemporary, and then devotes nearly a column to answering the question. Guns burst because powder is put into them. You might use a gun 700 years and it wouldn't burst if you kept powder out of it.—*Scientific American.*

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, Doctor, dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rumatics are very distressin', indade; when I go to slape I lay awake all night, and my toes is swelled as big as a goose hen's egg, so whin I stand up I fall down immediately."

He was a new man in the big music store, she was a delicate blonde. She entered, and approaching the young man, timidly asked, "Have you 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep'?" He answered with a slight blush and some hesitation, gazing far away toward the horizon, "Well—I really couldn't say—I must have been very young at the time, if I did."—*Cleveland Herald.*

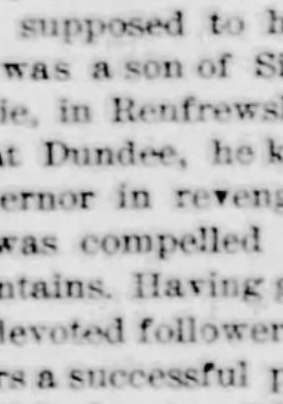
SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

The Secret Key to Health.—The Science of Life, or Self Preservation, 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains 50 valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than 10 times the price of the book. Illustrated samples sent on receipt of six cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass.

BREAD PREPARATION.



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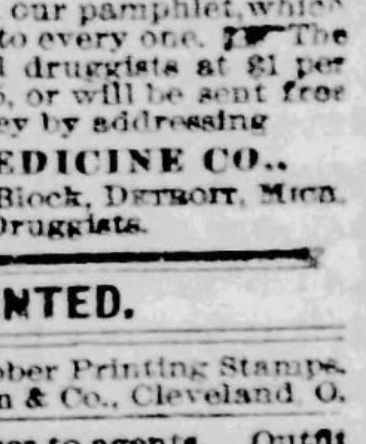

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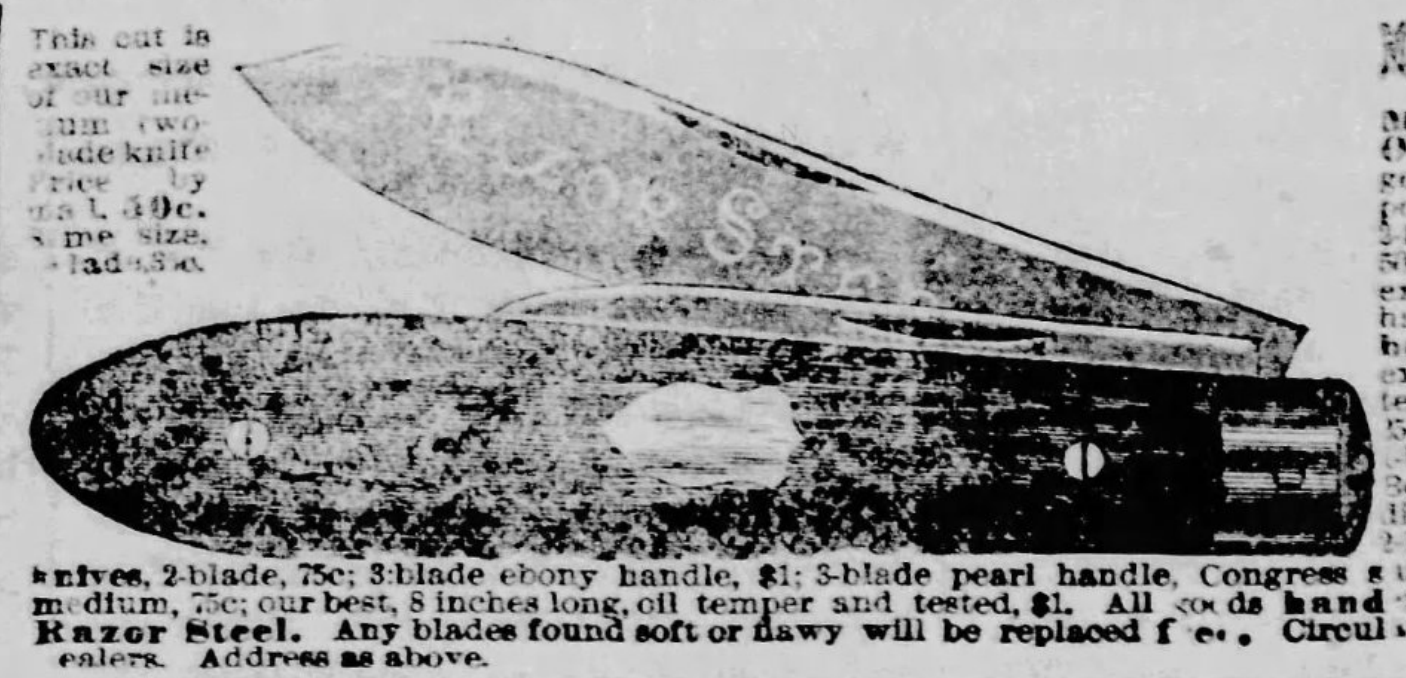

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I, W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder within and for said County and State, do hereby certify to the above and foregoing to be true, and title complete to the land therein described according to the records in my office. I further certify there are no abstracts or transcripts of judgments, taxes or other liens on the same. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 24th day of August, A. D. 1879.

[SEAL.] State of Colorado, County of Weld. } W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder.

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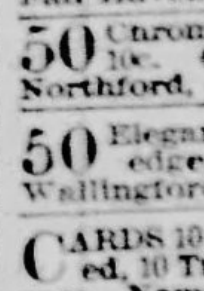

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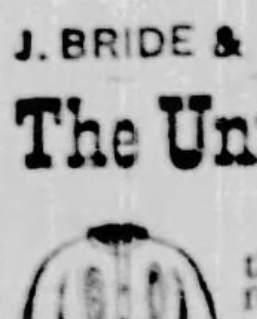

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WHEN in his prime the late Gen. HOOKER was considered the handsomest man in the United States Army.

PRES. HAYES has issued his proclamation setting apart Thursday, Nov. 27th, as a day of National Thanksgiving.

"WE have more than we can do," is the cry that goes up from Pittsburg. And yet it is only 10 months since Resumption.

WHAT more appropriate holiday present than a good and handsome book? Our stock of holiday books for adults and children is unsurpassed in the country.

NEW HAVEN *Register*: "WORTH uses oak and walnut buttons on cloth wraps." Just the same sort of buttons that have been used on wood house doors for years.

GERMANY, though not going back permanently to a mixed standard, is nevertheless compelled, by the demands of commerce, to issue a large quantity of silver pieces.

OUR new story by the author of "Andersonville" to begin January 1st will equal if not exceed in interest the story of Southern prison pens. No old soldier can afford to miss it.

THE New York Republicans talk confidently of a plurality of 80,000 or 90,000 for CORNELL, and a majority of between 20,000 and 30,000 over both ROBINSON and KELLY.

REMEMBER that our new and enlarged catalogue of books will be ready this week. It will be sent only to those who ask for it, and will be of value to every lover of good literature.

NEW YORK *Sun*: The real issue in Massachusetts this year is 61 years old, weighs something like 230 pounds, has a defect in one eye, and is supposed to be worth several millions of dollars.

SAN FRANCISCO offers a good chance for both ships and sailors. There are not enough of either, it seems, to take the grain that is awaiting transportation, and loaded ships are lying in the harbor for lack of sailors to man them.

CUBAN Representatives feel that there are other reforms needed in the Spanish Colonies besides the abolition of slavery. If that bill passes they are determined that a modification of the tariff and commercial relations between them and Spain shall be made. Otherwise it is intimated that they will withdraw from the Legislature.

THE Democrats are very anxious now that Providence shall receive full credit for all that he has done towards bringing about our present condition of prosperity, but a year ago they vigorously excluded Him from all share in the management of the affairs of the country. They would not admit that He was even a sleeping partner in the firm of JOHN SHERMAN & CO.

IT seems that after all, Cleopatra's Needle has not been seized by the Egyptian Government, although it has threatened to do so, on the ground that it is a violation of the agreement between Egypt and the European powers by which no monument or work of art shall leave that country. The probabilities are however, that the Needle will thread its way across the Atlantic, and land upon the shores of the United States.

WE do not exactly understand why the President should be giving advice to the Republicans of Virginia, or, in fact, of any other State, but since he has done so, we are glad that he gave them such good counsel. The Republicans there should not need to be told, however, that they can have no sympathy with repudiation, or any other form of public dishonesty, and no consideration of expediency should induce them to make any alliance with Repudiators or Greenbackers.

As we predicted some time ago, the "Story of Andersonville and other Southern Prisons" is proving the most popular subscription book which has been issued for 20 years. Agents everywhere are meeting with remarkable success, and no one who makes the attempt fails in securing orders. Although the territory is largely taken, we have a few good Townships in which the right person can reap a rich harvest. Those who canvass their own Townships can do so virtually without expense, and applicants who send at once can make money between now and the Holidays. Address all letters to D. R. LOCKE, Publisher Andersonville, Toledo, O.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The public debt statement for the month ending Oct. 31, shows a marked reduction in the public debt. In consequence of the large disbursements during the three months ending Sept. 30, under the Pension Arrearages act of last Congress, the surplus revenue for the quarter ending with the date above stated was less than $5,000, against nearly $10,000,000 for the corresponding quarter of 1878. The bulk of the arrears of pensions having been paid, the drain upon the treasury from this cause has ceased, and it is expected that the monthly statements for the nine months beginning with October will each show a fair surplus. The increase in customs receipts and the large reduction made, by refunding in the annual interest charge, induce Treasury officers to believe that the surplus revenue for the current fiscal year will reach at least $25,000,000, which would be an average monthly excess of receipts, for the nine months, of about $3,000,000.

The annual report of the Comptroller of the Currency, which has just been issued, shows that there has been an inflation of the currency during the year ending November 1st of over fifteen million dollars. The total average amount issued in the past twelve months has been about $1,300,000 per month. The increase of circulation for the year ending November 1, 1878, was $4,216,684, and the total decrease from January 14, 1875, to the 1st of November, 1877, was more than $30,000,000. The total amount issued during the month of October was $2,602,050, and during the months of September and October, $7,514,170, or about one-half of the whole amount issued during the year. The report also shows a net increase of National Bank circulation during the year amounting to $11,484,582.

Pres. HAYES has tendered to Gen. GRANT the hospitalities of the White House during his coming visit to Washington, and it is probable that they will be accepted. The latter has telegraphed Gen. SHERMAN that it will be impossible for him to attend the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland at Washington on the 20th inst., on account of his engagement at Indianapolis. The General and his party on Monday morning left Council Bluffs for Chicago where they will attend the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee.

The annual report of Gen. SHERMAN to the Secretary of War is published. The General gives figures in detail, which go to show that the active, working force of the army is only 20,556 enlisted men instead of 25,000, and that 3,463 enlisted men are so disposed as to render them entirely unavailable for service on the frontier. The General says that there are 433 companies in the regular army and that filling these companies so as to allow an active force of 25,000 would only give 58 men to a company. Gen. SHERMAN asks the Secretary of War to urge upon Congress such legislation as will allow the filling up of the regiments and companies as indicated. A large portion of the report is devoted to the trouble among the Utes, whom the General regards as the worst class of Indians extant. He recommends the building of two new posts, and thinks all the Indians on the Upper Missouri should be removed to the Sioux reservation, and all lands northwest of the reservation open to actual settlers.

Tuesday, Nov. 4th, was a day of marked political interest. As already stated, general elections were held in 11 States, and local elections in Illinois, Georgia and some other States. Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York and Wisconsin elected Governors, and other State officers, and Nebraska and Pennsylvania elected minor State officers. Legislatures were chosen in Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Virginia and Wisconsin. Constitutional amendments were voted upon in Mississippi and New York. We give in our news columns, such telegraphic advices as were received up the hour of going to press. It is generally conceded that CORNELL, the Republican candidate for Governor, will carry New York by about 20,000 majority, while the majority on the remainder of the ticket will not be so great. BUTLER, Republican candidate for Secretary of State in Pennsylvania, will have at least 15,000 majority, which will be somewhat less than the Republican majority of last year owing to the fact that the quiet canvass will not bring out so full a vote.

The Comptroller of the currency has called the attention of the National Banks in New York to the custom which has long prevailed there of over certification, or certifying to the checks of customers in excess of the amounts which they actually have on deposit. This favor is extended to Stock Exchange brokers, and is in open violation of the law. A good deal of excitement has been occasioned in monetary circles by this notice, and while some of the banks are seeking means to evade the prohibition, others have declared their intention of surrendering their charters as national banks, and resuming business as private institutions.

During the past week two prominent and distinguished men have passed away, ZACHARIA CHANDLER, Senator from Michigan and ex-Secretary of the Interior under GRANT, and Gen. J. B. HOOKER. Sen. CHANDLER spoke at Chicago on Friday night, retired to his room and the next morning was found dead in bed. The funeral was held in Detroit on Wednesday afternoon. Gen. HOOKER was taken suddenly ill on Friday afternoon at his hotel in Garden City, Long Island, and expired before help could reach him. The remains were taken to Cincinnati for interment.

The Elections.

LATER—Partial Returns from the States holding elections on Tuesday indicate a sweeping Republican victory in all the Northern States. CORNELL (Republican candidate for Governor) carries New York by from 20,000 to 25,000 plurality, but the remainder of the State ticket at this writing is uncertain. BUTLER, Greenback-Democratic-Independent candidate for Governor in Massachusetts, is again 'snowed under," and that State is Republican "by a large majority." The Republicans also sweep everything before them in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Nebraska. The Democratic pyramid is composed of the State of Mississippi carried by the Democracy in the usual manner.

WHAT CEMENTS THE "SOLID SOUTH."

People who suppose that the Confederate Brigadiers have no use for the Democratic machine, except the political one, are greatly mistaken. That is a very important object, but it is only a means to an end, after all. They need no Democratic party in their local matters. They might maintain their system of shot-gun and tissue-ballot supremacy without outside help. But what they most need that party for, is to give them access to the National Treasury. They have never given up the idea of "indemnity for the past," but keep it constantly in view. They do not expect to obtain by direct means payment for their slaves and for their war losses, but they do intend to secure indemnity for these by indirect means, and they look to the Democratic party as their main reliance therefor. It is no longer Federal bayonets or political proscription under Republican administration, that troubles them, but Republican votes and vetoes against "solid Southern" demands for indirect indemnification of war losses, and the clamor about troops is used mainly to cover jobs.

The New York *Tribune* has done a good work, in making a statement of the claims and jobs which the "Solid South" has already set up, and which constitute largely its bond of unity at home and its interest in the Democratic party at the North. That statement shows that "the South submitted bills, at the second session of the last Congress and at the extra session of the present Congress, involving an expenditure of $753,861,000 for internal improvements at the South alone. At the same time, bills relating to private claims were offered which demanded $12,963,000 from the public Treasury. In addition, the claim is still urged with intense zeal for repayment of the cotton tax and it is estimated that this alone would take $350,000,000 from the Treasury. From the beginning of the first session of the XLVth Congress to the close of the first session of the XLVIth, the bills presented on behalf of the Solid South called for $1,287,524,735—more than enough to bankrupt the Treasury."

It is this gigantic scheme of plunder and jobbery that now gives chief strength to the Southern interest in the Democratic party, not less than the political considerations which add so greatly to that Union. All these, like every other matter of legislation, are subject to caucus action, and when once passed upon favorably by the secret cabal controlled by the "Solid South," they will be sure of the vote of every Congressman who has a standing in the Democratic party. The subserviency of that party in Congress to the behests of the Southern oligarchy, never was more complete than at this time. No man who expects position in that party, would dare to oppose his individual judgment or the will of his constituents to the dictation of the "solid" delegation from the South. To do so, would be to commit political suicide. The power of the caucus thus controlled, was well shown at the recent extra session, when scheme after scheme the most shameful in character and manifestly unwise in policy, was driven through the Senate and the House, without so much as a single dissent from any quarter. Northern members who did not hesitate in private to protest against these, did not dare even to hesitate in their public adhesion to and support of them. Such things as judgment and conscience, were totally ignored in the presence of King Caucus, enthroned by the "Solid South." It was by such baseness on the part of Northern members, that the Democratic party was brought to its present pitiable condition. No one thing has done more to make a "Solid North," than the degrading submission of Northern Democrats to the demands of the Confederate Brigadiers; and that solidity will not be less, but only intensified, so long as such subserviency shall continue.

Nothing now stands in the way of the success of the worst of Southern plunder schemers, but the Executive veto in the hands of an honest and staunch Republican. The removal of that obstacle is the one great advance aimed at by the "Solid South" in 1880. But this will not be attained. The loyal men of the North are "solid" against it, and it must fail.

VIRGINIA'S DEBT.

Pres. HAYES has expressed himself most emphatically in regard to the readjustment scheme of Virginia which is, as everybody knows, only another way of repudiating its debts. His sentiments must be those of all who believe in the common principles of honesty. No sophistry, no matter how skillfully urged, can make black appear white, and no present gain can compensate for a sacrifice of honor. The future of Virginia struggling under its burden of debt may appear dark, but the relief brought by a refusal to do what is right can be but temporary. Her best way, her only way if she would have any chance in the bright times that are dawning, is to put her shoulder to the wheel by taking immediate measures to pay off what she owes. The very fact that she determines to be honest will invite a better class of settlers within her borders who will develop her resources, make her worn-out lands golden with harvests, establish manufactories and thrill the old commonwealth into life and energy. A contrary course fixes a lasting stain upon her business honor, and leaves her far more crippled than when bearing the debt which she contracted in good faith, and which in good faith should be paid.

In truth there is but one right way of doing either for nations, States or individuals, and that is to pay dollar for dollar of any money obligation knowingly assumed. Gild over the doctrine of repudiation as much as it is possible, and the fact still remains that it is only a mode of cheating fellow beings out of their just dues.

The Republicans of Virginia owe it to their State to array themselves against forcible readjustment. Pres. HAYES well says that "it is not a question of to-day, but of all time." Its settlement involves a great principle which the future good of the State requires should be considered.

WE now offer for the holiday and general trade the largest and best assortment of books at low prices to be found anywhere in the United States. Those who are in search of choice winter reading (and who is not) should by all means send for a catalogue at once, and thus insure early attention for their orders.

SEN. CHANDLER'S DEATH.

ZACH. CHANDLER is dead. On Friday the wires brought news of the work he was doing in Chicago for the Republican party of which he has so long been a leader, and Saturday his busy brain had ceased its labors. Michigan has lost a son of whom it might well be proud, and the Nation is deprived of a faithful servant, one true as steel to his country and its interests. Both in public and private life he maintained his honor unstained by any deed unworthy an honest man and a patriot.

With his public career everybody is familiar. Possessing unflinching determination of character that prevented him from ever yielding one inch of the ground he had taken, his support of men and measures was always consistent with his views of right, and the necessities of the times. The doctrine of States Rights has always found in him a bitter enemy, and none fought the Confederate Generals in Congress last winter with more spirit and effectiveness than he.

One little incident will illustrate the make up of the man. When he assumed the duties of Secretary of the Interior, he desired that the position of Attorney of the Department should be filled by a lawyer from Michigan whose fitness for the work was undoubted. It was tendered to him and refused upon the ground that he could not afford the pecuniary sacrifice that would be required by his withdrawal from his business.

"What sum will make you good?" asked Mr. CHANDLER.

"Not less than $5,000 a year," was the reply.

"You shall have it," said ZACH, and during his occupancy of the office the lawyer received a check each year for that amount paid from CHANDLER'S own pocket. This fact shows, what was true, that he had no desire to prey upon the public treasury, but rather a generous wish to give his country the best service, even though it must be done at his own expense.

Friday he made a speech in Chicago which showed that, while old age had come upon the body, the vigorous brain worked as well as ever. It was pronounced one of the best of all his efforts, and the enthusiasm of his immense audience showed that it was appreciated. It appears that even then he was laboring under the trouble that caused his death. The friends who last saw him alive had little idea that a long and useful life was so near its end. They bade him a pleasant good night, and the Senator retired to a rest which is eternal so far as this world is concerned. Instead of a journey to his Michigan home, he passed through the valley and shadow of death to the home whither we are all hastening.

Sen. CHANDLER is dead, but his name will pass into history with those of other patriots and statesmen who are held in affectionate remembrance by their countrymen.

DEATH OF GEN. JOE HOOKER.

The telegraph announces the death of Maj.-Gen. JOSEPH HOOKER, of the Retired List, United States Army, which took place at his residence on Long Island Friday afternoon. He died, as men of his superb physique seem to be in the habit of doing: suddenly and unexpectedly.

"Fighting JOE HOOKER," as he loved to be called, was one of the prominent figures in the recent war—a prominence that was due both to his real soldierly abilities and to the persistency with which he crowded himself upon the public attention. He fought well, but he never struck a blow that the people were suffered to remain in ignorance of, even to the minutest detail. Circumstances favored him early in the war, because a General who was willing to give and take hard blows had little trouble in winning distinction among such a crowd of military fops and *dilletanti* as surrounded MCCLELLAN.

Gen. HOOKER was born in Hadley, Mass., in 1815, and graduated from West Point in 1837. He served during the Seminole and Mexican wars, becoming a Captain at the close of the latter, and receiving the brevets of Captain, Major, and Lieutenant Colonel, for distinguished gallantry at Monterey, National Bridge and Chapultepec. In his case these brevets probably meant all they said, which was not always the case with Mexican-war brevets, which were bestowed with notorious recklessness.

At the conclusion of the Mexican war Col. HOOKER left the Army and became a farmer in California. This was not his vocation, and he found it out when his money was all gone. Then friends "got him a job" as Superintendent of a military road, that was constructing from California to Oregon. When this was gone, he fell into hard luck, and continued so until the breaking out of the war in 1861, when his old West Point cronies remembered him, and secured him a Brigadier General's commission in the Army of the Potomac. This was the turning point of fortune. He had all the qualities of a leader, but not of the highest class. To an imposing personal presence, and superb horsemanship, he united great courage, strong natural talents for war, and a restless energy. All that he lacked to become the greatest leader of the War was—a little more brains, and much more character. He distinguished himself in all the battles of the Peninsula, and especially in the fight at Williamsburg, where he won the title of "Fighting JOE HOOKER," and won it most deservedly. He added to these laurels by his conduct at the Second Battle of Bull Run, and still more at Antietam, where he commanded the right wing, and, with SUMNER, bore the brunt of the battle.

Gen. HOOKER reached his perihelion in the Spring of 1863. After BURNSIDE'S famous "Stick-in-the-Mud," in the previous December, that General was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, which was then given to Gen. HOOKER. He made excellent dispositions for battle during the Winter, and his advance across the Rappahannock, April 27, was masterly. So far he had done as well as the greatest Captain of war could have done, but now his weakness was to assert itself most disastrously. Instead of following up his decided advantage with a bold assault on LEE, he seemed frightened at what he had already done, and at the moment when the offensive was imperatively demanded, he assumed the defensive, and began covering his front with intrenchments. While he was engaged in this, he, with the most astonishing fatuity displayed by any General (except BANKS and BUTLER) during the war, let STONEWALL JACKSON march unmolested around his flank, and assail him in the rear with such effect that the entire Army of the Potomac was compelled to fall back across the Rappahannock. The only explanation of this is that the command of an Army was something beyond his mental grasp. Had he been Commander of the Eleventh or Twelfth Corps he would have certainly destroyed JACKSON, when that commander dared annihilation, by his perilous movement around his flank, but HOOKER, as commander of the whole Army, could not look out for this, and he had no subordinates equal to the task.

His failure was so manifest that he was relieved of the command of the Army in June. Later in 1863 he was sent West with the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, to the relief of the beleaguered Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga, and took a subordinate part in the operations which resulted in forcing BRAGG to raise the siege of that place. He continued in command of this force, and participated with it in the Atlantic campaign, until in August, but he seemed to have lost much of the energy and fire which distinguished him earlier in the war. His vanity and arrogance made him a poor subordinate, and especially to Gen. SHERMAN, between him and whom there was little love, and their frequent differences at last culminated in his resignation of his command, when he retired to Cincinnati, and was given command of a Department specially formed for him, and of which that City was made the headquarters.

Thus ended his military service. While in Cincinnati an attachment sprang up between him and a Miss CAROLINE GROESBECK, a member of the GROESBECK family of that City. Her relatives, who are of the purse proud, Philadelphia type of aristocracy, were decidedly opposed to the affair, but Miss GROESBECK was equally in earnest, and as she was then a lady of middle age, she had her own way, and was married to the General. Some time after their marriage they went to Europe, where Mrs. HOOKER contracted an illness which was speedily fatal. A little later Gen. HOOKER was stricken with paralysis of one side, and never recovered from its effects.

It can be said of him, in summing up, what has to be said of most great soldiers: That he had many and very conspicuous faults, but he had equally many and still more conspicuous virtues.

AN UNFORTUNATE PLEA.

Sec. EVARTS'S allusion to the possibility that the lawlessness of the South may compel the re-election of GRANT by the creation of a necessity for "a strong man" at the head of the Government, strikes everybody badly. It is a hint at imperialism which does very little credit to Mr. EVARTS'S statesmanship, or his reading of the lessons of history, and is the severest blow that has yet been delivered against the "GRANT boom." The thinking people of this country are not at all ready to admit the slightest doubt that anybody whom they may elect to the Presidency next year will not be as well qualified to deal with such problems as shall arise during the succeeding four years as Gen. GRANT is. The institutions of this country do not rest on any such unsubstantial foundations as the success or failure of any one man to secure an election. No single person is absolutely essential to the well-being of the Nation. Great as any man may be, there are always many that closely approximate him in greatness, and who are equally capable of discharging all the duties that the State may find it necessary to entrust him with. This is the glory of all free institutions, and especially of ours. There has never been a crisis in our history, nor can there be one when the safety of the country depends upon any one person.

Had WASHINGTON been struck down as WARREN was in the first battle of the Revolution, the result would have been the same. Had GRANT been killed at Belmont in 1861, Forts Henry and Donelson and Vicksburg, and Richmond would have been captured all the same, and the war brought to the same victorious termination. It was not GRANT'S genius, nor that of SHERMAN or SHERIDAN, or any other man, that gave the National arms success. It was the genius of the people; that determined, aggressive, unconquerable spirit, the spirit that has always animated the strong-handed, strong-hearted Anglo-Saxon race, and forced it to wage persistent, unceasing battle until it has crushed down opposition. It set itself about crushing the Rebellion, and it would have done so, no matter whom it set up as the nominal leaders in the work. Gens. GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, etc., showed themselves capable of skilfully directing the operations to that end, and had they not shown this they would have had others speedily substituted for them.

It is the same thing with the troubles in the South. The people of the Nation are determined that these shall be rectified, and this very determination will secure that rectification. It is not at all necessary to elect GRANT for this purpose. Any man whom the Republicans shall make President next year will do it with equal thoroughness. We need only to recall the memory of LINCOLN to remember also how the choice of the Republican party, a civilian and a lawyer, and elected with reference to the settlement of questions of civilian policy, carried on the greatest war of modern times, and carried it on, too, in a way that has never been surpassed. Remembering this, we can safely dismiss all fears that any man placed by the Republican party in the chair of the Chief Executive, will not be "strong" enough for any emergency that may arise.

GEN. HOOKER secured MCCLELLAN'S ill will, and the hatred of the clique that surrounded him by too free criticisms of the Great Military Incompetent's gigantic blunders. In his official report of the battle of Williamsburg, he said:

> History will not be believed when it is told that the noble officers and men of my division were permitted to carry on this unequal struggle from morning until night, unaided, in the presence of more than 30,000 of their comrades with arms in their hands. Nevertheless it is true. If we fail to capture the Rebel army on the plains of Williamsburg, it surely will not be ascribed to want of conduct and courage in my command.

EX-GOV. YOUNG is in Washington, and of course has been "interviewed." He says the contest for the Presidential nomination will be between SHERMAN and BLAINE, unless the Democrats behave very badly in Congress, in which case GRANT will be pushed to the front. As to the Ohio Senatorship, he thinks Gen GARFIELD'S strength is over-estimated, and says it will be "a funny fight."

DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

Tuesday's elections were held in a number of States and the result will be regarded with a great deal of interest, especially in New York and Illinois, which are both powers in the land and are looked to largely as indices of the strength of party. It is not now men who are of importance but principles, and the occurrences of the past year, combined with the thought that the next will bring about another Presidential contest makes every movement carry with it a weight it would not otherwise possess.

The great trouble of the past, as it doubtless will be of the future, is the disinclination of business men to attend to the public duties that citizenship demands of them. Recognizing the fact that this Government is the freest in the world, and the country the most prosperous, they are yet unwilling to take the time to keep it so, for it is certain that if all of the machinery making is left in the hands of demagogs, as is largely the case, there must come a failure in the free institutions now the boast and justly so, of the Nation.

All men should consider their duties of citizenship just as sacred and as binding as any others, and to be performed as conscientiously. Boys should be taught the same thing, both by precept and example. A knowledge of the work they have to do in this direction ought to be made a part of their education, from the time they are old enough to understand what home and country mean until they reach manhood. Instead of this, they too often hear politics spoken of as something to be avoided as full of corruption, or only to be used for the purpose of money getting. No idea obtains with them that political parties represent great principles upon the adoption or rejection of which depends the prosperity of the nation. They do not recognize the fact that in a Government like ours, every man, through the ballot, wields a power whose extent he cannot foresee. Seeing his father careless about the use of his birthright, he comes to feel it of very small value, to be exercised or not, as time or fancy dictates. The complaint has been made that in all of the large Cities is a constantly growing class of young men belonging to the wealthier part of the community, who consider the exercise of their rights of citizenship as something beneath their dignity—it bringing them upon a level with the vulgar herd to go to the primaries to assist in nominating or to the polls to vote for a candidate. They never think that upon the selection of a proper officer may depend the safety of their lives and property.

Every year a large number of young men reach their majority. Too much cannot be said about this great army of voters being taught the sacredness of the duties then devolving upon them. In the school room and by the home fireside they should be educated to think that a great responsibility must then be assumed, which cannot be shifted to others without doing a grievous wrong. Side by side with the principles of political economy, they should be taught to think for themselves, to decide upon what is right and best and then to act accordingly. Only by each citizen doing his whole duty can the permanence of this Government be assured.

LYNCH LAW IN MISSOURI.

The use of lynch law can rarely be excused. It is taking into the hands of an excited and irresponsible mob the punishment of a crime that may or may not have been committed. It is an easy thing for interested persons to inflame the passions of the community and lead the more ignorant and violent on to deeds of real crime, instead of justice.

The recent occurrence in Missouri is an instance of this kind. YOUNG the victim had been tried and acquitted of the murder of which he had been accused. Whether guilty or not he had been pronounced innocent in a legally constituted court of law, and no matter what the belief of the people near his own home, they had no shadow of right to pursue him farther, except so far as the ban under which he would hereafter rest among his neighbors could be called pursuit. Small doubt exists but that YOUNG was radically bad. His whole manner showed that he had little feeling beyond an offensive vanity that made him almost glory in being made thus conspicuous by a trial for such an infamous deed. It does not seem possible that he could have murdered five persons and maintained the bearing which he did through all of the proceedings. The circumstantial evidence was not exceedingly strong against him, and greater doubt as to his guilt arose when it was found that the detective who worked up the case was an ex-convict from the Illinois Penitentiary, and that he sneaked away before the trial was concluded. As a matter of course, the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal; and for a mob to then proceed to hang the accused, was simply a crime that should be punished like any other.

The lawyer who defended YOUNG was one COFFMAN, formerly of this place, and of not a very savory reputation. He was in the house at the time of the attack, but as might be expected of one of his character made his way out and joined the mob when he found real danger threatened the man he had defended in Court.

It is hardly to be expected that the matter will be followed up and the leaders made to suffer. In a State where law is more respected than in Democratic Missouri it might be hoped for, but not there. They will probably go on glorying in the thought that they were strong enough to mete out punishment with a chivalrous disregard of the rulings of the common law.

A French ecclesiastic, Abbe Meigne, wishes to raise 300,000 francs for the purpose of prosecuting researches to discover traces of the army of Pharoah, drowned in the Red sea while pursuing the escaping Israelites. It appears that surveys made by DeLesseps and other engineers, show with tolerable conclusiveness that at the suppost date of the exodus, the tide ran to a point considerably north of the present high water mark. If this theory be correct, the plans made of the probable place of crossing of the Israelites have been miscalulated, and the real spot is now dry land. The Abbe proposes, if the money can be raised, to make excavations along the route which must have been followed, with the object of finding the arms and equipments of the Egyptian hosts.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* presents Jack Frost as an honorary member of the National Board of Health.

A DEAD LEADER.

Sen. Chandler Passes Away.

He is Found Dead in Bed in Chicago.

After Speaking Friday at McCormick's Hall to a Large Audience, He Returns With Some Friends to His Hotel—Complains of Slight Indisposition, but Nothing Alarming—They Bid Him Good Night and He Retires to Rest—Is Found Dead in His Bed by the Servant Who Goes to Call Him for the Train—The Physician Pronounces the Cause of Death a Sudden Congestion of the Lungs.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—Sen. Zacharia Chandler, of Michigan, was found dead in his bed at the Grand Pacific Hotel this morning. He had been speaking in Wisconsin, and last night addressed an immense audience at McCormick's Hall, in this city, and spoke with his usual earnestness. After the meeting, when he and Sen. Logan, and Hon. Jesse Spaulding were sitting in his room engaged in conversation, Sen. Chandler complained of indigestion, as he had complained of some distressing feeling while en route to the City with these gentlemen. Mr. Spaulding suggested that he remain over in the City until Saturday night. But he said business affairs required his attention at home and the order was given to have him called in the morning at seven o'clock. His friends then bade him good night and left. That is the last time the Senator was seen alive. This morning when the office boy called him, there was no response. As, upon repetition, silence prevailed, the clerk effected an entrance through the transom and found that the Senator was dead. The body was not quite cold, and the physicians who were present decided that death occurred about three hours previous to discovery. The face looked tranquil, showing that death was painless. The coroner will hold an inquest. John B. Drake telegraphed President Hayes the sad intelligence about eight o'clock.

From a partial examination Dr. McVicker, who was immediately called is of the opinion that death was the result of sudden congestion of the lungs brought about by a cold which was contracted at Jonesville. The inquest will be held during the afternoon. Sorrow over the sad event is universal and genuine. Flags are at half-mast upon the Pacific and other hotels and public buildings. The Tribune building is also in mourning. The Republican County Central Committee and Federal officials together with a portion of the Congressional delegation from this State, the Union Veterans Club and the head of the County militia organizations held informal consultations at the Grand Pacific, to tender the service of appropriate Committees whenever the relatives of the deceased Senator shall arrive from Michigan. The latter will probably be here during the afternoon, by special train, and final arrangements cannot be made until their arrival.

The speech of last night is pronounced, by those who were familiar with the Senator's campaigns, as by far the most vigorous and able of all of his previous efforts.

DETROIT, Nov. 1.—Shortly before 10 o'clock this morning a dispatch was received by ex-Gov. John J. Bagley from John B. Drake, of the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, announcing that Sen. Zacharia H. Chandler had been found dead in his bed at that hotel this morning. The astounding and sorrowful news spread like wildfire, and was at first doubted. But the Drake dispatch was speedily confirmed by telegraph to Congressman Newberry and others, and the certainty was established of his sudden death. Great excitement followed the confirmation of the first reports, and the bulleting of the news and the flags of the City were displayed at half-mast, and evidences of the universal grief were manifested on every hand. Dispatches of inquiry also commenced to pour in from all over the State, and their confirmation was followed by expressions of grief.

The information contained in the first dispatch from Mr. Drake, was conveyed to Mrs. Chandler by Allan Sheldon, Sen. Chandler's business partner, and an intimate personal friend. Mrs. Chandler was alone at home, no other member of the family being in the City. When she came to understand the dreadful significance of the announcement, she was overwhelmed with grief and has since been completely prostrated,

Ex-Gov. Baldwin, Congressman Newberry, and others, have made arrangements for the removal of the remains to this City by special train to-morrow. A number of prominent citizens leave for Chicago by special car this evening to act as a Committee of escort. Arrangements for the funeral obsequies have not been made as yet, but the services will be held on Wednesday next.

GOV. CROSSWELL'S PROCLAMATION.

ADRIAN, Mich., Nov. 2.—Gov. Croswell has issued the following proclamation:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
LANSING, MICH., November 1.

To the People of Michigan:

An eminent citizen has suddenly been taken from us. Zachariah Chandler was found dead in his room at the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago early this morning. For 19 years he has represented this State in the National Senate. He held this exalted position at the most perilous period in the history of the Nation and unfalteringly supported every measure for the Union. A member of the cabinet under the recent administration of Gen. Grant, he proved himself a public officer of keen sagacity, of incorruptible integrity, and of admirable ability. A resident of Michigan during the whole period of his manhood, he has been active in advancing the interests of the State and promoting its growth. By his energy he secured a competence, and by his integrity the confidence of all. A statesman and a leader among men, he combined in an unusual degree qualities which commanded respect and admiration. Taken from us so unexpectedly, we cannot but deeply feel and deplore his loss. I, therefore, as a tribute to his memory and to his public services, hereby direct the several State offices to be closed to public business, the flags to be displayed at half mast, and other demonstrations of public grief usual to be made on the day of his funeral.

(Signed) CHAS. M. CROSWELL.

The Governor has also sent the following telegram of condolence to Mrs. Chandler:

"The sad intelligence of the sudden death of your honored husband overshadows the State with deep grief. I sincerely deplore his loss, and deeply condole with you in your great affliction."

CEREMONIES AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—The last sad offices for the deceased Sen. Chandler were performed at an early hour this morning at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The Rev. David Swing officiated, and the service was necessarily very brief, consisting simply of a prayer and reading from the scriptures. Immediately thereafter the guard, consisting of a detail of the First regiment, formed two before and 14 after the casket, which was borne out of the hotel. John B. Drake, George R. Davis, Jesse Spaulding, William Aldrich, Hiram Barber, Gen. Martin Beem, and S. Collyer officiated as pall bearers. As the procession moved through the spacious corridor some 200 veterans formed in twos behind, and

WITH MUFFLED DRUMS BEATING

the coffin was deposited in the hearse. Three companies of the First Regiment, and a detail of cadets under Col. Swain, and a part of the Second Battalion under Col. Thompson, were drawn up in line on either side of the entrance on Jackson street. The procession then formed in the following order: Drum corps, with muffled drums, beating the long roll; the First Regiment in column of fours; Sixth Battalion band cadets; Haverly's band; the hearse flanked by the pall-bearers; carriages containing members of the committee appointed yesterday to escort the body to the depot; Union Veteran Club; employes of the Sheriff's office and the Young Men's Auxiliary Club. The line was

OVER TWO BLOCKS LONG,

marching in close order and in fours. But for the untoward weather and early hour it would undoubtedly have been very much longer. The day was raw and chilly, and about two inches of snow had fallen making the streets wet and slippery. The bands played the 'Dead March in Saul" and funeral strains from old dirges.

Conspicuous among the mournful procession were Gov. Cullum, Gov. Oglesby, Emory Storrs and Robert T. Lincoln. The line of march was east on Jackson to Clark, north on Clark to Washington, east on Washington to Wabash avenue and north to Lake street, and thence east to the depot. Arriving at the depot, the military organizations deployed, allowing the casket to be borne throughout the ranks. The Detroit delegation, headed by ex-Gov. Bagley, had arrived at the depot some time before and taken breakfast in the vicinity. They received the procession and together with the escort from this City, accompanied to the baggage car of the special train the remains, which were carefully deposited therein. The two Committees then distributed themselves through the three coaches making up the train, and at 9:20 it pulled out of the depot.

Arriving at Detroit the remains and escort were met at the Michigan Central depot by the Light Infantry, Light Guard, National Guard, Montgomery Rifles, and a vast concourse of citizens, and escorted to the dead Senator's late residence, on Fort street west.

Mayor Langdon has issued a call of a citizens' meeting, to be held in the Council Chamber at 12 o'clock, noon, Monday, to take action appropriate to the sorrowful occasion. The funeral obsequies occur at 2 P. M. Wednesday.

DETROIT, Nov. 3.—The remains of Sen. Chandler will lie in state in the vestibule of the City Hall Wednesday from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., a guard selected from the various companies of State troops being stationed around the catafalque until one o'clock, when the remains will be taken back to the Chandler mansion, on Fort street, where the funeral takes place at two o'clock. The friends of the deceased have decided not to allow a post mortem examination. At a meeting of the Executive Committee at the Merchant's and Manufacturers' Exchange this morning they resolved that the members of the Executive Committee close their places of business during the hours appointed for the funeral of the late Sen. Chandler. They also recommend that all merchants of the City and State do the same. A meeting of citizens, without distinction of party, was held in the Recorder's court room to-day. There were a large number of prominent citizens of the City and State present. The chair was occupied by Mayor Langdon, who stated the object of the meeting and delivered a eulogy upon the dead statesman. Col. Duffield was chosen Secretary. The following committee was appointed on resolutions: Geo. Jerome, Theodore Romeyn, C. C. Trowbridge, H. P. Baldwin, G. N. Lathrop and Chief Justice Campbell. Pending the report of the Committee, a eulogy upon Mr. Chandler was delivered by Hon. Sylvester Larned. The following Committee was appointed to make arrangements for the funeral: Jerome Craul, N. B. Ledyard, J. W. Romeyn, W. B. Mayburg, Col. Duffield, W. E. Quinby, James E. Pittman and Mayor Langdon. Mr. Maybury appeared as a Committee from the Common Council in session in the Council Chamber, announcing a similar Committee by that body and expressing a desire to operate with the citizens.

The Committee on Resolutions reported a series of resolutions, which were adopted, concluding as follows: "We believe that there is no citizen of Detroit, or in fact of Michigan, who does not regret his death at this period, when he had reached the highest elevation of influence and distinction in his management of public trusts. He was of a stern and incorruptible integrity, and as to honesty of purpose and abhorrence of jobbing and fraud, his motives and conduct were above reproach or suspicion. He was an honest, brave and candid man, and as such had the warm regard and confidence of those who were in the same party as himself and the respect of those of opposite views. His distinction in the councils of the Nation and in his own party rested upon the high ability which he exhibited as a legislator, administrator and organizer. Sympathizing with his afflicted family, the citizens of Detroit desire to take part in paying the last tribute of respect and attention to their departed Senator.

The meeting then adjourned.

The Common Council met this afternoon and took official action in reference to the death of Sen. Chandler, appointing a committee and adopting appropriate resolutions.

The Council also ordered all flags on the city buildings at half mast until sunset of the day of the funeral. Congressman Willetts, of Monroe, is in the city this afternoon, and states that he, being in Chicago last Friday, called upon the Senator at the Grand Pacific and went to his room about 1 o'clock. He found Mr. Chandler sitting by the fire enjoying a cigar, and conversed with him about 20 minutes. This was after Mr. Spaulding left Mr. Chandler, so that Mr. Willetts was the last man who saw him alive.

A Blunder and Its Reward.

Forney's Progress, Translation.

During his first visit to Paris M. Lassalle, a distinguished German, presented himself at the house of a well-known lady, to whom he had sent letters of introduction in advance. When the servant opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir and told him to be seated, saying: "Madame will come immediately."

Presently the lady entered. She was in dishabille and her feet were bare, covered only with loose slippers. She bowed to him carelessly and said: "Ah, there you are; good morning."

She threw herself on a sofa, let fall a slipper and reached out to Lasalle her very pretty foot.

Lasalle was naturally completely astounded, but he remembered that at home in Germany it was the custom sometimes to kiss a lady's hand, he supposed it was the Paris mode to kiss her foot. Thereupon he did not hesitate to imprint a kiss upon the fascinating foot so near him, but he could not avoid saying "I thank you, madame, for this new method of making a lady's acquaintance. It is much better and certainly more generous than kissing the hand."

The lady jumped up, highly indignant. "Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

He gave his name.

"You are not, then, a corn doctor?"

"I am charmed to say, madame, that I am not."

"But you sent me the corn doctor's card."

It was true. Lasalle in going out that morning had picked up the card of a corn-doctor from his bureau and put it in his pocket. This without glancing at he had given to the servant, who had taken it to her mistress. There was nothing to do but laugh over the joke.

A Question Full of Philosophy.

Springfield Republican.

A Washington young lady of the mature age of six propounded the following question to her aunt the other day. It was after the story of the Creation and the Fall had been related, and the young lady had been meditating for some time on the moral of it, when she broke out with: "Aunty, after Adam and Eve disobeyed God, why didn't he kill 'em and begin over again?" It is not impossible that the question has occurred to older people.

A bald-headed man is always too sensible to bang his hair.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

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BATES & HANLEY,
WESTERN MANAGERS.

CAPTAIN BATES.

The Home of a Giant Pair.

Capt. Bates and his wife of Ohio, each seven feet 11 and a half inches high, have been exhibiting themselves at St. Louis and the Captain told a reporter the following facts: "We have a pretty good house; the lower story is 12 and one-half feet in height, and the upper one 12 feet. Our doorways are eight and one half feet high, while ordinarily they are seldom over six and one half. In every room we have chairs for my wife, and myself, but of course we have ordinary furniture for our friends and servants. Our own furniture was made especially for us. The bedstead is eight feet and four inches long and five feet six inches wide. The chairs, bureau, wash stands and in fact, everything correspond. We experience a great deal of inconvenience when traveling on account of the diminutive size of the ordinary furniture. I served in the 5th Kentucky Confederate Infantry during the war. There is not a single garment or article I use but what has to be made especially for me. My boots are about number 17, and are made for me by a man in Seville. My hats are nearly a nine, my collars 25 inches, and I guess if my gloves were gauged they would run up to at least 14. I have the most trouble with my clothes—my trousers, in fact. You see the cloth is made narrow, and while it is all right for men of ordinary size a pair of pantaloons for me consumes an immense quantity, unless the nap runs both ways. My wife says it takes just about three times as much cloth for my clothes as for men of the usual size."

Truth and Soberness.

What is the best family medicine in the world to regulate the bowels, purify the blood, remove costiveness and biliousness, aid digestion and stimulate the whole system?

Truth and soberness compels us to answer, Hop Bitters, being pure, perfect and harmless. See "Truths" in another column.

A Valuable Remedy.

Although it has been but a short time before the public, Day's Kidney Pad has already won many friends and elicited some very flattering testimonials from those who have given it a personal trial. The principle of the Day Pad is a new one in medicine, and it is designed to effect the cure of Diabetes, Gravel, Dropsy, and in a word, all the diseases which affect the Kidneys. Sufferers from any of these diseases will do well to refer to the advertisement of the Day Pad as published elsewhere, and to write to the proprietors for further information, which will be most cheerfully supplied.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had given him, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, throat and lung affections; also a positive cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive I will mail, free to all who desire, this recipe in German or English, with directions for use. Address with stamp, naming this paper, M. C. Rose, 154 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Gaskell's Compendium.

The *Home and Farm*, Louisville, speaks very highly of Gaskell's Compendium, advertised in this week's BLADE. We notice also that most of our exchanges are favorably impressed with it. It is having a large sale both here and in England:

"On our first page will be found another of Prof. Gaskell's advertisements showing the wonderful improvement from using his compendium. For the past eight months he has constantly used our columns to illustrate the merits of his self-teaching penmanship. We think he could not have had a better medium for his section of country. Hundreds in all parts of the South and West have ordered it and are learning his beautiful style of writing at home without a teacher. It is the finest penmanship published in the world, and we are glad so many are availing themselves of this excellent plan of instruction. Mr. G. is a prompt, reliable man, who gives personal attention to all the details of his business, fulfilling all promises. Our readers are assured that they will receive speedy returns. If you would become an elegant penman by home practice, now is the time to write for the Compendium. The new edition—the finest yet issued—with many new ornamental pieces, is now ready."

Who is the Next?

Daniel Wright, an invalid soldier, about 56 years of age, who served two years in Company C, 28th Regiment New York Volunteers—the Army of the Potomac—living at No. 78 Oakland street, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, L. I., and a pensioner, has received $15,000 for one dollar.

William H. Hoyt, for over 20 years the collector of the Boston *Post*, sent one dollar, and also received $15,000. The occasion was the September drawing, Louisiana State Lottery. For further information apply by mail or express to M. A. Dauphin, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La., or same person at No. 319 Broadway, New York City.

The Holly Saw.

The finest piece of mechanism in the world for the money. Any boy or man owning a Holly Saw can make good wages with one the year round. It will pay for itself in two days. It is the most sensible present that could be made any boy.

TEN DOLLARS to $100 invested in Wall Street Stocks makes fortunes every month. Send for pamphlet explaining everything. SIMPSON & CO., 49 Exchange Place, New York.

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

The Demon of the Drain—A True Experience—A Lesson on House Drainage.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

With all attention to fashions, politics and the business of the other end of the world, a weekly newspaper touches on few topics of greater interest to its readers than those bearing on the health and comfort of their homes. If these letters have made this largely their object, the sense of its importance gains with time, for no business seems so much in hand or worthy of thought and effort as the building up of safe and pleasant homes for all classes of society. Forcible experiences bearing on this point will always find a place in these letters, and with this introduction, I leave the writer of a very true story to tell it her own way:

"Home at last," I said, in the spacious sitting-room of the country house we had just taken. "I want nothing better the rest of my life."

You would have thought my aspirations modest enough, as in truth they were, but a second glance by artist or poet would justify my innocent content. It is no bad thing to have such enthusiasm for the house you hope to make your home, perhaps for the rest of your days, and this was no uninviting place for a beginning. This cottage was such a gracious, unpretending one, simple, ample and picturesque as suited narrow fortune and keen tastes, sometimes an inconvenient coupling, but one which can prove to their owner better than a fortune. It was no commonplace gothic or bracketed cottage, with smart croquet ground and flowerbeds, but an old time cottage with green banks sloping all around it, girt with sleeping elms and spruces in unstudied but most harmonious groupings, mingled with very old and large apple and cherry trees that wrought a homely and exquisite charm with their clouds of blossom. From the heart of this green and lovely seclusion the gray gables and broad porch of the old house looked forth with a serious, simple, kindly charm that won my heart when the agent first drove me to its door. Within, the rooms were so admirably arranged, that I should like to draw them sometime for a model of a small country house, with none of the cramped gentility that pays so dearly for the double parlors and balconies of a French roofed shell by an utter want of sunshine and ventilation in the living rooms. The sitting room and the study, each side the entry, were dignified, cheerful, ample rooms, with old-fashioned fire-places that we saw in imagination glowing under the wreaths and cornice of Christmas evergreen, broad old style windows pouring floods of sunshine on one side of the house, on the other looking into a haven of greenery, under drooping branches of elm and willow, and the boughs of great apple trees bent with bearing, that held the house in excellent seclusion, and defended it on that side from a passing glance, as became a room given up to privacy and study. From the large rooms opened cosy square bedrooms, convenient for invalids and easy going house mistresses, fitted with large trunk closets and bell to the kitchen, and with a trim fresh bath room off the back entry. What more would one ask in a cottage for three or four people and a half, the half about six years old. Upstairs were low spacious chambers, which we would make coseries with Japanese scrolls against the sloping roof, and gay French hangings and quaint old furniture, which, with the apple branch in blossom coming through the open window, would make them the most charming nests in the house. We are our own decorators, and we planned all sorts of cheerful fancies for the interiors, as we could afford them, an oak mantle and tiled fire place, a turkish rug for the study, a broad flower bed under the north windows, the railing of the porch lined with flower boxes, the old mahogany furniture brightened with new chintzes, for which I was entirely equal, single handed, the bookshelves over the north mantel, and the piano in its corner, waiting for the evenings of song.

We were ingrain and print people, instead of the Brussells, and picturesque pongee style, but what a round of pleasures and indulgences are at the command of plain people who have the use of their heads and hands! Such was our home, set in its two acres of lawn and garden, rock and knoll, with nests of wild roses sunning themselves on the top of the slope, and tall hickories and chestnuts starting from a cliff hung with frost grapes and every beautiful drapery of wild vine. The lane that led past it, between banks of fern, bayberry and moss, might have come out of Devonshire itself, and a view soft and pastoral finished the picture, of meadows and a brook bending its bow across them, its course defined by elm and sycamore, a stone bridge of a single span down the road and the gothic church beyond it, belonging to an old and cultivated neighborhood in picturesque Westchester, so that we were environed with sights that did caress and bless the eye. What a home I fancied for a child to grow up in, for it was open to long lease, and I for one was sick of the City and of changes. It was charming to think of growing old under such a placid roof of content, looking through the drooping boughs from the north room, or wandering through that ferny Devonshire lane, in the leisure of middle age. Vain dreams! The carpenters had hardly left the house, after their repairs, and the fresh paint and paper were hardly dry, when one Monday morning, the boy and I both woke with diphtheria from a dangerous attack of which he was hardly a month recovered. It was not till afternoon I missed my brother, when going upstairs I found him abed, and his throat bleeding from the same cause, and the illness went hard with them both. This sudden outbreak pointed to foul air somewhere in the house, and recalled the fact that a small cellar room opening into the basement, was without an outside window and probably needed ventilation. I had peeped into it on going over the house with the agent, and asked him how long it had been shut up. His answer that the family before us had only been out a few weeks, set my mind at rest. On looking into it again, I found it reeking with damp from the late rains that had drenched the sidehill on which the house stood, and which the rocky bottom prevented from the least natural drainage. The little colored boy who came round with clams to sell, innocently threw some light on the matter, by saying something in his wisdom about the cellar being bad, for it had "been shut up since de folks moved away 'fore Christmas," and it was now June. With what hurry the cellar wall was knocked away, and a window let in and left open for weeks, while the rotten boards that lay on the ground, and the mouldy debris were carried off and burnt, and the place sowed with lime. My bedroom with the square swing lattice, and the blushrose tinted walls was directly over the noisome place, where damp and darkness had been breeding their poison for months. I fled in a hurry, and would not allow a soul to sleep in it, till a broad south window to swing wide open had been put in, and the room sunned for about two months.

Diphtheria left the small boy with chills, and the large one with racking neuralgic headaches, which made work torture, and the girl in the kitchen began to complain of neuralgia. In vain I lighted fires all over the house in bright June weather, and rang the changes on carbolic acid, copperas, chloride of lime and quick lime in every suspicious corner. The pansy bed was never planted, for no one had time for it, and what work was done in the study after nursing a fevered child all day, roused the suspicions of the neighborhood by my late hours. One bright August day Harry the older brother, came down with fever that baffled my inexperienced hands. Four days and nights he lay in delirium without food passing his lips or medicine taking effect. Pain, pain, pain, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. I had never seen a fever, and utterly ignorant what to do, with a doctor who confined his advice to mustard drafts and calomel, I went near distracted. In a week the hired girl and the boy had the same fever, and with life and death in the balance, the only two well or half well ones in the house went from bed to bed, tending the sick as best they could. Not a neighbor came near the house, when for the first time in my life, I felt the need of one. "Oh, if somebody would only come in and tell me what to do for Harry," I kept saying over and over to myself, as I went stumbling from one sick room to another, too confused, worn and distraught with want of rest, and anxiety, to think what was best, unable to leave the beds long enough to make a jelly or cook a chicken tea, with no help but a younger brother, who watched, nursed, tended, night and day, as if made of all steel sinew instead of flesh and blood. I finished by frightening the girl and the boy and confounding myself by breaking out in a fit of wild screaming laughter, one night as I lay down, genuine hysterics from utter fatigue and outworn nerves. The rest broke out crying with terror, and I got my hand on my nerves as quickly as possible; but those women aye, and men too, for there are such, who have come as near the wrecking point, who have known the utter demoralization of physical demoralization can guess at its misery. Spite of the inefficient doctor and half nursing, they all pulled through the fever alive, but not well again for years.

There could be nothing done with the house apparently but to leave it, for fever was followed by chills which took a congestive type, and those who did not have chills had rheumatism, unless they took neuralgia for a change. Those who went away grew better, and when they came home fell back into the old symptoms. The girl gave up her place, the landlord had a drain put inside and outside the cellar, the kitchen pipes seen to, two or three times, but no obstruction appeared, the neighborhood was healthy enough, at least no one suffered as we did, and with heavy hearts we broke up all our cherished plans and moved away. Of course none of us were in shape for any business of account that year; the doctor's bills and expenses took all our savings; the Turkish rug and Japanese curtains were myths that vanished in derisive laughter that we should ever have been able to think of such trifles, when we would be content with bare floors, if we could only walk across them well and sound again. Two years have not restored the lost vigor lost in that nearly fatal Summer, and the rheumatic twinges which are a settled affliction are a keen satire on our pleasant plans.

And what do you think was the trouble? A year after, the new owners of the house wrote us that they had found the root of the plague. The waste pipes of the kitchen sink had overflowed, and in taking them up, they were found to lead to an old cesspool, of large size, which had not been opened or cleaned for 14 years, and, indeed, had passed from the memory of man. The agent said, and everybody supposed, the drain led to the town sewer, an expensive piece of work, of which the citizens were justly proud. But instead, the house had been in constant communication with that terrible sink of corruption, the deadliest gases breathing through the house. For the pool had passed into that most dangerous stage when it ceases to be offensive to smell, and only diffuses a flat mawkish odor like water after standing two or three days, a smell which most kitchen maids and house owners, too, think inseparable from a sink and the proper smell to belong to it. With the cleaning of the pool the house became one of the healthiest in the neighborhood, but as old Father Neal pensively said, "I'd gin a dollar'n a half if 't had ben found out afore I went away what ailded that consarn." Perhaps you, reader, may profit by my experience. Look to your house drains before the open Winter is an accomplished fact.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The National Fair—Washington Taking a New Position—Secretary Sherman's Speeches—Acklen on Louisiana—The Louisiana Election—Northern Republicans to go Down and Help—How Southern Harmony is to be Obtained—Randall in Norfolk.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.

Our local papers are filled with facts about the "National Fair," which was opened by an imposing procession and the presence and sanction of President Hayes and several members of his Cabinet, on Tuesday last. The grounds are located a little north of the Deaf Mute college and embrace about 100 acres. Good buildings have been erected and it is said that it presents the finest show of "fast horses" that has ever been seen together. The main hall, machinery hall, the art gallery, etc., are all full of attractions, and the indications are that the exhibition will call together a great crowd from the city, the surrounding country, and from places more remote.

In this enterprise Washington appears in a new role. At the breaking out of the war the city was little more than a muddy village, unkempt, unenterprising and unhealthy. Every considerable house was run by a bevy of untidy slaves; swamps and bushy grounds maintained their position in different parts of the City and in plain view of the public buildings; only one street was paved, and the dust and mud of Washington was an endless theme of amusement and abuse to visiting editors; its great houses where the old aristocracy dwelt and gave luxurious dinners and gay evening parties, were the only things about which correspondents never tired of puffing; the old muddy canal, the slave pens, the little shops, the negro shanties, the poor little churches and still poorer school houses, the extensive waste places and tumble down buildings, all contrasted strongly with the elegant public buildings and made every Northern man feel that the Capital was disgraced by its companionship with slavery.

The war made Washington the center of all our great activities and brought into it Northern money and Northern enterprise. When peace came it was overcrowded in every part, and notwithstanding the enormous prices that prevailed, buildings began to go up, and there was a demand for better stores, better dwellings, better churches, better school houses and better streets. Then came the famous era of Alex. Shepherd and his Board of Public Works, during which some 30 millions were expended in the course of three years for the pavement of streets, the constructing of sewers, the planting of trees and the reorganization of the city generally. No such revolution ever took place in so brief a time before in any American city. And Washington is now, perhaps, as pretty a city as there is in the world. All the swamps have disappeared, the old mansions are eclipsed by numerous modern dwellings, the streets are planked and paved, beautiful shade trees and lawns meet the eye wherever it turns. The old muddy canal has become an elegant avenue, the Capitol grounds have been enlarged and beautified, and thrift and enterprise are as prevalent here as in any northern city.

But this fair is an enterprise in a new direction. It is, in fact, a new departure and shows a disposition on the part of our leading men to make this city a centre of commercial industries. Already it is attracting men of business and literary culture, men of money and enterprise, scholars and artists and great lawyers, and it is therefore a fitting place for great universities, great museums, and annual fairs. Hence this National Fair is designed to be a permanent institution, and it is intended to make it a growing annual attraction for the crowds of visitors that congregate here about the time of the opening of Congress. Its beginnings have been particularly auspicious, and every year will probably add to its attractions.

The wonderfully effective speeches of Sec. Sherman are, when he deals with the South, in the tone of one who has been disappointed and deceived. In his Cooper Institute speech he said very distinctly that the South had made solemn pledges which it had broken. After referring to the number of Senators that had been elected as the result of the Mississippi plan of violence, he adds:

"In 1877 public declarations were solemnly made by Governors and Legislatures, apparently sanctioned by public opinion, that thereafter elections should be peaceful and free and fair. Whatever individuals may have attempted or done, I now say to you that these pledges have been violated. The election of members of Congress in 1878 in several States in the South, notably in Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, were preceded and accompanied by violence, including murder, and by fraud of the most shameless character. In South Carolina tissue ballots were stuffed into the ballot box by the wholesale, and the honest votes were extracted in order to reduce the number of ballots to the number of voters on the poll-list. This meanest of all frauds extended to most of the Counties of South Carolina."

This breach of faith on the part of the South is notorious, and has, no doubt, been felt very keenly by the Administration, which had reason to anticipate large results from its generous and determined course of conciliation. But whatever may have been its hopes it is evident that they been disappointed. Sec. Sherman draws a terrible picture of the backslidings of the South under the usurpation of its "home rule." He says:

"The school system which was started by the Republican party after reconstruction is practically abandoned, and in some of the Southern States the whole population is growing up in the most dangerous ignorance. The school-tax levied in Arkansas is but 62½ cents per capita; in North Carolina, 68 cents; in Alabama, $1 02; in Georgia, $1 10; in Tennessee, $1 58; in Virginia, $1 98; and in Kentucky $2. You will comprehend these rates when I tell you that the State of Michigan, which has about the same population as North Carolina, pays one half as much for the support of schools as the entire South. Iowa alone pays nearly as much as the whole South. New York pays one half million more than all the States lately in rebellion, with Maryland, West Virginia and Missouri added. Kansas, with a school population about the same as Arkansas, pays 12 times as much for the support of common schools. Arkansas had last year 1,015 less schools than in 1872, when the Democratic party got supreme control in this State."

He goes on to speak very freely of other steps towards barbarism and arraigns the South with marked severity for its abridgement of the right of freedom of speech for its assault on the officers of the general government while endeavoring to execute the laws, and for its gross oppression of the class made free by the war. On this last point he disagrees totally with Marshall Douglass. "Their present remedy," he says, "is that which under the Providence of Almighty God guided the Israelites from Egypt and led our fathers to flee from kingly oppression to the wilds of America."

Congressman Acklin, from Louisiana, in an interview here the other day, said that Wiltz would be elected Governor and that Kellogg would be dismissed from the Senate. Mr. Kellogg, on the other hand, maintains that the Republicans can carry Louisiana if the proper efforts are made by Northern Republicans, and it now looks as if a very interesting experiment was to be tried in that bulldozed State. The Republicans have made an exceptionally good ticket, composed mostly of wealthy men who are natives of the State and who will be likely to catch some of the Democratic voters who are known to be bitterly opposed to Wiltz and the Bourbon crew that stands behind him. Then, it is proposed, as the election is in December, that a large number of Northern men go down and take a hand in the canvass and remain there till the polls are closed, so as to be able both to give encouragement to these Southern partizans and to be informed of the methods made use of at the counting. Sen. Kellogg had an interview with Sec. Evarts a few days ago and strongly urged him to go to that State next month and make one or more speeches. Mr. Evarts said in reply that he would like to and would do so if he could made his arrangements. Invitations have been sent to Mr. Blaine, Mr. Garfield and 20 or 30 other prominent Northern Republicans, and if New York should go Republican on Tuesday there will be a general disposition to comply with the invitations. This will be a new departure in Southern politics and may prove to be a very important movement.

If the South is ever to come into harmony with the rest of the Union it must be through action with the Republican party. It can only become prosperous by adopting the sound views of Republicans in regard to an honest payment of State obligations, an honest currency, honest elections, a general system of education and encouragement of the best instead of the vilest classes. Southern men are not successful campaigners in our elections and were carefully kept out of Ohio on the ground that they would do more hurt than good. But it is necessary to the healthy growth of good principles in the South, that Republican doctrines should be largely promulgated, and such a course would certainly tend to the peace and harmony of the two sections. We may hope therefore that this experiment will be thoroughly tested, and especially as it is certain to do good whether it carries the State or not.

Everybody is now looking to New York. California, Iowa and Ohio have spoken very emphatically, and if New York gives the weight of its great "empire" in the same direction, there will be a general feeling that the Republic has been saved. Of course we look for a Republican victory, but it is hard to calculate the full effect of Tilden's barrel, and we therefore "wait for the wagon." Speaker Randall has been mingling in the campaign to help Mr. Tilden and his man Friday, but the papers do not seem to think that he has redeemed his party from the scandals of the canvass. The *Tribune* speaks of his speech as that of a "cheap demagogue," but then, as Springer says, "he had to do it to save the party."

BUCKEYE.

Pilgrimages to Buffalo, N. Y.,

Are made by thousands of invalids annually to consult with the medical and surgical staff of the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, the largest private sanitarium in the world. All chronic diseases are treated by scientific methods. The practice is divided among nine eminent specialists. Among the most popular domestic medicines in the land are those manufactured by this Association, among which are Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the greatest of alteratives and blood-cleansers, and Dr. Pierce's Pellets (little pills) that have largely superseded the old-fashioned coarse pills. Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is deservedly popular as a remedy for diarrhœa, dysentery, flux, and kindred diseases; also as a pain-killer and remedy for colds. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the great remedy for female weakness and associated derangements. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is the "Old Reliable." Invalids' Guide-Book—10 cents, post-paid. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., or London, England.

To Suffering Woman.

Dr. Livingston's Abdominal Support, a sure cure for anteversion, retroversion, retroflexion and prolapsus. Send for illustrated descriptive circulars on uterine diseases and complications. The only comfortable and effective support ever designed for these diseases. Obviates all difficulties and dispenses with all private examinations. Address Dr. C. E. LIVINGSTON, 215 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.

SHOT AND KILLED.

One of the Notorious James Brothers Dies by the Hand of a Former Companion.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4.—Dispatches from points in Southwestern Missouri and Kansas say that Jesse James, one of the notorious James boys, and supposed to have been one of the gang who robbed the railroad train at Glendale, Mo., a short time since, was shot and killed by a former companion named Ged Shephard, about seven miles from Joplin, Mo., on Sunday. The dispatches make different statements about the affair, but it seems that Shephard and one or two others met and set out on Sunday to capture a part of the gang, who were on the road to Texas. Shephard's companions were to hide in the brush while joined by James and his party, consisting of himself, Henry Miller, Jas. Coffman and Jas. Cummings. He found them in the woods, and after riding with them some distance suddenly shot Jesse. James then wheeled his horse and fled.

Cummings and Coffman gave chase and shot Shepard in the thigh, but the latter escaped their search. They then made for James' body, but it could not be found, his friends no doubt having concealed it. Shepard feels sure he killed James, having, he said, shot him squarely in the head. The County is much excited and the woods far and wide are being scoured for the desperados. Shepard was formerly a member with the James and Younger band and was implicated in two or three robberies committed by them and felt great enmity towards Jesse James for killing a cousin or nephew of his.

ARREARS OF INCOMES.

Continuation of the Suit Brought by the Government against S. J. Tilden.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The examination *de bene esse* of James B. Colgate, of the banking firm of Colgate & Co., in the suit brought by the Government against Samuel J. Tilden, for arrears of income, was continued to-day. Judge Choate, before whom the question of the production of the books of the firm was pending, gave the decision that the United States Commissioner could not compel the witness to produce his books, as they were only required to refresh his memory.

The case was then resumed before the United States Commissioner and witness said his firm had some transactions with Mr. Tilden, the nature and extent of which he did not know. The witness was questioned at length as to what these were and replied that he had no recollection or impression about them and could not answer the question.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The examination of James B. Colgate was continued to-day before the United States Commissioner Lyman, in the suit of the Government against Samuel J. Tilden for unpaid income taxes. He was called on to produce his books as required in the subpœna, but refused to do so. The matter was argued before Judge Choate.

Thanksgiving Day.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—In the proclamation issued by the President to day, appointing November 27 as Thanksgiving day, he says:

"At no recurrence of the season which the devout habit of the religious people has made an occasion for giving thanks to Almighty God and humbly invoking his continued favor, has the national prosperity enjoyed by our whole country been more conspicuous, more manifold or more universal than during the past year, with also unbroken peace with all foreign nations. The general prevalence of domestic tranquility, the supremacy and security of our great institutions and of civil and religious freedom, have gladdened the hearts of our people, and confirmed their attachment to their government, which the wisdom and courage of their descendants have so firmly maintained to be the habitation of liberty and justice to successive generations.

Now, therefore, I Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday, the 27th day of November, as a day of National Thanksgiving and Prayer, and I earnestly recommend, that, withdrawing themselves from secular cares and labors, the people of the United States do meet together on that day, in their respective places of worship, there to give thanks and praise to Almighty God for his mercies and to devoutly beseech their continuance. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this, the third day of November, in the year of our Lord 1879, and of the Independence of the United States the 104th. Signed,

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES,
By the President.

WM. M. EVARTS,
Secretary of State.

Joaquin Miller's Marriage.

Buffalo Courier.

"Jerome," the New York correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal*, informs an anxious world that in February last Joaquin Miller was married to Miss Mamie, one of four daughters of the late William Leland of New York. The marriage has been kept secret owing, it is said, to Mr. Miller's sensitiveness regarding newspaper remarks; though we suspect the continued existence of the gentle Minnie Myrtle, Joaquin's ex-wife, and from whom he is not legally free has something to do with it. Mr. Miller denies the story and says it is "d—d nonsense"—we quote his exact poetry; adding that the newspapers will chronicle his cremation before his marriage. We believe, nevertheless, that the first Mrs. Miller will start for the East next week, with her arms akimbo and blood in her eye; and we therefore hasten to tender to Mr. Miller our sincere congratulations, hoping they will not reach their destination too late.

In the Course of a Few Years.

Cincinnati Commercial.

In the course of a few years, Tom Hendricks and Tom Ewing will be champions of resumption, just as Dan Voorhees is a War Democrat.

The Phonographic Piano,

A recent invention of an eminent Swiss musician. It plays any tune in a most melodious and pleasing manner, and is preferable to the most expensive music-box. A child can operate it, and the low price at which it is sold will insure a sale in every music-loving household.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a splendid dressing for the hair. No other like it. Try it and judge for yourselves.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulderblade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

CONSTIPATION.

Only with regularity of the bowels can perfect health be enjoyed. If the constipation is of recent date, a single dose of TUTT'S PILLS will suffice, but if it has become habitual, one pill should be taken every night, gradually lessening the frequency of the dose until a regular daily movement is obtained, which will soon follow.

Dr. I. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says:

"After a practice of 25 years, I pronounce TUTT'S PILLS the best anti-bilious medicine ever made."

Rev. F. R. Osgood, New York, says:

"I have had Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Nervousness. I never had any medicine to do me so much good as TUTT'S PILLS. They are as good as represented."

Office 35 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office 35 Murray St., New York.

A Kansas Home

FOR

TWO DOLLARS,

Adjoining the County containing

THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE.

In the most beautiful part of the great growing State of Kansas, is situated the city of **Alma**, Wabaunsee County, the County Seat, a thriving place of nearly one thousand inhabitants, with excellent schools, churches, drug stores, dry goods houses, groceries, blacksmith shops, wagon maker shops, etc., etc. **Alma** is situated 30 miles west of Topeka the capital of the state, near the lines of the Great Railroads of Kansas, and on the line of the Manhattan, Alma & Burlingame R. R., which is now being built, thus making this point a most desirable one for a home, and we have laid out, within close proximity, a city which we have called **South Alma**, in lots of the size of 25x125 feet, which we offer at the low price of TWO DOLLARS per lot, which barely covers the cost to us of the necessary expenses of drawing and acknowledging deed, etc., etc.

Our reasons for thus disposing of our lots are very easily understood when it is borne in mind that we reserve every third lot, and depend upon the rapid growth of our beautiful city to reimburse us one hundred fold, in the enhanced value of the lots we retain. At the same time all lots will be enhanced in value, and therefore the benefits of the rise in property will be mutual with our patrons and ourselves. While an unconditional warranted deed is given to every person ordering one or more lots, with no obligation to improve or settle on same—yet it is our hope that all who take advantage of this liberal offer will do all they can to further the aims of the Company, and come to Kansas, sooner or later, or induce their friends to come and locate in **South Alma.**

In order to keep speculators from taking advantage of our offer, we will not furnish more than six lots to one person, at the special rates above given, and it will save time and trouble if all applicants will bear this fact in mind. Each lot is 25x125 in size, and when six lots are taken we will furnish them in three divisions, viz: two lots together, six in all, thus giving a frontage of 50 feet by 125 feet deep for each two lots taken. The taxes of these lots are paid in full, and the title we give you we absolutely guarantee to be good, free and unincumbered, and direct, so that there never can be any dispute.

We offer **farming lands**, near Alma, at from $10 to $40 per acre. Good climate, pure water the best in the State, with never-fading springs throughout the county, and wells from which water is secured at the depth of from 12 to 40 feet—the well recently dug at the **Court House** is 18 feet, and plenty of water)—fine schools, churches and good society.

INSTRUCTIONS—We will send by **return mail**, to any one who will send us, within **thirty days**, Two Dollars, with their names plainly written in full, a clear **Warranty Deed** to a 25x125 feet lot, in **South Alma**, Wabaunsee County, Kansas, clear of all taxes.

Your application for a town lot must in all cases be accompanied by Two Dollars for each lot ordered, to pay the cost of drawing and acknowledging Deed, printing, and postage. Your lot can then be sold or transferred at pleasure.

What **merchant, mechanic, or laboring man**, who would not be acting wisely in getting a lot? **Parents, secure a few lots for your children.** Deeds sent prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada.

Address,

KANSAS LAND CO.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

We refer to

S. H. FAIRFIELD, Esq., Register of Deeds, Alma, Ks.
H. G. LICHT, Esq., Clerk of District Court, Alma, Ks.
G. ZWANZIGER, Esq., Ex-County Surveyor, Alma, Ks.
GEO. W. WATSON, Esq., U. S. Land Agt., Topeka, Ks.
J. G. SLONEKER, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, Topeka, Ks.

DAY'S KIDNEY PAD

A new and heretofore unknown remedy for all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary Organs.

It will positively cure Diabetes, Gravel, Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Inability to retain or expel the Urine, Catarrh of the Bladder, high colored and scanty Urine, Painful Urinating, LAME BACK, General Weakness, and all Female Complaints.

It avoids internal medicines, is certain in its effects & cures when nothing else can. For sale by Druggists or sent by mail free on receipt of the price, $2.00.

DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Prop'rs, Toledo, O.

Send your address for our little book, "How a Life was Saved."

Authorized by the Commonwealth of Ky.

14th

Popular Monthly Drawing of the

Commonwealth Distribution Company,

AT MACAULEY'S THEATRE,

in the City of Louisville, on

NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

THESE DRAWINGS, AUTHORIZED BY ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE OF 1869, AND SUSTAINED BY ALL THE COURTS OF KENTUCKY, fall fraudulent advertisements of other lottery companies who claim the sole ownership of all the grants in Kentucky, to the contrary notwithstanding, occur regularly ON THE LAST DAY OF EVERY MONTH, (Sundays excepted), and are supervised by prominent citizens of the State.

Grand and unprecedented success of the new features.

Every ticket-holder can be his own supervisor. Call out his number and see it placed in the wheel. The Management call attention to the grand opportunity presented of obtaining for only $2, any of

THE FOLLOWING PRIZES:

1 Prize........$30,000
1 Prize........10,000
1 Prize........5,000
10 Prizes, $1,000 each, $10,000
20 Prizes, 500 each, 10,000
100 Prizes, $100 each, $10,000
200 Prizes, 50 each, 10,000
600 Prizes, 20 each, 12,000
1000 Prizes, 10 each, 10,000
9 Prizes, $300 each, Approximation Prizes, $2,700
9 Prizes, 200 each, " " 1,800
9 Prizes, 100 each, " " 900

1,960 Prizes, $112,400

Whole Tickets, $2. Half Ticket, $1. 27 Tickets, $50. 55 Tickets, $100.

All applications for club rates should be made to the home office.

Full list of drawing published in Louisville Courier-Journal and New York Herald, and mailed to all ticket-holders. For tickets and information, address only T. J. COMMERFORD, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or same person, 163 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Slee's Anti-Syphilis Pills.

Dr. Slee cures Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Hernia, Nervous Debility, and Atrophy or Wasting of the Testicle. Cut this out and send with 18 cents postage stamps and we will send Free by mail, in sealed envelope, a sample of our Magic Paste or Anti-Syphilis Pills and a valuable Medical Book, 16mo, 40 pages. These pills are a positive cure for Sores on the Body, Spots or Pimples on the face and neck, caused by diseased blood; also all old chronic cases of Catarrh; have been used in all hospitals for over 20 years. 100 pills in every box, $1 by mail. DR. A. SLEE & CO., Manufacturers, 325 and 327 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED for A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD, By GEN. GRANT.

PRICE - - - - - ONLY $3.

This is the fastest-selling book ever published and the only complete and authentic History of Gen. Grant's Travels. Send for circulars containing a full description of the work and our extra terms to Agents. Address JONES BROS. & CO., Cincinnati, O.

FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE

ONE BOTTLE WARRANTED a perfect cure for all kinds of PILES. Two to four in the worst cases of Leprosy, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, RHEUMATISM, Kidneys, Dyspepsia, Cancer, Catarrh and all diseases of the Skin and Blood. Entirely vegetable. Internal and external use. In case of failure, dealers please return the money and charge it back to me. Send for pamphlet. H. D. FOWLE, Boston. Price $1 a bottle.

MONOGRAM CRYSTAL GOBLETS

A beautiful set of the finest **Crystal Goblets**, with your initial engraved in the highest style of art, will be sent to any address on receipt of one dollar. The Silver Medal for superiority of our work was awarded us at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition. Address,

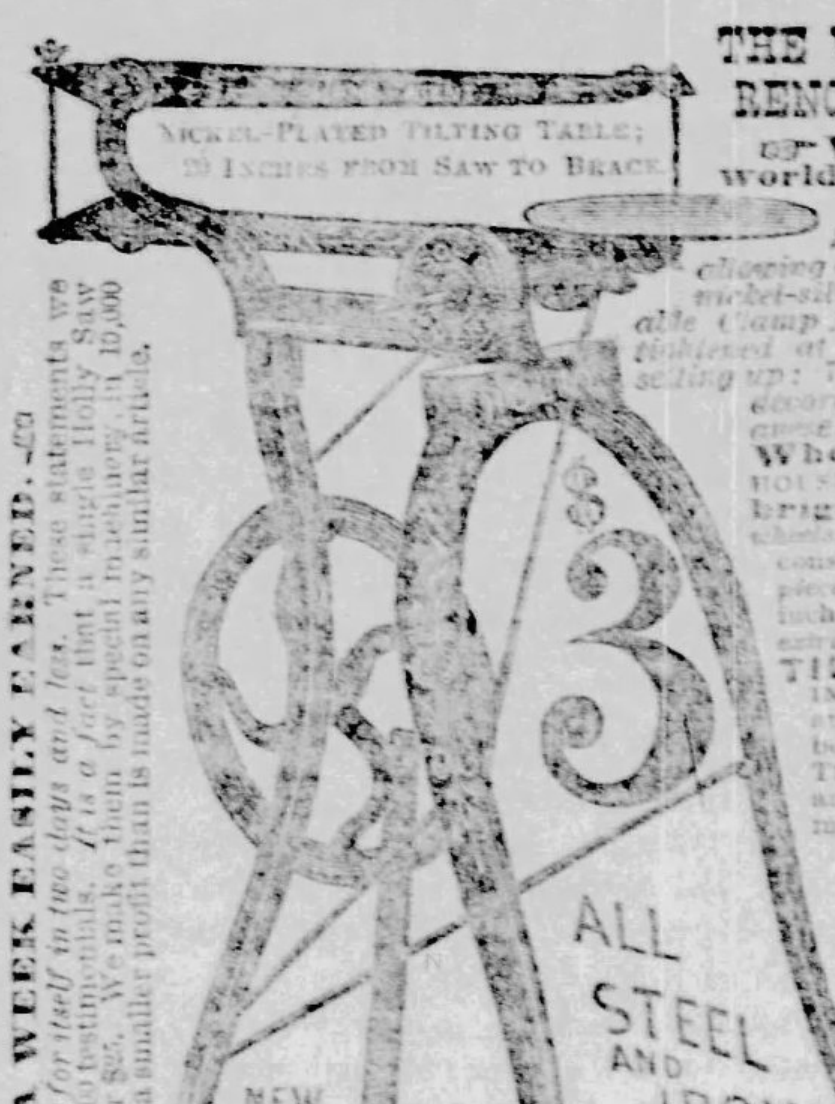
AMERICAN CRYSTAL CO., Cincinnati.

AGENTS READ THIS!

We will pay **Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission**, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. **We mean what we say. Sample Free.** Address **SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.**

50 Brilliant, Chromo, and Tortoise Shell Cards, in case, with name, 10c. Outfit, 10c. HALL BROS., Northford, Ct.

A man piling wood on the wharf near the foot of Third street, yesterday, fell into the river, and when hauled out, one bystander advised him to be more careful in the future. A second one advised him to take a stout drink of whisky to keep a chill off. A third thought he had better hurry home and change his clothes, and a fourth cautioned him to get the water out of his ears. When all had spoken, a bootblack came forward and said, "I hain't got much to say about this 'ere case, but my advice to this feller is to do more kickin' with his heels and less hollerin' with his mouth if he ever falls in again. Shine yer butes for five cents!"—*Detroit Free Press.*


NICKEL-PLATED TILTING TABLE; 19 INCHES FROM SAW TO BRACE.
$3
ALL STEEL AND IRON
NEW 1880 MODEL.

$25 A WEEK EASILY EARNED. It will actually pay for itself in two days and less. These statements we can prove by over 1,000 testimonials. It is a fact that a single Holly Saw could not be made for $25. We make them by special machinery in 10,000 lots, and sell them at a smaller profit than is made on any similar article.

The Holly will cut ivory, horn, pearl, shell, gold, brass, and all kinds of wood. Weight boxed, 30 lbs.; height, 34 inches; 2-inch stroke. It will pay for itself in 2 days.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED HOLLY SAW AGAIN IMPROVED.

We guarantee the finest piece of machinery in the world, in every respect, for less than $25.

EIGHT NEW IMPROVEMENTS FOUND IN NO OTHER SAW. 1st.—A Straining Rod, with Adjustable Screw; 2d.—A 20-inch Swing, allowing a 40-inch Circle to be sawed; 3d.—A ground and polished triple nickel-silver plated **Tilting Table**; 4th.—A new and instantly adjustable Clamp for holding the Saws; 5th.—A **Saw Strainer**; 6th.—**Only two bolts** required in setting up; 7th.—It is elegantly and artistically painted in ultramarine blue, decorated by HAND in gold and silver, with birds and flowers; 8th.—and GREATEST OF ALL, A SOLID **inch-thick Emery Wheel**, WHICH IS ALONE WORTH THE PRICE OF THE SAW IN ANY HOUSEHOLD. The frame is all **first quality** iron; bearings all STEEL; **bright galvanized iron braces**, and extra heavy driving and fly wheel, with EXTRA POWER at the crank, giving unequaled rapidity. Its peculiar construction enables it to be put together as firmly as though it was one piece. It will saw through two-inch stuff with great rapidity, and swings 20 inches in the clear. It sets as **firm as a rock** when in motion, and for extra strength it can be instantly fastened to the floor. **THE IMPROVED TILTING TABLE** is a marvel of ingenuity and simplicity. It can be INSTANTLY adjusted to ANY angle, for **inlaying or mosaic work**, and is maintained at any angle as firmly as though in a vice. We have the best arrangement in this respect in the world, **regardless of price**. THE DRILLING ATTACHMENT is powerful in the extreme, runs true as a die, and will drill wood or metal. Our Improved Holly Saw is really the greatest mechanical invention in Foot-Power Saws ever produced. It runs as light again as a sewing machine, and is the ONLY Saw suitable for ladies, or one that physicians recommend. In short, for beauty, durability, speed, power, workmanship, and design, the Improved Holly is preeminent. The testimonials received from customers every day (and we have received over 3,000) prove it the most practical and popular machine in the world. **READ THIS.** FROM A BOY 16 YEARS OLD.—"I have got a good trade round here; all I can do making clock-cases, brackets, fancy boxes, etc. I have supported my mother and sister for over 6 months, averaging $2.25 a day, and orders always ahead and easy to get. My brother, 10 years old, can saw nearly as well as I." We have placed the price within the reach of every boy in America; and it is a fact, the price of a single Saw could not be made for $25. Any Improved Holly Saw is **as good** as any $25 Saw in the world. **PRICES. No. 1 Combination**, the Holly Saw as described above, with extra Saw Blades, drill points, and 25 large and costly patterns, which when sawed out would retail for at least $15, **only $3; No. 2 Combination**, the Holly Saw, with 50 large patterns, which will make up over $50 worth of brackets, etc., for only **$3.50; No. 3 Combination**, same as No. 2, with 20 feet of choicest and selected woods, only **$4.** All orders shipped with complete professional scroll sawing and carving posts with each Saw. Sent by freight or express, carefully boxed, to any address, on receipt of price. Western and Southern orders we ship for the convenience of our customers, from our factory, at Rochester, N. Y. You saving time and expense. **Parents** TEACH YOUR BOYS A TRADE, AND **amuse them at the same time;** YOU WILL NEVER REGRET IT, and **REMEMBER The Holly is not a toy.** It is in daily use by thousands of PRACTICAL MECHANICS, **who are earning their living with it.** Address all orders to the **TURNER MANUFACTURING CO., 17 Dock Square, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.** Satisfaction guaranteed.

"This system seems to have won wide favor. Over fifty thousand have been sold."
Scribner's Monthly, New York.

A few of the Best Autographs, showing Improvement from Using

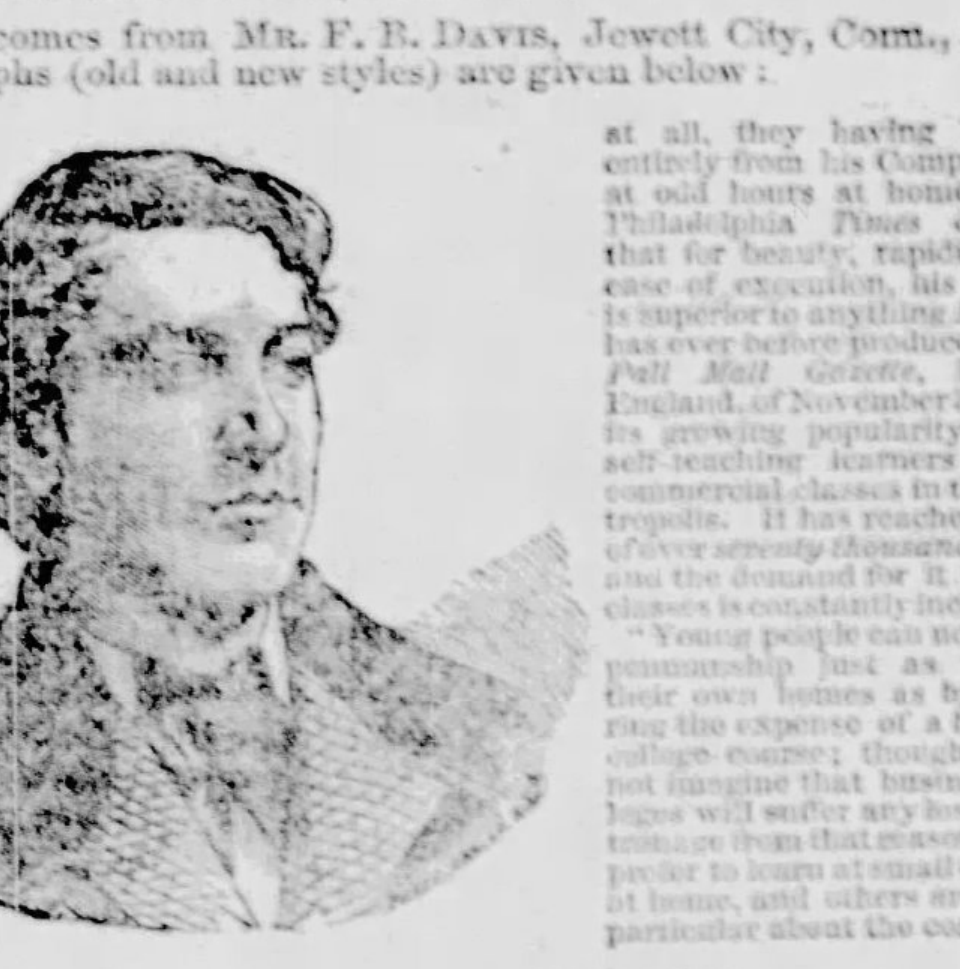
GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM

(*Self-Teaching Penmanship*), *received Recently.*

Former Style:	Present Style:
Ben: Rusink	B. Rusink

Post-office address: Gibbsville, Wisconsin.

The best improvement at this time comes from MR. F. B. DAVIS, Jewett City, Conn., whose portrait and autographs (old and new styles) are given below:



[From *Farm and Fireside*, Springfield, O.]

"BEAUTIFUL AUTOGRAPHS.—We publish this week in our advertising columns the most remarkable specimens of improvement in penmanship that have ever been produced, and to which we would call the attention of our young readers. Prof. Gaskell, whose Compendium has supplied the material for practice by which these changes were wrought out, is the principal of a leading New England commercial college, that attracts pupils from all parts of the country, and has had an experience of eighteen years as a teacher of chirography, during which time he has given personal instruction to thousands. He avers that some of his most proficient pupils, those whose beautiful writing has made them widely known and successful as teachers of penmanship, he has never seen at all, they having learned entirely from his Compendium at odd hours at home. The Philadelphia *Times* declares that for beauty, rapidity, and ease of execution, his system is superior to anything America has ever before produced. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, London, England, of November 20, notes its growing popularity among self-teaching learners of the commercial classes in that metropolis. It has reached a sale of over seventy thousand copies, and the demand for it from all classes is constantly increasing.

"Young people can now learn penmanship just as well at their own homes as by incurring the expense of a business college course; though we do not imagine that business colleges will suffer any loss of patronage from that reason; some prefer to learn at small expense at home, and others are not so particular about the cost."

Former Style:	Present Style:
F. B. Davis	F. B. Davis

Former Style:	Former Style:
H. J. Leonard	Carrell Thomas
Present Style:	**Present Style:**
H. J. Leonard	Carrell Thomas
Post-office address: Suffield, Connecticut.	Post-office address: Quaker Bottom, Ohio.

GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM consists of a full series of COPY-SLIPS, BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, ORNAMENTAL FLOURISHING, LETTERING, PEN-DRAWING, LADIES' PENMANSHIP, &c., &c. By means of this self-teaching system any one can acquire a rapid and beautiful handwriting at odd hours without a teacher. It is the finest Penmanship ever published, and put up in durable and elegant form. PRICE ONE DOLLAR, for which it will be mailed, prepaid, anywhere. Address

Prof. G. A. GASKELL, Principal Bryant & Stratton College, Manchester, N. H.

The Penman's Gazette, giving full particulars and new specimens of improvement, with your name and address written in our own hand, *free* to all who write for it.

L. S. L.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY to win a FORTUNE. ELEVENTH GRAND DISTRIBUTION, CLASS L, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1879—114th Monthly Drawing.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

This institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1868 for the term of Twenty-five Years, to which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged, with a capital of $1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of $350,000. ITS GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DISTRIBUTION will take place monthly on the second Tuesday. It never scales or postpones. Look at the following Distribution:

CAPITAL PRIZE, $30,000.

100,000 TICKETS AT TWO DOLLARS EACH. HALF-TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Capital Prize........$30,000
1 Capital Prize........10,000
1 Capital Prize........5,000
2 Prizes of $2,500........5,000
5 Prizes of 1,000........5,000
20 Prizes of 500........10,000
100 Prizes of 100........10,000
200 Prizes of 50........10,000
500 Prizes of 20........10,000
1000 Prizes of 10........10,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9 Approximation Prizes of $300........2,700
9 Approximation Prizes of 200........1,800
9 Approximation Prizes of 100........900

1857 Prizes, amounting to........$110,400

Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all points, to whom a liberal compensation will be paid. Write, clearly stating full address, for further information, or send orders by express or mail, addressed only to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La.
Or same person at **No. 319 Broadway, New York.**

The particular attention of the public is called to the fact that the entire number of the Tickets for each Monthly Drawing is sold, and consequently all the Prizes in each Drawing are sold, and drawn and paid. This is not the case with any other company.

All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision and management of GENERALS G. T. BEAUREGARD and JUBAL A. EARLY.

The Christmas Cabinet.

FIVE NEW ARTICLES AT ONE-HALF THEIR VALUE.

[48 cts.] USEFUL, AMUSING, AND INSTRUCTIVE. [48 cts.]

No. 1.—Japanese Magnetic Fish.—Five varieties, complete in neat box of Japanese wood, with colored bamboo rod, silk line, and magnetic hook. The fish bite the hook, and the lucky fisherman draws them out of the water. A quaint and curious toy.

No. 2.—Ne Plus Ultra Pocket Knife.—Warranted one quality cast steel; the spring cannot get clogged or wear the pocket, being securely concealed within the handle, which is one solid piece; latest invention in cutlery, elegantly finished, first-class every way.

No. 3.—Pocket Comb.—Made of finest horn, tough and durable, in a neat case; cannot soil the pocket. Suitable for ladies or gentlemen. A handy, useful article.

No. 4.—Pinafore Card Game.—Two games in one, the latest out. Finished, jollied, and most original ever published. Capable of endless changes, for any number of players; has no equal as a social pastime. The 100 cards, including Question, Answer, and Forfeit Cards, will keep the dullest parties and social gatherings in roars of laughter for an entire evening.

No. 5.—Japanese Crepe Pictures.—Representing elegantly dressed Japanese ladies, beautiful landscapes, and artistically drawn figures, transferred in indelible colors to Japanese Elastic Crepe of the finest texture. They make beautiful and brilliant tidies for backs of chairs and lambrequins, centre pieces for table covers, etc.; are very fashionable, and will be admired and favorably commented upon by your friends.

Our Illustrations show but four of the articles in Cabinet, and these on a greatly reduced scale. (Crepe Pictures not shown, being difficult to illustrate.) We furnish the entire lot, of **5** articles in all, in a strong case, by mail, post-paid, for only **50** cents, or in three cent postage stamps. This offer is made for the purpose of introducing our goods in new localities, and to procure new names for our Holiday Catalogues. We will send **3** Cabinets for **$1.25**. No further reduction. Send us clean postage stamps of any denomination, as we prefer them to silver. Don't send pennies or nickels. Address all orders to the

Eureka Trick and Novelty Co.,
P. O. Box 4614. 39 Ann St., New York.

This advertisement will not appear again.

60 Fine Floral, Photo, Gilt-edge, etc., Cards, and 1 Sunset Valley Chromo, 10c. DAVIDS & CO., Northford, Ct.

NEEDLES

We want **Agents, Male and Female**, in every County in the United States to sell our **Prize Medal Needles**, in packages of **125** assorted. Send for Circular. Sample Package, 25c. in stamps. Address our ONLY office in United States, UNION NEEDLE ASSOCIATION, 30 Cortland st., New York.

1 Gilt-bound Autograph Album, 15c. 25 styles Chromo Cards, 10c. CHROMO CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

50 Prettiest CARDS, 20 styles, with name 10c. stamps taken. Printing Press of Watches a week's work. List free. Outfit, 6c. W. H. MOORE, Brockport, N. Y.

JAPANESE HANDKERCHIEF, free. A great curiosity. Fine as silk. Send postal. WILDES CO., Boston, Mass.

60 New Styles Chromo and Floral Cards, in case, 10c. 80 agents' samples, 10c. STEVENS BROS., Northford, Ct.

An Elegant Holiday Present—Gilt-bound Autograph Album, with 48 beautifully engraved pages, also 47 select quotations, all for 15c. postpaid. Postage stamps taken. Agents wanted. Franklin Bros., West Haven, Conn.

80 Samples Photo, Duplex, etc., Cards, 10c. Autograph Album, 13c. GLOBE PRINT CO., Northford, Ct.

AGENTS WANTED FOR A TOUR AROUND THE WORLD BY GENERAL GRANT. PRICE ONLY $3

This is the fastest-selling book ever published, and the only complete and authentic History of Grant's Travels. Send for circulars containing a full description of the work and our extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa., or Chicago, Ill.

WANTED AGENTS are making **$50** a week selling our new ILLUSTRATED BOOKS. For Descriptive Circular, and extra terms to agents, address J. B. BURR & CO., Hartford, Ct., or Chicago, Ill.

60 Queen Anne and Photo Cards, illuminated and perfumed, in case, 10c. GLOBE PRINT CO., Northford, Ct.

INK EXTRACT.—The best Ink in the world made from my extracts by the addition of water only. Scarlet, Green, Violet, Blue and Black. Agents wanted. Send for circular. A. J. HOTCHKIN, Watertown, N. Y.

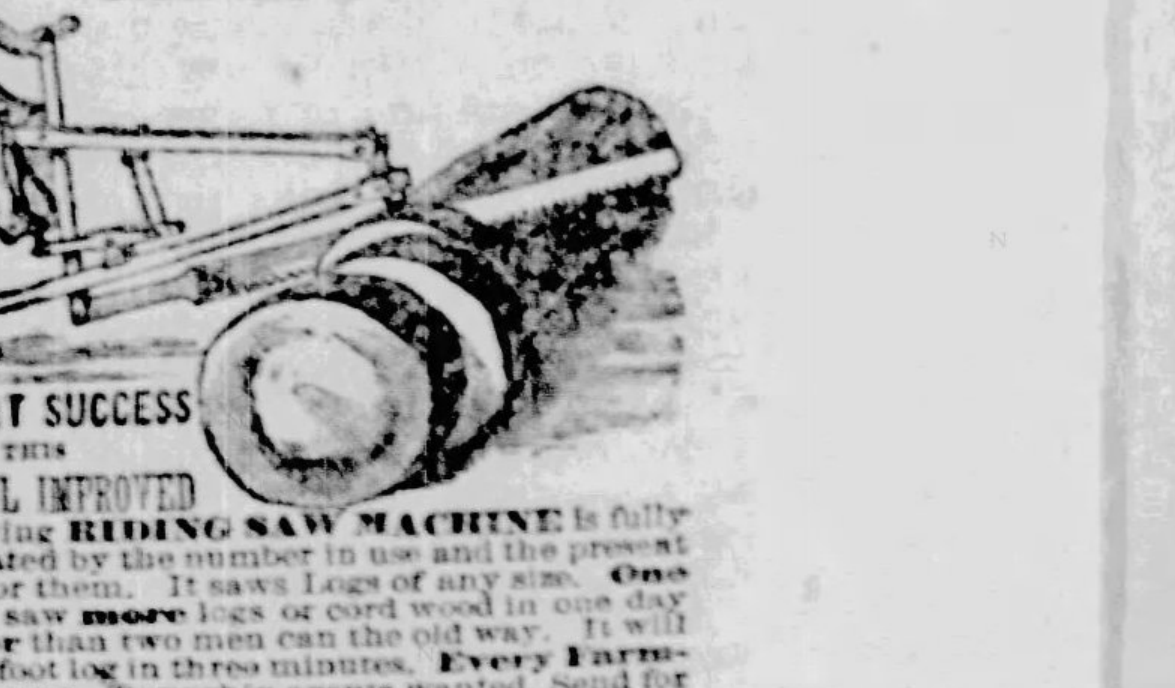
PHOTOGRAPH Visiting Cards. Send 10c for circular and 80 samples. SEAVY BROS., Northford, Ct.

FARMS FOR SALE.

Two good Stock and Grain Farms for sale in Northern Missouri. Prices low and terms liberal. For prices and particulars, address L. C. WOLF, Wintersville, Sullivan Co., Mo.

AGENTS IMMEDIATELY—Engraving Gen. Grant, 11x14. Just out. Exclusive territory. Sample 25c. K. Kalmoreth, 188 Madison St., Chicago, Ills.

SAWING THE LOG.



THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE **WONDERFUL IMPROVED** Labor Saving **RIDING SAW MACHINE** is fully demonstrated by the number in use and the present demand for them. It saws Logs of any size. **One man can saw more** logs or cord wood in one day **and easier** than two men can the old way. It will saw a two foot log in three minutes. **Every Farmer needs one.** Township agents wanted. Send for Illustrated Circular and Terms.

Address W. W. BOSTWICK & CO., 178 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

$9. For 54c

THE AMERICAN DICTIONARY

Very handsomely bound in Cloth, containing over 30,000 words and nearly 200 Engravings, will be sent to any reader of this Paper on receipt of 54c. This great offer is good for 60 days only, and is made solely to introduce them. But two copies can be sent to one address. ORDER NOW. Send currency, silver or stamps. Address A. B. COE & CO., New Haven, Ct.

"Well worth the money."—Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill. "Think it the neatest publication of the kind I ever saw, and will be worth the money."—G. W. Flavel, Sec'y Yale Bus. College, New Haven, Ct.

YOUR NAME and ADDRESS on 50 Gilt, Duplex, etc., Cards, in case, 13c. DAVID BROS., Northford, Ct.

The Household.

Correspondents writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

From Rosella Rice.

Lorena asks if the prepared flour we buy is made of Horsford's Bread Preparation. As we are indebted to a correspondent of the BLADE for telling us the whereabouts of this excellent baking powder when we were searching for it, we take pleasure in replying to Lorena. We know that this firm does prepare the flour in quantities for immediate use in the Southern Cities and in California, but of course their name would accompany every package. Any person purchasing must post himself on this particular. Will the lady who directed us first where to obtain this pure and excellent compound, accept our most cordial thanks. We cannot remember her name. She is a reader of the BLADE. She has been a benfactor to us and oturs.

This morning we were planning a web of carpet. We laid aside one bundle to be dyed brown. Philander leaned against the door and watched us awhile, then he said: "Now, my mother allus used walnut hulls to color her flannel an' carpet rags, an' her half worn blankits for comforts." Dear me! will I *never* hear the last of that old—old—well—"*my mother!*" Not a day hardly in which the "old cretur'" is not held up before me for a pattern! The way she came to her death was from falling out of a chestnut-tree. She wanted to buy a woolen shawl, and was out in the woods whooping around gathering all the chestnuts she could lay hands on from day break till it was so dark she could only find them by the sense of feeling. Significant. Philander—to use a figure—carries her on his back. One does get so tired of hearing about "my mother," "my mother!"

But, notwithstanding all this, we were rather glad of the information, and we gathered up several bushels of walnuts, and in the early evenings when we want recreation, we will put on a pair of rubber gloves to protect our hands, and we will, with a mallet and block, hull a lot of walnuts, and the hulls that we do not want for immediate use, we will dry, and put them away for future emergencies.

That means that some time when we are in a hurry to dye old flannel linings, or carpet rags, we will have a handy coloring material ready for use. We think sugar of lead is the mordant for setting the color of brown. Another beautiful and fast shade of brown for woolen rags can be made by boiling logwood and madder, or cudbear, cornwood or cutch with madder. We do not remember the proportions, but less madder is required than the other dye stuff, and neither costs much. Alum water is the mordant for this color. A very pretty green can be made on woolen, too, by boiling the hulls of hickory nuts and making a yellow dye; then dissolving a box or two of Barlow's blueing in a separate vessel, and alternately dipping and wringing, from one dye to the other, until the right shade is secured. Let the dyes be hot—just as hot as one can comfortably bear the hands in. One test for telling when the right shade is obtained is to hold up one thickness of the goods when hot, and look through it. It will be that color when dry.

We have a little girl scouring all our tin ware to-day, and for pay we give her some fresh ribbons for her pretty braids of hair. She is delighted with the bargain, and so are we, and we mean to pay her well, and make her very happy. Her hair is very beautiful.

We heard a new remedy last night for the growth of the hair, and the lady who told us had tried it, and the result was wonderful. She washed her head often in a strong sage tea, in which she had thrown a little handful of rusty nails,—and after she told us, we two women had a good cackle together about some of the BLADE women getting so indignant at us once when we demurred against the use of sulphur on the head. Then we fell out with the biddies; do mind it? ha! ha!

ROSELLA.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

System is to the housewife what the compass is to the mariner, or the north star was to escaping slaves. With a well-planned routine faithfully followed, you are comparatively safe from the breakers that are constantly rising even in the best ordered households. I would not advise young housekeepers to follow in another's footsteps, but, with a thorough understanding of the needs of their own family, lay out such an one as they feel will be most advantageous. Never be above learning; we often gain information from where we least expect it.

Washing is made easy by soaking the clothes overnight. Have two tubs, so as to keep the more delicate fabrics by themselves; use warm soap suds and a little borax, if convenient—it makes the water soft and tends to bleach them. Of course woolen and calico articles are put through the suds as soon as possible, always using hard soap for them. Starch bosoms, cuffs, etc. Take them from the lines as soon as dry, for they wear very fast if allowed to snap and whip in the wind especially in Winter.

Fold clothes, except calicos, the night before you expect to iron. This saves time next morning, and they iron much easier, as many of the wrinkles will come out if they are smoothly folded. Starch bosoms, cuffs and collars a second time, and when thoroughly dry put them through cold starch and roll up in dry towels for half an hour; then rub with a damp cloth and iron with rather a cool iron. Iron cuffs and collars on both sides; hang them by the fire to air; then moisten a small portion at a time with a bit of cloth dipped in cold water; rub hard and quickly with a coolish iron; go all over them this way, and repeat till the desired gloss is obtained. Put a little spermaceti or gum arabic water in the boiled starch, and mix with the cold starch a little lather from white Castile soap.

By following these directions you will, with practice, have linen that you will be proud to see on your husbands; but see that no buttons are missing, for nothing will compensate for the lack of one of these indispensables.

Let good sense and judgment guide you in your culinary operations. It is much better to make a thing good of its kind and have less variety than to be obliged to consign a quantity of provisions to the swill tub because no one will eat them. Don't make food too rich, but the spoonful of butter or sugar saved is not always invested to the best advantage. Guard against sameness, and see that each person who depends on you for gastronomic nutriment has that which will enable him to best perform his work. The student, the farmer, and the growing child need, in some degree, different kinds of food.

Deal tenderly with the saleratus, and avoid having any article greasy. Bread should not be an abominable compound of sour milk and soda, but a light, sweet mixture that will not ruin teeth and stomach. Give them brown, Graham, and Indian, as well as flour bread. And for your stomach's sake, don't *fry* your beefsteak; my heart rises with horror whenever I see a rich, jucy slice of meat going into that detestable pan. I'd as soon indulge in a slice of fried shoe leather as a fried steak.

Steaks of beef, pork, veal, venison, as well as mutton chops, should be broiled over a good, clear fire of coals, and eaten as soon as done. Even salt pork becomes a rare delicacy if broiled and plunged into cold water two or three times while it is doing, returning it at once to the fire.

When roasting meats, rub them well with flour and salt, and strew a couple of spoonfuls of flour in the pan. Have the oven very hot, and do till the flour is quite brown—but not burnt—before you add the water. In this way you will have a delicious brown gravy which is the delight of all epicures.

When you have a good recipe, follow it implicitly; but one cannot have a rule for everything, as there is always food to be warmed over and made into different shapes.

Keep the dining-table set all the time, if possible, as it saves much work, and the table cloth keeps clean longer when brushed than if shaken. White linen and glistening silver go far towards making a meal relish; a bouquet and dish of fruit also make a table more inviting.

Housewives should be particular about their personal appearance. Too many grow slack in this respect as cares increase; but clean, whole apparel will give a self-respect and confidence not to be inspired in any other way.

Remember that those who do things on time and with regularity are those who have the most leisure. Make your home the pleasantest place on earth to your husband and children; any little sacrifice you may make to attain this end will be made up to you a thousand-fold. Those who regard home, mother and wife as the dearest of all earthly things will never go far astray.

Be kind to domestics, and try to treat them as you would like to be treated if in their place.

The woman who looks well to the ways of her household, is careful and economical, makes home pleasant, brings her children up to be noble men and women, and whose husband shall call her blessed and praise her before the sods cover her coffin, is more deserving of a crown of glory than many of the saints and martyrs who suffered death in ignominious ways in vindication of their faith.—Ex.

Prairie Queen to the Front!

I am sorry to see that "Aunt Hettie" has formed so poor an opinion of me as her last letter indicates. She certainly is too severe on me. I am sure that if she knew me she would not judge me so harshly. I was married at the early age of fifteen, and at once and almost permanently separated from my mother and took up my abode among entire strangers. I was naturally gay and fond of amusements. A mother at sixteen, with full cares of a household, I do not know but I erred in many things, and it would have been strange had it been otherwise. At barely seventeen my second boy was born. Now these facts should entitle me rather to Aunt Hettie's sympathy and kind advice than harsh censure. When I went to church and left the children in bed I was living in town, with neighbors within ten steps on both sides of me. I always thought of the possible accidents that might occur but was careful to see that things were in a safe condition before leaving. The children slept soundly, and were only left for the space of an hour. I cannot afford to keep a girl, and it is very hard to be kept confined to the house for months without an hour's respite. Because I say I do not spoil my children, that I give them the care necessary and no more, that she would expect to find that I did not give them near the care that they should have. I do just give them the care I consider *necessary*, and no more. I see no use in a mother who has to work hard all day long, make double worry and trouble for herself by running after and fussing about the children. It only spoils them, and in consequence makes them dissatisfied and unhappy. The children are happier and better contented to be humored less. I am sure that after my hard day's work, and their hard day's play, for they do play as hard as they can all day long, when I put them to sleep at night, it is with as much love and pride as a mother ever felt for her little ones. I cannot imagine what Aunt Hettie sees in my letter to cause her to conclude that my bump of self esteem is abnormal in dimensions. Perhaps it is my pseudonym. I will admit that was not suggested by the appearance of surrounding country, for I live in a valley with hills all around covered with trees. Truly I am queen of a house of three small rooms, but as I have neighbors who can sit down in their parlors on chairs that cost each, as much as half of the furniture in my house. I, of course, have no room on that score to feel exalted. Enough on this point for this time. My husband says: "Tell the sisters of the Household that if they want to keep their lords in good humor, to get some pumpkins and my directions for making pumpkin pies, and make them plenty of those pies to eat, and if they are ever cross or inclined to complain about their meals, they are too mean to live with," and he advises them to get a divorce at once.

I see some one wrote a letter on woman's rights, and it is a verbatim quotation from Prof. Fowler's "Science of Life." I see no harm in introducing quotations, but when they are put in without quotation marks, it looks like a wilful attempt at plagiarism. More anon.

BIDDY.

(That was "P. Q.")

Mother's Rights.

I like your ideas "Observer." As the twig is bent, so the tree will incline. But I see "Dan." don't believe in making boys incline. Now, I venture to say, he is just one of those kind of boys, or men, who think it degrading to their dignity to do a little turn for mother, sister, or wife. I have seen just such boys growing up, who would sit down and have mother or sister to black his boots, bring out his clothes, brush and dust them, and be ready to obey any call or command his young lordship might make. And if perchance there happened to be a small spot on his snowy linen, you could hear his loud "Her sir, you can throw this is the dirty clothes basket and bring me a shirt fit for a gentlemn to wear, or I'll have none. If you can't do my clothes better than that I'll take them where they will be done decent." Such selfishness, and this over-indulgence to boys when they are growing up is just what leads boys and men into such selfish habits. Mothers and sisters can be kind to boys without all this over-indulgence. Let them early learn to wait upon themselves, keep their own clothes brushed and dusted, and their rooms tidy as far as it is possible for a boy or man to do, and I assure all mothers their boys will grow up and love and respect them more than if they had wasted their time and strength in indulging them in their selfish habits. What a grand idea Observer presents by which the poor, tired mother can enjoy her evenings after her hard days work is done. I look back now with a heart filled with remorse, to the many evenings when my dear mother (who died when I was only 13 years old) used to sit mending and darning for such a large family as we were, while we were having our games and romps, never stopping to think why we could not help her so she could get through and rest or read, as she was so fond of reading. Oh, children, you who still have your mothers with you, do try to lessen her cares, by at least taking your own work out of her hands saying, "Here mother, I can do this if you will show me a little." Her tender smile and gentle thank you, will doubly repay you for your little act of self-sacrifice. I would say to the brides or those just going to keeping house don't begin sitting up after night to sew, mend, and darn, you have no right to be toiling on after the male members of the family have done their work. What you can't get done to-day, do to-morrow. When I was first married I was just foolish enough to begin this way. My husband often told me he would rather not see me working by lamp-light, and would coax me off to bed, where he knew I ought to be after a hard day's work, and now I scarcely ever take up a needle after dark. No not even in corn husking time to make finger-stalls, my husband makes them himself on the machine. Hoping all the mothers will try Observers plan I will leave the subject to those better able to handle it.

MRS. R. H. DE LA.

Can Hay Fever be Cured?

In reply to Mrs. L. L. Jeffers (I have not read Mrs. Underhill's letter), who gives her sad experience with hay-fever in the BLADE for September 25th, I would like to say there is yet hope for sufferers afflicted with that "indescribable torment.

I had hay-fever every Summer for the last five years, and, like Mrs. J., have never in my life suffered anything to compare with it. I have tried every imaginable remedy—carbolic acid included—and found no relief from any of them. But I would like, in my imperfect way, to give my experience of the present season. I have read, and physicians have told me, that the disease is caused by "something" on the grass or hay; but had really given the subject little thought, except to resign myself to the sad fact, that there was indeed no cure, and I have often wondered if I really must endure such torture every summer, as long as I lived. This season, as usual, I felt the dreaded symptoms, which kept growing worse, until I—well I will not try to say how I felt—for every victim will know, when I was unexpectedly called, by the sickness of my daughter, to a town 12 miles distant, which has lately been built up on the prairie, and happily, people have not had time to introduce tame grass. I went by Railroad, therefore was but a few moments going there. When I started I took a cloth wet in cold water, with which to bathe my eyes, to enable me to see, to find my way to the depot. Imagine my surprise to find myself next morning, almost entirely free from hay-fever. The next day I felt even better; but returned home that evening, and in one day's time was worse than ever. What I suffered that week, only those who have experienced it can know. My face, eyes, and nose, were inflamed, and the burning and itching was indeed "torture." My friends suggested, that as an experiment I return to it, which I did, with very little confidence in the experiment. Imagine my joy, the next day I could read, sew, go into a room where a fire was burning in the cooking stove—something I had not done before for weeks; and as long as I remained away from tame grass I felt no return of hay fever.

Our yard and grounds are sodded with blue grass, and from my experience, I am confident that the only remedy for hay fever is an entire absence of that article. Therefore, I would suggest to those who are victims, take Horace Greeley's advice and "go West." Come to Kansas, there is room for all, and we will colonize a portion, and adopt for our motto, "No tame grass, and no hay fever."

P. C. S.

Valley Falls, Kans.

Her New Dress.

To the lady who wants to know how to make her best dress, I'll tell what I did. Get 10 yards of black cashmere; you can get a nice quality from 65 to 75 cents per yard, and 1½ yards of silk at $1 per yard for trimming. Make the underskirt of cambric; trim with a spaced pleating, with a bias band of silk slip-stitched on just above the hem. Make a polonaise with basque front; trim lower part to correspond with skirt; make collar, cuffs, etc, of silk; outline a basque on the back of polonaise and put on little silk pockets. If you make it yourself you can get the materials for $10 easily.

I am very much interested in the teacher's communications. They are now getting ready for the coming campaign, and exchange of ideas will benefit all. What we need in our schools, are teachers who love their work. Do you ever think, ye idlers, and "school keepers," that you are not only wasting your own time, but worse than wasting that of your pupil's. Far beyond the work of the most renowned sculptor is that of the humblest teacher. Their work is only in stone, their fame is fleeting, as all things earthly. Our's is the modelling of souls for eternity. In all things the teacher should strive to be a pattern for his pupils, and one worthy of imitation.

Six years in the school-room have given me some experience. When I first entered it—on my 16th birthday—I had some rather fanciful ideas. But I soon found "realization" was quite different from "anticipation." Resolved to succeed, I did succeed. I have used the rod but little, only in extreme cases and with the best results. But I do not recommend it. Have not had one in the house for two years, and my school is a pattern of order. If the "birch" would be applied to the parents, sometimes, it would do more good than if the pupil received it.

PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL-MARM.

Adams County, Penn.

Teachers' Wages.

I want to give Daisy information about teaching a country school in Kansas. The wages paid country school teachers here, (Morris county,) are from $25 to $35 per month. Although they should receive the same wages, lady teachers do not generally receive as much as gentlemen teachers. For the summer months many districts do not pay over $20 per month. The prices paid for board are $8 and $10 per month.

The majority of the teachers here are ladies, and nearly all the spring and summer terms of school are taught by them. Teachers are more plentiful than schools in Kansas, yet in some places good teachers are in demand.

I would not advise Daisy to come to Kansas to teach. I have known good, well educated teachers from other states that would only get a third grade certificate when examined here, but why I know not. I do not think teachers from other states receive a fair show here, and to show that they do not I will give two of the geography questions given at a recent examination in this county.

1st. Name the townships in Morris county. 2nd. A man owns a farm of 160 acres, his south line is eighty two miles south of the north line of Kansas; his east line is thirty two miles east of the sixth principal meridian. Describe the location of his farm by quarter section, section, township and range.

Is Cappie still teaching or has she gone to farming, as she thought of doing? I should like to hear.

A KANSAS TEACHER.

Helena's Plan.

I will give Mrs. Hannah and others my method of suppressing whispering in school. This is intended for district schools. I make out written weekly reports on slips of legal cap paper, an inch and a half wide by three inches long; write the pupil's name, the branches they study, and lastly deportment. These are marked on a scale of ten: as, for instance, if reading lessons are all good, except one, during the week, reading is marked nine. Every time I see a scholar whispering takes *one* from his deportment—that is, deportment would be *ten* if they did not whisper, and behaved well. These reports are taken home each week and showed to the parents, then brought back and I keep them. I tell the pupils that at the close of school I will count all the *tens* on these reports, and the one having the highest number can have his choice of the presents, which I shall have for them. I never tell them what the presents are to be. I generally buy nice oil chromos, eight by 10 inches, mounted on black, or white cardboard; I can buy them by the quantity, for three cents, apiece. If any of the teachers would like it, I will give the address. I find these reports of benefits in various ways; they give the parent some idea of the progress of their children and I never yet had any trouble arise from using them. There is no occasion for equivocation, or deception, as the pupils do not report themselves, thus "teaching lying," as one teacher recently expressed it.

I agree with "Hoosier Teacher" that corporal punishment is, sometimes, necessary; there are *some* children that "moral suasion" will not affect. If J. J. Ashenhurst has not yet obtained copies of those poems he wished, I will copy and send them to him.

HELEN WILDWOOD, La Valle, Wis.

Like Father Like Son.

"Aun't Sue's" letter on the "importance of the mothers influence" is the especial reason of my again taking "pen in hand." I would not underrate in the least the mother's influence in the training of her child, but I can not think the responsibility all rests on her shoulders.

From the time the wee boy dons his first pair of boots, is it not his ambition to do what his papa does, and to talk as his papa talks? If he spends his evening in bar-rooms smoking, and perhaps drinking; or if he uses profane language, just so sure, in a greater or less degree, will his boy follow his example.

The mother's love and prayerful pleading will do much to restrain, but then comes the argument: "Father does so; why can't I?" I do not think it right to uphold wrong-doing even in the husband; but is it not sad to lessen the respect of the child for its father? I am happy to believe that in a majority of families in our land there is unity of effort on the part of parents, both by precept and example, to train their children to make good end useful men and women. But with how many is it the reverse of this?

"What weight has a mother's word against a father's example?"

"I'll take what Pa takes," said a boy at the hotel dinner table: and boys are taking what their fathers take all the world over. The mother's responsibility is very, very great. But, oh, do not give her more than her share.

Am I alone in my view of this matter? Let us hear from other sisters on the subject.

MARY.

A Strike.

From the Inter-Ocean.

Once upon an evening dreary,
As I pondered sad and weary
O'er the basket with the mending from the wash the day before;
As I thought of countless stitches
To be placed in little breeches,
Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it oft had done before,
At the fate that did condemn me, when my daily task was o'er,
To that basket ever more.

John, with scarce a sign or motion,
Sat and read the *Inter-Ocean*,
With no thought of the commotion
Which within me rankled sore.
"He," thought I, "when day is ended,
Has no babies to be tended,
He can sit and read and snore:
He can sit and read and rest him;
Must I work thus evermore?"
And my heart rebellious answered,
Nevermore! No, nevermore!"

For, though I am but a woman,
Every nerve within is human—
Aching, throbbing, when o'erworked—
Mind and body sick and sore.
"I will strike. When day is ended,
Though the stockings are not mended,
Though my course can't be defended;
Safe behind the closet door,
Goes that basket with the mending,
And I'll haunted be no more.
In the daylight shall be crowded all the work that I will do;
When the evening lamps are lighted *I will read the papers too.*"

—MRS R. H. DELA.

A Word to Poor "Spitfire."

Don't you go and do any such thing. When you find the axe at the foot where the woodpile should be, don't pick it up and find something to cut up to cook your lord's dinner. Give your little ones mush, pleasant words, pretty play things. Sit your tired body down, and give the fretted spirit rest. Tell your loving spouse (gently remembered) you regret there was no wood or water to cook him a nice meal, and if he spouts hard words do not give hard words in return. How they snap the tender cords of love and respect that bind, and linger with us still, when too late to retract.

Ah, "Spitfire," every one knows what to do with bad Indian but she who has him—and we infer you have—but do right yourself until the day comes—which surely will—that your misused strength shall utterly fail, and death is only kept aloof because of the tender care and strong will of that same "bad Indian," who was only ignorant, therefore thoughtless of your needs. Then will your loving ministrations return to you four fold, and you will be ready to exclaim, "Oh, spirit of Patience! mine eyes have seen thy beauty; now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Again I say be patient, be gentle, be tender and true, but be true and careful of the earthly temple God given for the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit, and which you, nor any other, has a right to overtask.

JEROME.

Raising Chickens.

I think raising poultry a good source of income. Sell all inferior ones and keep the best and sell the eggs. It is a continual income all the year. I have kept an account of what eggs I sold for nearly three years; it amounted to over 1,500 dozen, besides the live poultry that I sold, and did not do much extra work. It is an interesting and healthy occupation, and I think if most of the girls who go out to do kitchen work, will try their luck with three or four dozen hens, they will see at the end of a year a full purse in comparison to servant work. Of course all cannot avail themselves of this opportunity, but all farmers' daughters can.

Some one asked for a recipe to keep the hair from falling out. I have one I know to be good. One ounce of sugar of lead, one ounce of bay rum, one ounce of sulphur (white,) one ounce of borax, one quart of rain water.

ELIZA WATTS.

Crothn, Ia.

A Home Thrust.

If a starving man were put at a table with generous plates of bread, and huge plates of meat, and told not to touch them on pain of imprisonment it would be considered the refinement of cruelty. And yet your correspondent recommends the turning of the drunkard, with an appetite to which that of a starving man is as nothing, into the midst of what is more than bread and meat to him, and punish him if he partakes, while the tempter offers it to him escapes scot free. If you are going to punish the drunkard, in the name of Justice, punish the man who makes him such. Also, drunkness can never be decreased until the Government makes it a criminal offense to manufacture alcoholic liquor except for medical and scientified purposes, and punish the violator of this law the same as any other criminal.

RECAB.

My Ship.

Sailing and sailing the dark, dark sea
Is a stately ship all laden for me;
So gracefully built, white, staunch and strong,
'Tis slowly, but surely, sailing along.
Harebells and daisies, diamonds and pearls,
Treasures and wonders from land and from sea;
Wealth for my boys and joys for my girls,
Bringeth this slow ship that saileth to me.

With a song of hope my heart I still,
When dials move slow and days are long,
With a ho! heave yo! my griefs I quell,
They vanish away with a gleeful song;
In my golden hair I bind a rose,
From my heart I banish all cares and woes,
As I strain my eyes o'er the wide sea,
And would hasten the ship sailing home to me.

I think at last, when my ship shall come,
My youth shall be past, heart and pulse be dumb;
But a beautiful realm, with a glory-crowned kin,
Will the white ship touch, when my ship comes in.
When I am gray, or weary, or sad,
At my close of day; and I shall be glad
To know Paradise—a home free from sin—
Is the grand, grand prize my ship bringeth in.

A. R.

Jerome, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

Hay Fever.

I am glad to say I never had the hay fever, but in my Danbury *News* I saw a recipe for alleviating the tortures of it, and a friend of mine tried it and said it helped her more than anything she ever used. It is this: Take cubeb berries and smoke a pipe full two or three times a day. Swallow the smoke and puff it out through the nose, if possible.

Miami Co., Kans.

Like More Anon, I believe in neatness. I cannot sit down to read in an untidy room, much less to leave it and go visiting. I am but 17 years of age, yet I have the work all to do in a large house, and for a large family. I have four brothers and sisters younger than myself and two big brothers to work for, besides the two and three work hands we have part of the time. My parents have gone East on a visit. I confess that the house is not always tidy and everything in order, but I am not off on a visit or sitting down reading at such times. I love to read and also to visit, but I want to take them when I can enjoy them, and that is when the work is all done up and everything tidy. I want all the help I can get from the Household, as it comes rather hard to do all the work alone—NETTIE, Jordan, Wis.

What Can She Do?

Seeing the sympathy accorded by the Household to those who find it hard to earn their own living, I would like some one to give me suggestions as to how a widow can support herself and child. Accustomed to housekeeping, she finds it difficult to find such work and keep her little girl with her. A good seamstress, but here the supply exceeds the demand. In that line there seems no way open.

ANXIOUS.

Exchanges Wanted.

Wanted Brown's Herbalist (Jersey City N. J.) Pierce's Medical Adviser (Buffalo N. Y.) Chase's Receipt Books, etc., for extra good steel engravings. "Holy Family" 22 x 27 "Family Record" 28 x 24 "Good Night Pet," 22 x 28 and "Mothers Pet Child" 13 x 17. Will send all for any books named. Send information.—M. BJERKE, Onalaska, Wis.

Rocky Mountain Cabinet Mineral specimens in exchange for historical, scientific, masonic, or other instructive books. Address. J. P. CLOUGH, Junction P. O. Lemhi, Co. Idaho.

Our Young Folks

THE REASON.

BY LIZZIE BURT.

"Little darling, little darling, do you know
All the beauty and the wonder of the snow?
Oh! my wise and winsome baby, can you say
Why the earth grows whiter, whiter all the day?"

"'Tis because the little birdies all have flown,
And they know the earth is sorry and alone:
So, I think, they drop white feathers from each wing,
Just to keep the dear earth warm until the spring."

"Little darling, little darling, tell me pray,
Why the trees are all ablossom in the May;
Why the violets awaken from their dreams,
And the water goes alaughing down the streams.

"Oh! the snow must turn to blossoms. Don't you see?
They are birdies' feathers hanging on a tree;
And the brooks are all alaughing, for *they* know
How the birdies bring the blossoms and the snow."

"Little darling, little darling, wilt unfold
Why the leaves have turned to crimson and to gold?
In this dreamful autum weather, why have they
Grown so wonderfully beautiful and gay?"

"Oh! the leaves have caught afire in the sun,
And they'll burn and burn to ashes, every one.
But you oughtn't to be sorry, Mamma, dear;
For they'll surely come to us another year."

"Little darling, little darling, tell me true,
Did the birdies give these secrets unto you?
Did the flowers whisper to you, or an elf?"
"No, my Mamma; but I knew it all myself!"

The Crocus Tragedy.

BY R. M. STREETER.

In all the town of Bloomfield there has never lived a family more thoroughly respected that the Crocuses. Their next door neighbors, the Lilians, will tell you that; and they ought to know, for Bulb Lilian and Bulb Crocus have played together ever since they were old enough to see the sunshine; and even when they were babies they were often found fast asleep in the same bed, their little plump bodies nestled down together and their cunning little toes fairly intertwined.

The Lilians are not the only ones who can vouch for the private life of the Crocus family. I meant Jack Hyacinth the other day, who said the same thing; and he said, too, that of all sad sights he ever saw, the saddest and yet the loveliest, was the funeral procession of those dear, dead children. I was glad to meet one who knew personally of the affair; and as the busy season is over with the Hyacinths—they have a famous perfumatory down town—I induced him to give me the details of the tragedy.

Mr. Crocus, it seems, had not been quite fortunate in the selection of his home lot, its situation being a little too exposed for comfort. Still they all thought as they came from hardy stock—the family dating back some centuries before the "Mayflower" or even William the Conqueror—that they would soon get used to it, and like the place; but Mr. and Mrs. Crocus lived to bewail this courageous decision.

Last Fall, you remember, there was every indication of a hard Winter. The Oak family, from little Scrubby to Mr. White, didn't throw off their coats until the Wind made them do it; the Pines—and they are good weather prophets—had every needle at work for I don't know how long before Christmas; because, as Pitch said, some of their relations in California, Seek—Sequoia, or something like that—he's over a thousand years old, anyway—said that it was going to be one of the hard Winters.

Well, Mrs. Crocus made preparations, too, it seems, and when night came she put the trundle bed where she could reach it and keep the twins tucked in if they should kick the covers off during the long, cold night. When it began to grow dark, she gave the children some supper, then she took Flora on her knee, and Blanche, the oldest daughter, took Lilian on hers; and before Mrs. Crocus had half finished the first verse of "Hush, my dear," the children were fast asleep. Then the little blossoms in their long white night gowns were put to bed, and the careful mother fairly buried them under blankets and comforters and quilts, leaving only the smallest place to breathe through, and that so far from their little noses that it looked like the air-passage the mother-rabbit always makes for her pink-eyed children.

When the evening was over Mrs. Crocus, the last to go to bed, shut the blinds and pulled down the curtains, and was careful to tuck in her babies a little more snugly, never thinking, poor mamma, that she was never again to see them alive.

It was a dreadful night. The Wind, who began to sing on the key of "Hush, my dear," didn't stay on it five minutes, but soon struck into a wild, mad song. Then he grew furious; and the way he tore around the Crocus mansion, and shook the windows with his savage hands, was terrible to think of, but the Crocuses were fast asleep, and never knew anything about it.

Then the snow began to fall, but before the flakes could reach the ground, the wicked Wind caught them and dashed them upon the frozen earth, where they would have lain, white and still if the Wind had let them. Instead, he carried them in his powerful arms high up in the air, and threw them with all his might upon the house-tops of the flowers.

After awhile the Wind went away, and the clouds went rolling off in their big, black carriages toward the ocean. Then the Winter stars one by one began to look down to see what the storm had been about in Bloomfield.

There wasn't any Bloomfield there!

The village was buried alive! The wind had stopped up every crack, had covered every fence, and house, and barn, with snow, and over this had spread a sheet of ice so thick and hard that the air could not possibly get through. Upon the Crocus house there was a drift so large that the stars in the handle of the Big Dipper couldn't find the spot where the twins were sleeping.

When Winter—for it was the long, cold Winter, after all, who was trying to harm the children—found that the wind had failed, and that he could not smother them with snow, he opened wide his Northern armories and sent out his regiments of Frost and Cold. How the ground cracked and trembled under their heavy tread! How their banners, the Northern Lights, waved in sheeny splendor over the marching hosts! How the icy spears glittered and flashed! How the Wind played his wildest music, and how fast the army came! It stopped at morning! Once when it came to the wide lakes it seemed to halt, but it only seemed. Before the sun went down, quick fingered, bridge-builders were at work, and with the silent hammers of the Frost they nailed together the crystal beams and boards. Long before midnight the bridge was done and strewn with the whitest and loveliest flowers; and when the army seemed to halt it was only at wonder at the delicate blossoms on which it was forced to tread.

It was laughable to see how foolish King Winter had been. He thought the Wind with his hard fists would kill those lovely sleepers. Then, he thought to smother them, like cruel John, with snow—and failed; and now when the mighty army came with long lances, ground to the keenest edge, he found the well-packed, ice covered snow so took away the temper of the blasts that the hard ground bent the points; and so he failed again.

Then how the old King raved! His legions at his command threw down their useless weapons, and, seizing their forests in their mighty arms, lashed and tore them till the strongest trees shrieked and groaned, and some fell down and died. In his rage he struck the sea, and in long lines, the waves, on horses black as ink, with manes as white as snow, came galloping toward the shore; but the shore knew what little sleepers it had in charge, and bravely stood its ground. It mailed its rocks with ice; it armed its huge cliffs with icicles till they looked like snarling beasts; it paved the long stretches of sand with frozen sea water, so that the ocean cavalry should slip and fall; and the whole coast was ready for battle before the wind gave the signal for the onset. It came with a shock that jarred the continent, and the long line of coast from Maine to Florida was strewn with the slaughtered forces of the ocean.

Next Summer, when we go down to the sea, we shall find along the shore the shells that were thrown in that terrible battle; and those who look for them will find tangled masses of horses' manes, white as they were the night of the engagement.

This was the last of *February*—the 28th—and the next day, the 1st of March, was warm; the next day was warmer; and the next was the warmest of the season. On the first day the ice melted and ran away; on the second, the big drift grew smaller; on the third, the roof of the Crocus house was bare; and when, on the following morning, the old clock on the stairs called "4 o'clock," the toes of little Flora Crocus began to wiggle, and two little fat fists began to rub two little half closed eyes. Then Lilian began to dream of tickling Flora's nose with a dandelion feather, and in a minute more the eyes of the twins came open at the same instant.

There it was, broad daylight, with the sun streaming in through the window. For a while the children were happy, making rag-babies out of the corners of the sheets; then, forgetting they were not little boys, they pelted each other with the pillows until one of them was torn; then they were quiet till they got through wondering what Mamma Crocus would say to the tattered pillow. Finally, it looked so bright and warm outside, they went to the window, tugged at the sash until it came up, and put out their little tangled heads to get nearer the sun; and then—oh! quicker than I can say it—the wicked, lurking Wind, with one stroke of his dreadful sword, cut off the heads of poor little Flora and Lillian Crocus—and they fell right down. It was so sudden that the little headless bodies stood for awhile as if they were bewildered, and didn't know that they had lost their heads; but finally they fell just where they were standing.

A cold draught struck Mr. and Mrs. Crocus, both of whom sneezed a tremenduous sneeze, and both of whom awoke. Mrs. Crocus's first movement was to put out her hand to tuck in the twins, and, giving a great scream when she felt the children gone, she opened her eyes wide, and saw the little blossoms cold in death, their two little heads lying closely together and their white night-gowns all streaked with purple. It was a sad, sad sight. With a heavier heart than I hope you and I will ever have, poor Mr. Crocus shut the window, the scene of that terrible tragedy; and while his friends took every care of his lifeless blossoms, he took to his bed and never left it afterward. Mrs. Crocus was more resigned; but sorrow has left a blight upon her which time alone can remove.

That bright March morning, through through the clear cold air, a golden chariot, drawn by four white horses, harnessed in gold and purple, went upward toward the setting sun. So fast it sped that white clouds rose like dust from the wheels and horses feet, and almost hid from view the hair of the twin Crocus buds, carried to early to bloom in the Paradise of Flowers. Up the broad sunbeams, through the high, arching gateway, garlanded with blossoms too delicate for earth, the chariot rolled, and stopped at last at the steps of that wonderful palace where Queen Flora holds her court. Upon a royal throne of tinted incense the Queen was sitting, when the children, hand in hand, knelt at her feet and told their pitiful story. Long before it was finished, tears brighter than dew drops glistened in her eyes, and at its close she bid the Trumpet-flower call all the gods and goddesses to council.

That night the elements were wild. Clouds which are only seen in Summer came crowding from the west, their foreheads black with anger. Peal on peal of thunder shook the earth and lightning blazed in every quarter of the sky. Down came the rain; not in floods, as it comes sometimes in Summer, but in sounding drops, like an army keeping step to the heavy drum-beat. At the well-known signal, marched the troops of the grasses from their barracks, and when the morning sun looked over the hills, millions and millions of minute men, their shining spears in rest, were marching toward the North. The Iris soldiers next fell into line, their purple banner a menace in itself. Then came the Lily clans, their sturdy sabres never to be sheathed till foes had fled or fallen. Others came, and others, until from Summer land to Northern lake, the country was full of the avengers of these innocent flower babies.

It was no doubtful contest. The troops from Pineland thinned the cowardly hosts of Winter with their needle-guns, barricades of snow were riddled with savage grass thrusts; and from the first thunderbolt which shot across the sky until the Tulips flung their victorious banners to the breeze, there was no lull in the contest and no peace for Winter; until at last from every scented flower-bell rang out the tones of victory.

Then marching from that battlefield, those countless forces laid their victorious wreaths upon the bier where the dead children lay, and journeyed with them to the burial ground in distant Juneland. On wound the long procession through March's cheerless highway. April mourned the lost, and, through her broad domain, strewed the road with flowers. May, under arches blue as summer skies, received the funeral cortege, and filled its path with fallen blossoms. The grave was made upon a hillside sloping to the South; and thither, upon the longest day that shines upon her kingdom, with the music of birds and the requiem of winds and streams, tearful Summer led the sad procession. There in that lovely spot they left the precious dust; and as long as flowers bloom and green grass grows will be told the mournful story of the Frost slain Crocus twins.

—*New York Tribune.*

The Streamlet.

A streamlet started forth from a spring in the side of a mountain, and after an infancy of gay leaps in bright cascades, spread out into a more quiet and steady movement. It began, then, to dream and meditate on the object for which it existed. While in this grave mood, a Will o' the wisp darted out and danced over it's waters

"Ah," said the Streamlet, "this is a heavenly light, sent to tell me what I wish to know, and to guide my course."

But the Will o'-wisp soon flitted away and vanished, leaving the Streamlet more perplexed than before. Its first creed was gone. Then a rosy cloud floated in the sky and mirrored itself in the bosom of the Stream.

"This," it cried, "is a token of Paradise."

But a wind ruffled the water, and the tinted cloud was mirrored no more; and when the Streamlet became still again the rosy cloud had passed from the sky. Then a water lily expanded on its waves.

"Behold!" said the Streamlet; "to nourish this beauty is the end and aim of my life."

But the lily presently folded up and perished. The Streamlet moved on. Presently it came to a spot where men had thrown hard stones in its way, obstructed its course, turned it aside through a narrow channel, and forced it to rush in a confused, perilous way over a wheel.

"Alas!" cried the Streamlet; "is it then for this agony I was born?"

But after some wild splashes the Streamlet found itself at peace again, and went on widening. And now a glorious moon came out and showered gold all over it.

"How wealthy I am!" cried the Streamlet.

The moon waned. But the stars came out, and the ripples caught them as bright marvels; they hinted deeper steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars set.

At length a poet reclined on its bank and sang to it:

"Sweet Streamlet! What a bright life must have been yours! What flowers must have fringed your gliding way, what rosy clouds you have reflected, what lilies you have nourished, what stars have risen to tell you their secrets ere they have set! You have done brave work, too, You have watered the meadow and made it wave with grain; you have conspired with the sun to ripen the harvest, and when matured you have helped to turn it into bread. Not for any one of these joys and uses were you made; but for all! So may the stream of my life run on, with varied happiness and helpfulness, not anxious about the unknown sea to which thou and I, fair Stream, are tending."

As the Streamlet listened, all the beauties it had known shone out again, and they all clustered—dancing light, rosy clouds, golden moon and serene stars—around the great sorrow it had encountered, the obstruction which had ground grain for man; for that, transfigured in the poet's song, seemed the happiest experience of all.—*Moncure D. Conway, in St. Nicholas.*

The Brain not a Sine Qua Non.

The Indianapolis *Journal* in publishing a lecture by Dr. Fletcher, of that city, relates a number of singular instances of recovery of injuries to the brain. The doctor says: "Once, about 10 years ago, I was on South Mississippi street, this city, and was called upon to attend the injuries of an Irish boy, upon whose head a piece of stone had fallen. A large rent was made in the skull, through which the brain matter was rapidly oozing. I took out nearly a teaspoonful of it, and removed a piece of stone and several fragments of bone. The lad recovered in a few week, has since gone through our public schools with credit, and is rather brighter than the average lad. At another time, a little girl fell from the third story window of a block situated at the corner of Maryland and Illinois streets. Her skull was completely flattened, and the brain very much compressed. The skull was pressed back into proper shape, and the girl recovered. One very remarkable incident occurred many years ago in this State. A man, while attending to a blast in a coal mine, ignited the charge by a spark from a crowbar before he was ready, and the bar was thrown through his hands. One end of it struck under his chin, and passing clear through the brain, protruded through the top of the skull. The bar was removed, and the man lived 12 years in perfect health, mentally and physically. Last year an explosion occurred at the Eagle Machine works, this city. A piece of splinter entered the head of a gentleman, entering the brain to the depth of 2½ inches. The wood was eventually removed and with it some brain-matter. The gentleman recovered, and is engaged in business in this city to-day." The doctor explains these facts on the theory that in a healthy condition the brain matter completely fills the skull, and the introduction of a foreign object, however small, creates a pressure which is sufficient and sure to cause death unless a corresponding quantity of bone or brain matter escape by the aperture caused by the entrance of the foreign matter. A bullet enters the brain, and an amount of brain matter equal in amount must be permitted to escape, or the pressure is greater than can be withstood. In each of the cases cited such was the fact. Even when such an amount of matter escapes death may ensue, but it does not necessarily follow. In apoplexy a blood-vessel in the brain is ruptured, and no aperture existing in the skull, there is no means of exit for the blood thus freed. The pulsation of the heart continues to force blood into the brain, and death results from pressure on the brain.

Musings of the Month.

Burlington Hawkeye.

This was the eighth month of the year when the Latin grammar was invented, but by long and faithful service it attained two successive promotions and now ranks as the tenth. If you don't believe it ask your druggist to lend you his almanac.

The Republican elections in Iowa and Ohio are held in Knockedober. The Democrats in those two States used to hold their elections in this month, but they have given up the practice of late years. People of that political persuasion in those States always spell the month as it is spelled in this paragraph. It is the correct way—for them.

The ancient Romans used to sacrifice a horse to Mars during this month. The symbolism of this sacrifice was very beautiful. The horse stood as the representative of the overcolt, which people begin to put on about this time of the year. And then Mars is the god of wore, and that is usually the case with the overcoat. It is a wonder that people are not more attracted by the beauties of the ancient Roman religion. But that isn't the craze just now in this country. It is the fashionable thing to be a Bhuddist and talk dreamily about things nobody ever thought of and nobody else understands, and believe in 136 hells and no God.

Owing to some singular misapprehension in the construction of the word, October was made to rhyme with sober. But this is about as near as it comes to it and is generally regarded as poetic license.

In October the dying year breathes out its passing soul in agonies of gold and crimson that crown the enchanted forests with loveliness indescribable. It is the thing to gather these gorgeous leaves and paste them on wall paper that cost you $1.00 a roll to put up. The leaves of the poison oak are the brightest and they last longest. One small handful of them gathered this month will put a nose on you that will last until the middle of April. The leaves of the poison oak are brighter than the doctor's bill, but they are not so long.

The motto of October is, "*Quum? ca'a roun withit ne: tu sla cantu!*" Which means, "All right, let it run till the first of January."

One of John Morgan's Horses.

Frankfort Roundabout.

Mr. John W. Jenkins, of Brideport, has a horse that was in the Morgan raid from Burksville, Cumberland County, Ky., to New Lisbon, O., just below Pittsburg, Pa. It was raised by Mrs. Julia Tevis, of Shelbyville, and is now 23 years old. It has traveled over 1,000 miles on railroad cars, has been ridden and driven through 34 Counties in Kentucky, 10 Counties in Indiana, and 15 Counties in Ohio. Altogether it has been ridden and driven over 12,5 0 miles

The Sunday School.

The Love of the Father.

LESSON 7, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT.—We love him because he first loved us.—John 4: 19.

LESSON TEXT.

1 John 4: 7-16.

7. Beloved, let us love one another for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. 8. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. 9. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. 10. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. 11. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. 12. No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. 13. Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit. 14. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the world. 15. Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God. 16. And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Let us love one another, for love is of God (v. 7.)—There is a great deal in living up to the best characteristics of one family, or profession, or people, or nationality. "I must stick to this thing until I finish it," says one; "for I belong to a family that never gives up." "Now I must be courageous," says an army officer in a trying emergency; "for a soldier ought never to flinch." "This thing can be done somehow, and I must find a way of doing it," says a New Englander, "for ingenuity is of the Yankee race." If I fail of being polite and courteous I disgrace my nationality; for I am a Frenchman," says another. And so he who is of the household of faith, of the profession of a Christian, of the people of God, of the nationality of the kingdom of heaven, ought to have a loving spirit and show it. He ought to love God and love the children of God. He ought to love all for whom Christ died. Unless he does this, he dishonors his Father, his Savior, his profession, and his fellow-disciples in faith. "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God"—and we claim to be children of God.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us (v. 10.)—It is not to be wondered at that we love those who are irresistibly lovable. There are are persons so lovely in spirit, so admirable in character, so winsome in ways and manners, and so attractive in appearance, that it is impossible not to be drawn to them in confidence and admiration and affection. One deserves no credit for giving love in such a case. It is not strange that we love a devoted and self-sacrificing mother, a true hearted and faithful wife, a fond and dutiful child, a noble and generous friend. Love in such a case is a matter of course. But suppose a Christian lady of wealth and refinement, and of pre-eminent loveliness, goes down into one of the dismal haunts of want and vice, in the city where she lives, and finds there in a filthy cellar, a poor, uncleanly, deformed, repulsive-looking child, with the worst disposition and the most disagreeable manners imaginable; so bad, indeed, as to be an object of hatred to those of its own flesh and blood. Suppose the lady has that child, and its filth and rags and hunger, taken directly into her own home, there to be washed and dressed and fed and taught, and cared for lovingly by day and by night, as one of the children of her own family; and this in spite of the grossest ingratitude of the child itself, with its constant reproaches and complaints for not being better attended to and supplied. If at last that child be won to recognize the delights of that home, and the privileges of that position, and to give its love to that lady and to her children, and some one seeing this should say to the child, "You do have a very loving heart to love those of this household as you do," what do you suppose the answer of the child would be? Would it be in boastfulness of love? or would it be like this: "Don't talk of my love, but think of that of my benefactress. Herein is love, not that I love her, but that she first loved me!" Is there less reason for your looking at God's love for you in such a light as this? What was there in your character or state as a sinner that ought to have made you an object of God's love? that ought to have attracted him to you in admiration or confidence or affection? Is it strange that you should love God? Is it not strange that he should have loved you?

If we love one another, God dwelleth in us (v. 12.)—A good test of the sincerity and depth of our love for another is found in our feelings towards those whom that one loves. Real love for a friend carries with it inevitably a tender regard for those who in any sense represent that friend, or have his affection. "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" asked King David, long after Jonathan—the friend whom he loved as his own soul was dead. And when they told him that there was a son of Jonathan, Mephibosheth, a child who was lame of his feet, David sent for that child at once, and took him into his royal palace, saying, "Mephibosheth shall eat bread alway at my table." And any true friend can be depended on thus to show love alway for the loved ones of his dead or absent friend. Every Christian disciple is a child of God, a child of Him who we profess to love sincerely. For his Father's sake, for the sake of our Friend his Savior, we shall love that disciple tenderly. If the love of God is in us, this love of God's children will show itself inevitably. "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" The true test, therefore, of a Christian's love for God is not in his public prayers and professions; but in the spirit he displays towards God's children in his every day dealing with him.

Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God (v. 15.)—There are times when a single utterance settles the question of a man's character and purpose and sympathies. When the men of Gilead fought with the men of Ephriam, it was sufficient to ask a man at the fords of the Jordan to say "Shibboleth." If he spoke it correctly, he could pass over safely. If he said "Sibboleth," it proved him to be an Ephraimite, and the Gileadites were sure of his enmity; so "they took him and slew him" without further questioning. "Who comes there?" rings out in the darkness of the night on the eve of battle, at the picket line between the contending forces. "A friend," is the response. That answer may be true, and it may not. "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." Then, if the one word in all the language which that night is the test of fidelity is given correctly over the leveled bayonet, the challenged one is found true, and may come and go as he pleases. In the warfare which Satan and his host wage against the kingdom of heaven the countersign on the Lord's side is, "Jesus the Son of God." There is a meaning in this countersign. None can speak it truly unless they are children of God. "Jesus" means "Savior." There can be no salvation if there is nothing to be saved from. He therefore, who says "I have a Savior," admits that he is lost without a Savior, and that he trusts in him for redemption. He who confesses that this Savior whom he needs and trusts is the Son of God, admits that salvation is of God, that it comes in God's way, and that it is to be accepted as a gift from God. Hence it is that the confessing in sincerity that Jesus—your Savior—is the Son of God, includes the admission that you are a sinner; that you want salvation, and of course that you repent of your sins which make you need it; that salvation can come in only one way; that it has so come to you; and that you want the world to know this fact. All this can only be by God's blessing, by his grace. "Whosoever," therefore, "shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God."

—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

One Date He Remembered.

An incident which happened at an English school is told by the Boston *Transcript:*

The boys were being examined in the history of England, and the answers were mainly dates of events more or less important in the history of the British Empire. Among the pupils was the son of an American sea captain, a bright specimen of young America. Being questioned concerning dates in English history, he manifested an ignorance bordering on stupidity. The teacher, whose patience was exhausted, exclaimed, "What! Don't you remember a single date that marks an important event in the history of England?"

"Why, yes, sir," answered the boy, "I *do* know one."

"Well, out with it," said the teacher.

"The Fourth of July, 1776."

There was a decided sensation.

* * *

A school boy spelled d-e-c-i-m-a-l and pronounced it dismal. "What do you mean by calling that dismal?" exclaimed the teacher. "Cause it is," answered the boy. "It's dismal fractions. All fractions are dismal. There isn't a bit of fun in any of 'em."

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

For the BLADE.

A Good Suggestion.

Under the above heading H. R. F., of Forest City, Iowa, suggests that the farmers that read the BLADE, to write to the farm department, "and tell what we know about farming, &c.," but leaves at that. I wish he had led off on this subject, for it is a good one. I like to hear of the yield of grain and weight of vegetables. New variety of grains and vegetables are being introduced continually, and when we find a new variety let us report. I think I have done my share trying new varieties. I have been humbugged somewhat, but all in all I have been the gainer.

Wheat—The Fultz has done the best in this neighborhood.

Corn—The Compton corn I do not think much of, only for late planting. It may do well farther north where a dent corn will not ripen.

Potatoes—The Early Rose for early and the Snowflake and Burbank seedlings for late. The Burbank is the best yielder that I have tried to be of good quality. They keep good until new ones come.

Onions—The White Globe and Westerfield early red are the surest croppers. The foreign varieties have proved a failure, except the Giant Rocca. Some seasons they are famous, others almost a failure. They are mild, sweet and tender.

Beet—Egypt turnip, blood. Radishes for early, long scarlet. For winter, Chinese rose. Parsnip, hollow crown. Carrot Danvers. Squash for table, Marblehead; for stock, the mammoth French. They have a soft shell, rich and sweet. They yield enormously; I had three vines that produced three wagon loads. One weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. Two rods apart is close enough to plant. Leave one plant in a hill. We measured one vine it was 3,299 feet long. It was cut three weeks before frost; I presume it would have grown 1,000 feet more. It had the Centennial squash on, and it had to start before done growing. Fattening hogs will leave their corn and eat the squash greedily; corn alone is too heating. The squash is cooling and soothing. I have not had a sick hog since I commenced feeding my hogs squash; when slaughtered their skins are white and free from irritation.

Watermelons—The Cuban Queen I believe to be the largest melon in the world. The heaviest that I have heard of weighed eighty-one and one-half pounds. Such a melon cut open is a tempting sight. The melon is the king of luxuries at the north, and every farmer should have a patch. Let us teach our boys to raise melons rather than depend on stealing. I am sorry to say that the raising of this luscious vegetable has been discontinued on many farms on account of the thieves. O shame!

I have much more to say, but if I say too much it will be sure to find the waste basket. I am not a writer for papers, but a farmer. It is not always the best writer that is the best farmer. Some of our scientific men get off some of the most absurd ideas imaginable. I was born among the Indians, and reared up without education; yet the collection of vegetables raised by one like me carried off the diploma and medal at the Centennial. M. BROWN.

Tontogany, O.

Why Despond?

Though the spirit of speculation is not so rife as it was a few years ago, it is certain that there is still an unwarrantable eagerness to make large and quick profits—a making haste to be rich. This spirit is very unfavorable to those important pursuits which demand patient toil and waiting for the rewards they promise. Crops must have time to grow, and when one crop fails, a long time must elapse before the next effort can bring relief. While this eagerness for rapid accumulation turns many from the safe and honorable callings of plain industry, it also exerts a potent influence on many who are devoted to different branches of agriculture. If they fail to meet the rewards of labor, which they anticipated, they are tempted to abandon their occupation or sink into a very unpleasant and hurtful despondency.

As the old crops are about finished and preparations for the new are under way, it is an appropriate time to call upon the heros who have struggled in the peaceful conflicts of the farm to command their calm judgment and moral manhood as they face the prospects of another year. Especially do we appeal to those who, from any unfortunate cause, have encountered bitter disappointment. They are in danger of rash conclusions or unmanly down heartedness. Let them consider that if they have been faithful, they are as worthy and as free from blame as if they had succeeded. Happy is that man who is without cause of self-censure in the day of trouble! Let them remember that failures are seldom as disastrous as they at first appear. Evils of many kinds often threaten to overwhelm the men they attack, and then with astonishing rapidity diminish their threatening, if they do not entirely vanish. Who has not been in straits that were fearful, which were passed in a very short time, to deliverance?

Let the disappointed look around and see if there are not good ways to meet the demands of the emergency. Such cases have often revealed unsuspected advantages and capabilities. Failures have frequently led men to success and fortune which would otherwise never have been realized. One reason is that failures call up the slumbering powers and develop resources that were before undiscovered.

Another natural idea is that the worst failures seldom go farther than to necessitate a cheaper style of living. Any one would be surprised to know how many things he can spare without any great loss of comfort or well being. While most of our wants are artificial, few are really indispensable. It is, then, a sheer want of manliness for one to yield to losses and go moping about under disappointments. It is childish. True manhood is always ready to bear self denial, not only when it is necessary, but even when it contributes to a good cause. Failures require self-denial, and self-denial makes men nobler, stronger, and often happier. Failures may necessitate unwonted economy; but the habit of that economy may be the certain guide to greater success in the early future. Cowards feed the ranks of despair and suicide. They want courage to "bear the ills" they have. Let the unfortunate cheer up! Let they try harder and hope tonily for better results of labor next time. Let them see if there have been no mistakes which may be avoided in the future. Let them remember the story of Bruce and the spider. Let them mark the example of many in every generation of the past. Above all, let them trust in Him who is "good when He gives—no less when He denies." Farmers dealing, as they must, so directly and constantly with nature, need a quiet, abiding reliance on a beneficent Providence.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Save the Hay.

The fact seems pointed that hay will be scarce before next Spring unless means are used to carefully save any surplus that may be had by farmers throughout the country. Timothy in Chicago is worth $13 per ton, but Chicago is probably better supplied with hay than almost any other City in the Union. There is a vast country tributary to it, and as to Rome so all roads seem to lead to it. In Springfield, Ill., has lately sold for $16 per ton; in Louisville, Ky., it sold for $20 per ton. The *Prairie Farmer* is not given to prophecy. It does not believe in guessing at the future, nevertheless it sometimes makes statements predicated upon the prospects for the future. Our readers will, we think, bear us out in the statement that as a rule we have in the past, been pretty near the mark. Why we predict a scarcity of hay, and consequently high prices, is from these facts. 1. The hay crop for 1879 is not large over extended areas anywhere in the United States. 2. Pastures, although now in fair condition, have been very bare, and very many farmers have had to feed for the last month. This has seriously depleted the stacks. Some time since in view of the fact of a probable scarcity of hay, and in view of the situation here in connection with the loss of fodder crops in England, we urged the necessity of saving hay. The point is just here, it will pay to save hay in any feasible way this year, in view of a possible want. Corn stalks well saved are fully as good as the best meadow hay, ton for ton of eatable product. Clear, bright straw is almost one half as good. Therefore the farmer who has plenty of good corn-fodder and plenty of good straw, can, by feeding corn, save largely on hay. Let us figure upon this question. Hay is worth, in Chicago, $13 per ton; corn is worth 43 cents per bushel. A ton will require 35½ bushels, worth $15.33 per ton. This will make pretty nearly an even thing between the best hay and corn. When corn is cheaper and hay dearer, the footing will be on the other side. Bran is worth $9.25, shorts $9.50 and middlings $11 per ton. Therefore so far as these commodities may be used, they are cheapest. With good hay, fully one-half of the feed may be a mixture of bran, shorts and middlings. When hay is dear and corn is cheap and straw is plenty, straw and corn will winter horses, mules and cattle perfectly. With plenty of corn and what straw cattle will eat, they may be fattened thus economically. From present appearances, we think it will pay farmers to save all the hay possible, in view of higher prices.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Concentration in Farming.

There is a notable absence of capital among the mass of farmers, while farmers free from debt or those supplied with the necessary means for the full development of resources are the exception rather than the rule. The more limited the capital the greater the necessity for concentrated effort, for avoiding unnecessary outlays and expensive experiments. Finally the individual whose only capital is a stout heart and a willing hand, must needs make every blow count, directing his efforts only in a remunerative channel. More ambitious, enterprising, go ahead farmers are ruined by attempting too much, than by more thorough work on a limited scale.

Every neighborhood abounds in practical lessons concerning this subject of concentration in farming. Many a farmer, seized with a desire for improving his broad acres, attempts to reclaim a bog, or clear a stony pasture, neglecting some fine piece of arable land that is neither half manured nor half cultivated. It is hardly worth while to expend labor and money on a rough spot while the smooth pieces still remain at half their productive capacity. If the manure supply is limited it is far better to apply it to the most productive fields, where good returns are reasonably certain, than to scatter it over thin and scanty soils to the neglect of stronger land. Many an industrious farmer has proved a failure in the vain attempt to cultivate more acres than his means would justify, when if his labors had been concentrated upon half the area, success would have crowned his efforts.

It is not always the largest herd of cattle or flock of sheep that gives the best result per head, but the greatest profit follows the best herds and flocks. In case of limited means it is far better for a farmer to own half a dozen good cows than double the number of poor ones. It is far more profitable to cut three tons of hay from one acre of good land, than to run over three acres of half-starved soil to secure the same weight at the harvest. Quality rather than size is the real test of many a farm product. A little extra care and skill bestowed upon a dairy of fifty pounds of choice butter, will yield a larger profit than the shiftless, haphazard churning of one hundred pounds of an inferior quality.

It is not the number of miles traveled in a day, or the number of blows struck, that puts the balance on the right side of the ledger, but it is the aim and purpose and plan of the labor which determines the profit and loss. Among our farming classes too many random shots are fired, too many hours of labor expended without definite plan, too many animals fed without profit, too many acres cultivated without fertilizers, to give the cultivators of the soil that reward which should attach to their labors. Measured by the standard of production in the garden plot, how insignificant is the average yield of acres on the farm, and yet the garden is only a practical illustration of concentrated labor and manure. Better culture, more concentrated effort, increased attention to detail must be the watchwords of that Eastern farmer who hopes to secure a livelihood in competition with the mammoth fields and virgin soils and lands easily cultivated of his Western brother, on the broad prairie and rich bottom land of the far West. It should be the aim of every farmer not to increase his acres under cultivation any faster than his capital and circumstances will warrant, but rather to improve his methods and concentrate his energies and resources in the direction of better culture, with larger and more remunerative crops from fields already in hand.—*American Cultivator.*

Bacon vs. Beef.

I want to urge upon the readers of the *Tribune* the idea of curing their pork into bacon, and keeping some of it for their own tables, and making a home market for such as they can spare. If they will have it on their own tables people unused to it may find out its value as a staple article of meat; and a little sold in a town will prepare the way for more demand another year. The truth is, the public, as a body in the North, do not know anything about bacon, and it is time they did. Pork has started in our local market at $6 per hundred, and will probably run down within two months to $4. What nonsense it is for farmers to force their pigs upon such a market. Many of them will do it and get rid of their pigs, and because their families do not like pork (pickled pork) they will buy beef fattened in Texas or Colorado. This is a sort of economy which is largely practised in this vicinity. If the pigs should be killed when they weigh about 100 pounds, and the entire sides with all of the lean left on be made into bacon, the farmer can have in store as nice meat and as palatable as any beef he may buy, and for the surplus he may realize a price which will compensate him for his grain and trouble. With the sides made into bacon a pig can be turned into good account. The hams and shoulders make the best of food, and cost the possessor no extra profits which he has to pay over and above the cost of the beef, besides the freight. In other words, when a farmer buys beef he pays more than twice the cost of the meat to the producer, and when he cures his own pigs into hams, shoulders, bacon and lard, and sells them to the consumer direct, he makes the profit others make out of him when he sells his pigs at the pork price, $4 per cwt.

When he sells his pork and buys beef, he loses both ways, and if the extra price he pays for his beef over his pork was substracted from the price of his pork, he would really get nothing for it; but when he fits it for food so that it takes the place of the beef and he does not buy it, he really doubles its value and trebles it, as beef retails at an average of more than 12 cents a pound. Pigs must not be extra fat to make the best of bacon, and the spare rib lean must be left on the ribs, the bone must be cut out, and the sides cut square and smooth; the trimmings can be made into sausage, or go with the fat into lard. The first six months is the most growing age for a pig, and at this age they are suitable for the purpose. After that they begin to get too thick and fat. Bacon may be cured the same as hams and shoulders, only it does not require so long salting. Usually the salt is rubbed on the pieces, then piled up for a few days to let it strike through. Three rubbings are enough. It should never be allowed to freeze during the curing, and if frozen it must be thawed out by soaking in water. Bacon will take in salt enough, unless the sides are very thick, in three weeks, when it is ready to be smoked. After smoking it may be hung in a dry, cool place, or packed in dry salt or in tight boxes. It is always ready for use, and a rasher of good bacon is a treat for breakfast or any meal. As a side dish it has no superior. It may be broiled in dainty bits or fried in more generous slices. It is excellent to flavor chickens or stews, and for staple meat is far preferable to pork. The Black and Red Berkshire pigs make the best bacon, as they have more lean meat mixed with the fat, the Red being the best of the two, as they retain more than the others the old characteristics of the Berkshire breed, not having been made so fine and thick in the body by the so called improvements.—*F. D. Curtis, in New York Tribune.*

OHIO POLITICS.

What Gov. Young Tells the People in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Ex-Gov. Thomas L. Young has arrived here and has been interviewed. He says that the Ohio victory was largely due to the attitude of the Democrats at the special session of Congress, and that the Republicans who had heretofore acted and voted with the Greenbackers went back to their old party love because the apprehension was abroad that a Republican defeat would tend to indorse what was deemed Southern domination at the last session of Congress.

To the question as to whether Grant had much strength in Ohio, Gov. Young replied: "Well, he has his friends. I do not think, however, that Grant will be the Republican nominee, unless the Democrats, at the forthcoming session of Congress, renew the tactics of last session. If they do, the idea of having a strong Government will become popular, and Grant's chances would be increased. I think that either Sherman or Blaine, with Grant out of the way, will be nominated."

To the question, who will be Ohio's Senator to succeed Sen. Thurman, the Governor says: Well, it is going to be a funny fight. Garfield is a candidate; so are Taft and Dennison. Stanley Matthews is an avowed candidate. Sec. Sherman I do not think is. He told me before the Ohio election that he would not be, and I am almost certain that he will not be. As yet, the fight is an open one. There are candidates for the place not yet prominently named, but who have been casually mentioned, who will be able to dictate who the Senator shall be, if indeed one of those now less prominently spoken of is not the lucky man. Garfield has a good deal of strength, but it is over-estimated. Then there is a feeling that the next House of Representatives will be Republican, and that Garfield can better serve the State as Speaker of the Lower House than in the Senate."

Gov. Young says that business in Ohio is meeting the expectations of the most sanguine, and that an era of prosperity has set in which has made the people happy, and if they could get a long rest from politics they would be still happier.

THE INDIAN SITUATION.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Commissioner Hoyt received the following telegram to-day:

SHOSHONE AND BANNOCK AGENCY, }
WYOMING, Oct. 28. }

To the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington:

In view of the many rumors afloat to the effect that the Indians of this reservation are about to go on the war path, Chief Washakie speaks for the Shoshones and also for the Arapahoes, and desires me to inform the Great Father that all the Indians are friendly, peaceably and quietly attending to their affairs, and no one need to apprehend any trouble from these quarters. JOHN PATTEN,
Agent.

Inspector Pollock telegraphs to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from Los Pinos:

"Ouray says five lodges of the Muache band of Utes who had been living on the Dry Cinamon started about 30 days ago for the Southern Ute Agency, and were last seen near Laveto Station on the Rio Grande Railroad. We fear they have been killed by the soldiers. If so, the Southern Utes will seek revenge. I will start for that agency at noon."

It is ascertained at the Interior Department that the subsistence of the Hualapais (Arizona) Indians, whom Gen. McDowell reported to be starving, was provided for by the Indian Bureau several months ago, by means of an official letter authorizing the War Department to issue rations of beef and flour to those Indians and to present the accounts for payment by the Indian Bureau. The term for which this authorization was given will not expire until the 10th of December, but Commissioner Hoyt yesterday extended the time for 60 days from that date. Before expiration of the period, Congress will have an opportunity to make an appropriation for the Hualapais. They are not "agency Indians" and no appropriation has ever been made for them specially.

Report of the Auditor.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The report of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post Office Department, for the fiscal year ending 30th of June last, shows that the actual cost of the postal service during this period was only $3,031,455, a remarkably small deficit, which is nearly $1,600,000 less than that of the preceding year. The total revenue of the Post Office Department for the last fiscal year was $30,041,982, an increase of $764,465; and the total expenses, $33,073,487, a decrease of $1,091,647. In comparison with the preceding year of the last named amount, $795,612 was saved by the law which changed the basis of Postmasters' compensation from commissions on stamps canceled, and the remainder by a reduction of the compensation allowed railroads. The States returning the largest revenue were New York, with $5,710,310. Pennsylvania, $2,732,593; Illinois, $2,398,627; Massachusetts, $2,087,228; Ohio, $1,976,440; Missouri, $1,124,555, and Michigan, $1,004,487. Alaska foots the list with a revenue of $53. The principal items of expenditure were as follows: Compensation of Postmasters, $7,182,239; clerks in postoffices, $2,413,295; letter carriers, $1,947,706; railroad transportation, $9,100,706; star service (namely by horses and ordinary vehicles) $5,537,245; steamboat service, $665,107, and foreign mail transportation, $283,917. Receipts from stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards, $28,147,074; and from box rents, $1,381,162. Net revenue from the money order business, $219,226. The aggregate gross revenue at the 88 free delivery postoffices was about $13,000,000, and their gross expenses (including the pay of letter carriers, etc.,) amounting to little more than $5,000,000. Auditor McGrew's report also shows that the number of domestic money orders issued during the fiscal year was 6,372,243, amounting to $88,254,541, and that the foreign money order business was as follows: Canadian, 16,231 orders issued, amounting to $316,283, and 20,757 orders paid amounting to $339,072; Great Britain, 64,310 orders issued, amounting to $894,859, and 19,740 orders paid, amounting to $245,761; Germany, 47,342 orders issued, amounting to $829,788 and 25,462 orders paid, amounting to $639,542; Switzerland, 5,135 orders issued, amounting to $96,171, and 2,010 orders paid, amounting to $55,829; Italy, 4,070 orders issued, amounting to $163,252, and 349 orders paid, amounting to $10,049. Total amount of fees on orders issued, $862,012; total net revenue to the Government from this source, $219,226.

A tourist new to the beer-drinking ways of the good people of Munich, asked the lady presiding at a beer hall if her customers did not frequently become intoxicated. "Santa Marta, sir, they never get drunk, but they sometimes burst!"

THURMAN'S TOGA,

And the Fight for Its Possession.

Charley Foster Declares That Sherman is off the Track, and Expresses a Decided Conviction That Garfield Will Have a Walk-Over.

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The following is nearly a literal transcript of a conversation I held with Charles Foster at the Fifth Avenue Hotel this morning:

"Governor, who will be United States Senator from Ohio?"

"Garfield, I think. I don't believe any body can beat him."

"Are you a candidate?"

"No; I couldn't in any consistency take it. It would be a place any man might want to have and I have a very good support in the Legislature; but I feel that it would be unbecoming for me to make the effort. You see, I made the campaign on the Governorship, and upon the proper conduct of the Governor's office. It would be trifling with the people to refuse to fill the office, and I can not afford to do it?"

"Positively, then, you will not take the Senatorship?"

"I have been elected Governor, and I mean to fill out the term."

"Is Sherman out of the race for Senator, too?"

"He is. He will write a letter in a few days, declining to make the race for Senator. He repeated that promise to me since he has been here. I had a talk with him at the outset of my campaign, and said: 'Sherman, we can't allow the contest for Senator to enter into the fight. I must not run for Senator, and I don't think you ought to.' He said I was right, and that he would not be a candidate. At that time we thought the contest for Governor would be much closer than it turned out."

"Does the result of the Ohio election entirely satisfy you?"

"Yes; although my majority is not quite as large as I figured it before the election. We have a clear, clean majority of 4,000 over every thing, Greenbackers and all."

"Has Garfield been assured that you and Sherman won't oppose him?"

"Yes, he knows it; Sherman took him out riding in Washington, and told him so, and he also wrote two letters to Ohio—one fo Taft to see, and one to be shown to Stanley Matthews—saying in both that he would not be a candidate for Senator."

"Who, then, will run against Garfield; will it be Matthews?"

"I don't believe," said Foster, "that Stanley Matthews expects it. Taft has hopes, as usual. Dennison will make a pretty good push for the place, but I think you may say it will be a walk-over for Garfield."

"You are young enough to wait for Pendleton's seat."

"I am 50," said the Governor-elect. "I am older than Garfield, but it is a sort of general understanding that he is entitled to the place."

"Has he any opposition?"

"Yes, he has in the southern part of the State. Halstead doesn't like him, and some of the iron and tariff men are opposed to him. I reasoned on that question yesterday with General Thomas, of Columbus. You see at one time Garfield was a little disposed to take sides with David A. Wells and the revenue tariff school. After they added Mahoning county to his district he changed his views. But he is a sound Republican, and all the north of the State is warmly for him. He will get it."

"Won't he make an able Senator?"

"He is unquestionably the best debator in the country," said Mr. Foster. "I don't except any man, anywhere, I think his judgment is often wrong; but his talents and scholarship are a great credit to us."

I told the Governor-elect that the Grant storm was unabated and not likely to abate. "I admit," said Foster, "he's the great favorite."

GATH.

PROCLAMATION.

The People of Afghanistan Informed That the English Intend to Rule.

SIMLA, Oct. 30.—By order of the Viceroy of India, Sir Frederick Roberts has issued a proclamation stating that in consequence of the abdication of the Ameer, and the outrage at the British residency, the British Government has been compelled to occupy Cabul and other parts of Afghanistan. Afghan authorities and chiefs and sirdars are instructed by the proclamation to continue to maintain order in the districts under their control, and are invited to hold joint consultation with General Roberts. The people of the occupied districts will be treated with justice and benevolence, and their religion and customs respected. Loyalty and good service to the British Crown will be suitably rewarded, but all offenders against the English administration will be punished. Arrangements for the permanent administration of the country will be made after the above mentioned consultation has been held.

The American Missionary Association.

CHICAGO, October 29.—The American Missionary Association, this morning, heard an interesting address by President Merrill, of the Ripon, Wisconsin, College, showing that the divine significance of the negro race in America was that they were destined to evangelize Africa. Dr. Roy, the field superintendent, read a paper entitled "A Field View," giving an idea of the condition of the south and the colored race. Rev. J. H. Thertchell, of Hartford, delivered a very interesting address on the Chinese question entitled "China and the United States," giving reasons why America should attempt to evangelize China. He particularly commended the President's veto of the Chinese bill, which he denominated as a relic of barbarism. Rev. M. E. Strieby, of New York, the Secretary of the Association, read a paper on "Providential Calls."

In the afternoon and evening there was a variety of interesting matters, the principal of which was an exhaustive paper by Gen. J. B. Leake, of this city, upon the "Necessity of the Protection of Law for the Indians." He made a strong argument for the red man, deprecating the unkind treatment they receive, the injustice that is meted out to them, and the frauds practiced upon them. He declared the Government must abandon its system of parentage, encourage them to mingle in white society, and obtain protection in the Courts. The Indians should have a legal status and become citizens vested with full rights. Addresses were made by an Indian, a Chinaman and a colored man. Resolutions were adopted requesting the Government to recognize the Indians as citizens and to found numerous schools for them. Adjourned.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—The American Missionary Association this morning heard the report of the Committee on Church Work in the South, showing that the increase since 1874 has been almost nothing to 46,000 members, all this being accomplished in the face of the open opposition, moral apathy and ignorance of the oppressed negro race. The report was of a very cheerful tenor, both as to the past, present and prospective work in the South. Rev. Chas. L. Woodworth, of Boston, discussed the report. The report of the Committee on Educational Work Among Freedmen, followed, and both reports were adopted. A. A. Bross, of Michigan, submitted a report of the committee to which has been referred the papers on China. It spoke highly of the Chinese nation, deprecated the spirit of the anti-Chinese bill, and recommended more considerate treatment of the Chinese. It was also adopted.

Hendricks and Thurman.

Massillon Independent.

Mr. Hendricks is looking down into the hole through which Sen. Thurman dropped, with a disturbed expression of countenance that indicates his fear that there are other holes in the vicinity.

RAILROAD COMBINATIONS.

The Wabash, Lake Shore and New York Central Roads Said to Have Entered into an Agreement.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—The Post says: We yesterday noted a rumor of the harmonizing of the hitherto conflicting interests of the Vanderbilt system of roads and the managers of the newly organized Wabash system. On inquiry we find that the rumor is well founded, and that an arrangement is nearly perfected, if not already so which on the one hand will secure to the New York Central, and Lake Shore all the business or the bulk of it which the Wabash system of roads can collect and bring to Toledo; and on the other hand, will secure to the Wabash and its tributaries and connections all the south western business of the New York Central and the Vanderbilt roads. An authorized statement of the arrangement, with details, should be forthcoming within a day or two. Altogether it is the most important railroad event which has occurred for many a month, and it is a sufficient explanation for the recent buying, without much regard to the price, of Lake Shore, New York Central and Wabash. It is possible that the last-named stock, which everyone has known to be valuless with its old connections, may now become valuable. The Lake Shore will get a haul over its road from Toledo to Buffalo, and the New York Central will get a haul over its entire lenth. We do not see that this new arrangement is necessarily a prejudicial to the Erie, the management of which appears to be in entire accord with the Vanderbilt management. The Erie will certainly profit by the advancement of rates which the arrangement will secure, and all that the Erie wants with its present large tonnage is good rates and economical management to place all its bonded debt beyond question and give the stock a chance for an occasional dividend.

WASHINGTON.

Gen. Sherman's Annual Report—The Indian Question Discussed.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Gen. Sherman having received reports from all commanders of military departments, has begun the preparation of his own annual report. He reports the army in a state of high efficiency, and the operations during the last year have been altogether creditable and satisfactory. He shows that, notwithstanding the numerical weakness of our army, it has guarded 3,000 miles of frontier, and with numerous posts to garrison, has achieved great success in dealing with hostile Indians. Gen. Sherman claims great credit for the army policy in dealing with the Indian question in the Northwest, and where, he says, if a different policy had been pursued, as some recommended, a long line of frontier settlements would have been exposed to incursions of hostile Indians and would have felt the fury of Sitting Bull and his warriors. Gen. Sherman adverts to the subject of army re-organization, but makes no recommendations, as the subject has heretofore been thoroughly discussed and the results are now before Congress for action. Gen. Sheridan's report, which, with those of other division and department commanders, will accompany the report of Gen. Sherman, is said to be a spicy document and one that will be likely to evoke general interest on account of its discussion of the Indian question and its free criticism of the civil management of Indian affairs. The opinion is expressed here that the question of transfer of the Indian Bureau will be revived the coming session of Congress.

An invitation has been sent on the part of the Army of the Cumberland to the Governors of all States to be present at the unveiling of the Thomas statue. A dispatch has been received from Gen. Grant saying that he finds he can postpone other engagements and will be present on the occasion. The military bands from the forts about New York and those from Baltimore and Columbus, O., have been ordered here.

Grant at Virginia City.

VIRGINIA CITY, Oct. 29.—Gen. Grant and party descended the "C" shaft yesterday, and visited the lower level of the Bonanza, under the guidance of J. M. Mackay, and subsequently visited a number of mills, and was made an honorary member of the Pacific Coast Pioneer Association. The General made a speech saying, nothing he received abroad gave him such pleasure as the reception here. True, his greeting was honest and hearty but it showed merely the esteem felt for our country by foreign nations. It would have been quite different a century ago. Now we are regarded as the most powerful Nation on the earth. We have much which European Nations have not. We have a population which as yet, does not threaten to crowd any inhabited District, or exhaust the productiveness of the soil. We have an extensive soil, and immense undeveloped resources to exhaust before our population will become so dense as to make the raising of sufficient to live on a serious problem. In this respect we have great promise for the future. The fact of the matter is we are more thought of abroad than we think of ourselves. Yet at the same time we think considerable of ourselves, and we are in fact a little conceited over our advantage. (Laughter.) The newspapers and politicians, however, think there are a good many bad people in the world, and that things are on the verge of ruin, but I guess we are all right. (Laughter.) Still we can be improved. If I was not an American citizen, I would not dare talk like this for fear of being mobbed. (Laughter.) I thank you all for this kindly expression of your esteem."

This afternoon Gen. Grant visited the Union and North Consolidated Virginia shafts in company with Mackay and Fair, and at 2 o'clock he was escorted to the train in grand style. After reaching the car he made a brief speech in reply to the frequent calls. As the train moved off the band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the crowd shouted themselves hoarse, waved hats, and otherwise expressed their pleasure at the visit. Except a short stop at Reno, the train will go straight through to Ogden.

To Attack the Tariff—Attitude of the Democrats.

Special to the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The coming session of Congress will see a very serious attempt made to revise the customs laws, with a view of reducing the tariff, and the attention that has hitherto been devoted to the currency problem will be directed to the tariff. It will be made a party question, too, and the Democrats will appear as the champions of free trade, the only exceptions being the Democratic members from Pennsylvania and New England. The Republicans in Congress are, with one or two exceptions, strongly in favor of a protective tariff. The balance of power on these questions will lie with the Greenbackers, who, now that the movement they represent is practically ended, are expected to return to their old party alliances.

The Committee on Ways and Means, which will have the subject in charge, is what may be defined as a Revenue Tariff Committee—that is, a large majority of it favor a tariff for revenue, instead of internal taxation, but there is not a majority favorable to a protective tariff. Four Republican members—Frye, Conger, Kelley, Dunnell—are strong protectionists. Garfield, the fifth Republican, is very mild in his views, but is strongly in favor of a tariff for revenue, and will vote with the Republicans against revision.

Fernando Wood is a protectionist at heart, but favors a revision to please some of his constituents who are large importers.

Randolph Tucker, of Virginia; Gibson, of Louisiana; Mills, of Texas; Carlisle, of Kentucky; and Felton, of Georgia, are all free traders, but they want cotton, tobacco, sugar, and other products of the South protected.

Morrison, of Illinois, is a free trader. Phelps, of Connecticut, is a protectionist.

The Committee thus stands: For Revision—Wood, Tucker, Gibson, Carlisle, Felton, Mills and Morrison—7. Against Revision—Garfield, Frye, Phelps, Kelley, Conger and Dunnell—6.

Information has been received here that the free trade interests are organizing, and that the attempt at tariff legislation will commence as soon as Congress assembles.

THE APACHE OUTBREAK.

Cause of It as Discovered by Judge Fountain.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Agent Russell writes to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from the Mescalero Agency, in regard to the Apache outbreak in New Mexico, as follows: "Victoria heard of the indictment against him in Grand County or, as they say, that a paper was out against him. Three days afterward, Judge Bristol Fountain, Prosecuting Attorney, and others passed through the reservation to a point some 18 miles east of the Agency, on a pleasure excursion, hunting and fishing. The Indians were acquainted with these persons and knew their official positions, and connected their visit here with 'the paper' referred to and believed Victoria and perhaps his people were to be arrested. Fountain, who has been in the country for 18 years, is personally acquainted with many of the Indians, and learned from them that this circumstance induced Victoria to leave at the time he did.

A TERRIBLE VOYAGE.

The Steamer "Montana" Encounters a Hurricane in Midocean—Two Persons Swept Overboard, and the Boats Wrecked—Rescue of a Starving Crew.

New York Herald, Oct. 17.

The steamship "Montana," of the Guion line, left Liverpool for this port on the 4th of October, and reached here on Wednesday night after encountering a storm of very unusual severity. The ship was in a perilous position for a short time, and there was great alarm and excitement among the passengers. Two lives were lost—one of a passenger, and the other a member of the crew. The men were washed overboard and drowned. A narrative of the terrible storm by a passenger, and a statement from the purser will be found below:

"We left Liverpool on the 4th of October," said one of the passengers to a reporter, "in a westerly wind, the breeze being fresh and fine. We had fogs and it was cold, but all went well until Friday, the 10th. On the 9th, however, there was a strong breeze from the south-east. It was cloudy and it was evident that a storm was coming up. On Friday the 10th—an unlucky day, indeed, on this occasion—the wind continued strong and there was a heavy southerly swell. This was the beginning, as we afterward found, of one of the most terrible storms ever experienced in the Atlantic at this time of year. All Friday night it was very rough, and when we turned out next day we found the gale increasing to an awful extent. It was almost a miracle that enabled the ship to live through it. On Saturday morning her position was in latitude 45 degrees 24 minutes, longitude 50 degrees 56 minutes. The wind had shifted to the northwest and was blowing a hurricane. It was almost impossible to have breakfast or to get about the ship. The sea was running mountains high and the wind was blowing with terrific force.

THE HURRICANE.

"I and five others who ventured on deck were able to get to the smoking room by hanging on to the rails. From there we could watch the storm by holding fast to the stationary objects. The Captain had been obliged to put the ship before the wind as a measure of safety. She was fairly flying over the waves, but seemed to ride beautifully and safely over them. I managed to get up on the bridge with the second officer, and while holding on for dear life I could not but wonder at the terrible fury of the storm. One moment the ship would be lifted up by a gigantic wave, and the next we would drop down into the trough of the sea, imprisoned by walls of water on all sides. Every few moments a terrific wave would strike us with a shock that made the vessel tremble from stem to stern. After running before the gale for some time and finding it increase, the Captain decided upon going about and heaving to. In a few words he warned the sailors to look out for their lives. He ordered the engines stopped, and then caused the wheel to be put hard down. Then the engines were started slowly, and to turn the ship about was to go directly in the teeth of the gale. As the seas struck us the great ship's course was changed, and as she wore around she careened so that her beam ends were under. They tell me that even the Captain held his breath as the ship went through the trough of the sea. The position at this critical interval was as dangerous as it could be, and had a heavy sea struck us at this time, we would probably have gone to destruction. At this time I and three others were in the smoking-room, and we thought it was all over.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

"In the saloon a terrible scene was taking place. Panic stricken passengers were crying and screaming, and ladies were fainting. To make matters worse a sea was shipped into the engine-room, which sent a puff of steam into the saloons with a hissing sound. This caused an alarm of fire, and for a short time there was terrible excitement. Heavy seas continued to break over us, and at a quarter past 1 a gigantic wave washed away a large life boat, crushing it to a thousand pieces. Later on, others were damaged, until only one seaworthy boat was left.

"At the time the first boat was crushed the first loss of life occurred. Two steerage passengers were standing near the tunnel. The same wave which smashed the boat swept them away. One of them managed to grasp the rail just as he was going over. He was quickly rescued, but his companion was never seen again. I do not know his name, but he was traveling alone. He lived in Pennsylvania. Shortly after this, while the sailors were trying to secure the foresail, another heavy sea dashed over us. One of the sailors, named Michael Higgins, was swept overboard and drowned, and another was badly hurt. At 8 P. M. the fury of the hurricane had in nowise abated. The sails had been cut or blown away, one of the funnels dismantled and the wheelsman's place on the bridge broken up. During the night there was not much sleep among the passengers. The ship's bell kept tolling with the pitching of the ship, and the scene was a dismal one. The engine had been kept going just enough to keep the ship's head in the right position.

A STARVING CREW.

"The only other noteworthy incident of the voyage was the relief of a starving crew which we ran across on the 6th of October. We sighted a bark flying signals of distress, and found her to be the "Perseverance," of Bristol, bound from an American port to Bristol. She had been 63 days at sea and had run short of provisions. For 15 days they had nothing to eat but ship bread and water."

From a statement made to a *Herald* reporter, afterward by the ship's purser, it appears that the unfortunate passenger who was lost was named E. Simpson. He was 40 years old. The Purser also states that only one of the ship's boats was lost and another damaged.

The Umbrella.

Chamber's Journal.

A man in China with extreme absence of mind is said "to seek the ass he is riding on," or still more frequently, his bundle, his umbrella and himself are represented as three individualities, and he is made to say: "Here's my bundle—here's my umbrella—but where am I?" Umbrellas, bye the bye, are important possessions among the Chinese, and the allusion to the same in the following curious verse will be readily appreciated; moreover the moral conveyed is extremely good:

He hoards to-day; he hoards to-morrow; does nothing else but hoard;
At length he has enough a new umbrella to afford;
When all at once he is assailed—a wind arises quick,
And both his hands grasp nothing but a new umbrella stick.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

is a Preparation of IRON and CALISAYA BARK, in combination with the Phosphates,
Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, &c., &c.
Manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Co., No. 213 N. Main Street, St. Louis.
The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily:

Gentlemen:—Some three months ago I began the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vacation of a month did not give me much relief, but on the contrary, was followed by increased prostration and sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I realized almost immediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my natural force was not permanently abated. I have used three bottles of the TONIC. Since using it I have done twice the labor that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the tranquil nerve and vigor of body, has come also a clearness of thought never before enjoyed. If the TONIC has not done the work, I know not what. I give it the credit.
Most gratefully yours,
TROY, O., Jan. 2, 1878. J. P. WATSON, Pastor Christian Church, Troy, O.
For Sale by Druggists and General Dealers Everywhere.

THE MISSING PLOOF CHILD.

A Rising Belief that the Mother Assented to Kidnapping.

New York Sun.

WEST JAY, Vt., Oct. 28.—The ill-success of the large searching parties that have made such strenuous efforts to discover the whereabouts of the little Ploof child, who was lost from this place one week ago to-day, or to discover any traces that might go to show that she had been murdered, paved the way for the startling developments made in to-day's legal examination in this place. Early this morning State Attorney Grout of Newport, with other officers and the select men of the town, visited some houses near the place whence the child disappeared, with a view to getting the statements of persons suspected of murdering the child. Writs were made out for the arrest of John Bell, Mrs. Papineau, and Mrs. Ploof, mother of the child and they were taken before Judge Green, of Newport. At the inquest a young son of Bell was put on the stand. It may be remembered that the child disappeared between 11 and 12 o'clock on Tuesday, the 21st inst. The Bell boy testified that he went to Ploof's cottage soon after 11 o'clock on the day the child disappeared to get a sickle for his father, who was reaping barley. When he went into the cottage he saw a young, well-dressed man seated at a table writing in a book, which the boy describes as looking like a medium sized diary. The boy says he went up to the table, close to the man, and saw that he was writing with a pencil. The man did not look up nor seem to notice the boy.

Mrs. Ploof was put on the stand, and, after answering a few trivial questions, was asked who the man was that was in her house when the boy went to get the sickle. She tried to evade the question, but upon being pressed for an answer broke down, and, sobbing, said that the boy was not telling the truth. Nothing further could be elicited from her.

The appearance of this unknown man upon the scene adds a new feature to the case. The boy insists that he saw him before; and, as nobody remembers to have seen a man answering to the description that day, the plot begins to thicken.

The boy's story is corroborated in a measure by the station agent at East Richford, who said to the *Sun's* correspondent this evening that a man answering the description stepped from the train at that station one day early last week, but he cannot say positively whether it was Monday or Tuesday. The stranger was uncommunicative as to his business; merely saying that he was prospecting. The man had no baggage, and in about an hour after his arrival he disappeared, no one knew whither and has not been seen since. This furnishes the first tangible clue. Efforts are to be made to-morrow to trace this man by inquiries at the railroad stations hereabouts.

All who were at the investigation are satisfied that the girl was kidnapped, and probably with the mother's consent. A few searching parties are yet out on the mountains, and after their return the search in this direction is to be discontinued. What may turn up as to the part played in the drama by the stranger remains to be seen, but strong influences will be brought to bear upon the woman to induce her to disclose all she knows.

Large parties were out on the mountains and in the woods on Sunday and Monday searching ground not hitherto gone over, but not a trace of the little one could be found. The authorities have offered a reward for the recovery of the child, dead or alive. Squads of men camped on the mountain on Monday night so as to be prepared for an early start on Tuesday morning.

Little work has been done in any of the work-shops or factories in this region since Wednesday last, the people generally joining in the search.

GREEDY WASHINGTON LAWYERS.

The Experience of Col. Robert Douglas in the Recovery of a Claim.

N. Y. Times.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—Col. Robert Douglas, son of the late Stephen A. Douglas, recently had some experience which illustrates the extraordinary methods practiced by a class of Washington lawyers and claim agents. The sons of Sen. Douglas lately obtained judgement against the Government for a large amount of money for cotton taken during the war from the Louisiana plantation of their father. John M. Coutts was the attorney in the case, and, upon obtaining the Treasury draft for the money, refused to surrender it unless he was paid a fee which Col. Douglas regarded as exorbitant. Enoch Totten, son-in-law of Sen. Howe, of Wisconsin, was employed by Col. Douglas, to bring suit against Coutts for the recovery of the draft, but, pending the suit, a compromise was made by which Coutts gave the draft to its lawful owner. Totten had rendered some service in the initial proceedings against the Government for the recovery of the value of the captured cotton, and for his services in both cases demanded $5,000. Douglass objected to the amount as excessive, and offered to pay Totten $2,000. It was claimed by Totten that he had been led to expect $5,000 by Col. Keogh, of North Carolina, and the matter was held in abeyance until Keogh, who was expected here in a few days, should arrive. On Friday last, Totten invited Douglass to dine at his house, and, during the dinner, asked his guest where he had deposited the draft. After depositing the draft in a certain bank on Thursday last, Col. Douglass was induced to withdraw and deposit it in another bank. In reply to Totten's question suspecting some sinister design, Douglass gave his host the name of the bank in which he had first made the deposit, but from which it had subsequently been withdrawn. Yesterday morning Douglass was served with a summons to answer in a civil action brought against him by Totten for the recovery of $6,000, and an attachment was served upon the bank from which the money had been withdrawn. Col. Douglass has now engaged a third lawyer to defend him against this second attack, and hopes to get away from Washington without being forced to employ the entire bar of the District to save him from the rapacity of some of its members. He is justly indignant at being thus treated by Totten while he was sustaining the relation of client and guest to him.

South Lake.

One feature of the last eruption of the remarkable volcano of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands, is the fact that the great molten lake of lava, occupying a huge caldron nearly a mile in width, and known as the "South Lake," was drawn off subterraneously, giving no warning of its movements, and leaving no visible indication of its pathway or the place of its final deposit. Other eruptions have blazed their way on the surface of the sea, or while on their subterranean path have rent the superincumbent beds, throwing out jets of steam and sulphurous gases, with here and there small patches of broad acres of lava. But as yet no surface marks of this kind reveal the silent, solemn course of this burning river. One theory is that it flowed in deep fissures, and became lost finally far out at sea. The old process of replenishment of the "South Lake" has already begun.

ENGLISH TRADE.

An Improvement in the Outlook—The Demand for English Iron in America.

London Times.

The trade and navigation returns for the month of September bring us a little comfort—not before it has been long desired. The value of the articles of British and Irish produce exported during the month shows an increase over the value of the articles exported in the same month last year and in the same month of 1877. The increase is not great but there is an increase, and we are all glad, perhaps too glad, to welcome a turn in what has been for six years an almost continuous course of descent. If our harvests had been better, we might have hoped for great things. The revival of our exports might have gone on augmenting until we should be able to declare at the end of the year that the total exports of the 12 months had exceeded those of 1878. This, however, is more than we can reasonably expect. The account of the year will, almost certainly, show a decline, like those of so many previous years. It is something, however, if the decline is definitely arrested—if the trade of the next quarter shall prove to be greater than the trade of the last quarter of last year. We are sending more of our goods abroad, and in some instances we are getting a better price for them. Prices indeed, in such a case are often misleading. Our cotton goods may be selling for less money this year than they did last; but if the decline in the price of wheat is still greater, as it appears to have been, then our exchanges of cotton for food are more advantageously made than they were. Our producers of cotton do, in reality, get more for their products. On the other hand, the recent rapid rise in the price of iron has excited a well-founded anxiety among those engaged in that trade. It has been too sudden, it has been disproportionately large, and it has been developed by an unhealthy excitement of speculation rather than by a corresponding increase in the real volume of trade. There is a natural fear that the rise can not be sustained, and the spurt of activity that has run through all the iron districts of the kingdom may be followed by a trying reaction. The prospect of such a possibility makes us accept the cheering features of the monthly trade accounts with thankfulness, but also with a grave moderation of feeling, as becomes men who do not want to be betrayed into premature and excessive exultation.

It may be suspected that the experience of recent years has brought us very unpleasantly near an equation between our wants and our resources. Many persons, indeed, comparing our imports with our exports are noticing how much larger in value are the products we have received than those we send away, have jumped to the conclusion that we have been living on our capital, and have asked how long we can go on increasing our indebtedness to other nations or diminishing their indebtedness to us. The opinion prompting these questions can not be sustained. The apparently adverse balance is a chronic phenomenon of our trade, and if it proved anything, would prove that we had been always living on our capital; but this balance includes the remuneration of our carrying trade, the profits of all our foreign trade, and the annual payments due to us as interest from foreign debtors, private and national. The increase of the balance in recent years may be explained by the facts that during that period we have almost ceased to make loans to foreigners, and it may not unfairly be suspected that one reason of this was that we have in these years realized little or no surplus of production over consumption out of which to make loans.

The demand for iron for the United States is a remarkable instance of a difference in cost overcoming an exorbitant tariff, and it shows how much the people of the American Union are content to tax themselves for the benefit of the ironmasters of Pennsylvania. The wants of the American Nation might be supplied at a much less sacrifice to themselves and also to our benefit; but they submit to pay enhanced prices in the belief that they achieve a national gain by increasing the difficulty of getting at what they require. As our colonists in Canada and Australia entertain the same ludicrous belief, we cannot treat the citizens of the United States as exceptionally unenlightened; but their satisfaction is not the less remarkable. It is not true, as has been suggested on their behalf, that they tolerate prohibitive tariffs because they think they gain political strength, by making their country as far as possible self-supporting. The apology would not be worth much if it was well founded; but the truth is that the popular opinion on the American and Australian continents accepts protection, not for the political, but for the financial benefits supposed to flow from it. This fallacy will doubtless be dissipated in time; but meanwhile it is well for our iron-workers to remember how strong are the barriers which limit the iron trade between the United Kingdom and the Western Republic. We shall be glad to see it extend as far as the short sightedness of hostile tariffs will allow; but it would be unwise to anticipate an increase of its volume which is a dispassionate consideration of the facts of the trade would not allow us to believe can be easily realized.

Cat and Looking-glass.

From Nature.

Many years ago, at Carne farm house, where relatives of mine were then living, the household cat was observed to enter a bedroom in course of being spring cleaned. The looking glass being on the floor, the cat, on entering, was confronted with its own reflection, and naturally concluded that he saw before him a real intruder on his domain. Hostile demonstrations were the result, followed by a rush to the mirror, and then, meeting an obstacle to his vengeance, a fruitless cut around to the rear. This maneuver was more than once repeated, with, of course, equal lack of success. Finally the cat was seen to deliberately walk up to the image and then, when near enough to the edge, to feel carefully with one paw behind for the supposed intruder, while with its head twisted round to the front, it assured itself of the persistance of the reflection. The result of this experiment fully satisfied the cat that he had been the victim of delusion, and never after would he condescend to notice more reflections, though the trap was more than once laid for him.

Cure by Absorption.

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NATURE'S REMEDY—THE GREAT CURE FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

No dealing with drugs necessary. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weak [illegible], Bruises, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Ulcers, Piles, Boils, Bunions, Chilblains, Corns, etc. [illegible], Salt Rheum, Pimples, and all Eruptions of the Skin, Milk Leg, Contracted Cords, Weak Circulation, etc., are permanently cured.

No trouble to apply "SAPANULE." Use it in Warm Water Baths, and according to directions.

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Pint and Quart Bottles, 50c & $1.

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237 Broadway, New York.

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

At Washington Oct. 29 a statement of receipts from internal revenue from July 1st to September 30th, 1879, as compared with that period in 1878, shows an increase of $2,039,448 from collections on spirits, a decrease of $1,422,276 from tobacco, and an increase of $289,191 from fermented liquors. The Treasury purchased 530,000 ounces of silver for the Philadelphia and New Orleans mints.

A Washington dispatch says the opinion is entertained there among some who are regarded as good authority on such matters that the receipts of gold from Europe between this time and the 1st of January will be over $25,000,000, and may possibly reach $30,000,000. The imports of coin and bullion, mostly gold, to September, were $38,760,000. The excess of imports over exports of merchandise for September was $30,000,000.

At Washington, Nov. 1, the debt statement showed a decrease of debt for October of $1,332,906.63; cash in Treasury, $229,844,811; gold certificates, $14,191,000; silver certificates, $6,155,030; certificates of deposit outstanding, $22,405,000; refunding, $28,893,400; legal tender outstanding, $346,681,016; fractional currency outstanding, $15,710,939.

The State Department at Washington confirms the truth of the cable dispatch that Minister Kasson has been instructed to proceed shortly to Bucharest to formally recognize Roumanian independence and establish diplomatic relations between Roumania and the United States.

The vacancy in the list of rear admirals by the retirement of Admiral Mullaney has been filled by the promotion of Com. T. H. Stevens.

The Comptroller of Currency under date of Oct. 31, reports the whole amount of additional circulation issued since the publication of his annual report in November, 1878, as $15,435,475. The total average amount issued in the past 12 months has been at the rate of about $1,300,000 per month. The increase of circulation for the year ending November 1, 1878, was $4,316,684, and the total decrease from January 14, 1875, to November 1, 1877, was more than $30,000,000. The total amount issued during the month of October was $2,602,050, and during the months of September and October $7,514,170, or about one half of the whole amount issued during the year. The increase in legal tender notes deposited for the purpose of retiring the circulation during the year ending November 1st, 1879, was $3,279,001, leaving a net increase of the national bank circulation issued during the year of $11,484,582.

At a Cabinet meeting Friday the Secretary of the Treasury called attention to the fact that the Dominion of Canada has prohibited the importation of American cattle, on account of apprehensions of pleuro pneumonia; and, as some fear exists among Americans in regard to Canadian cattle, it was agreed that an order shall be immediately issued prohibiting the introduction of Canadian cattle to this country.

The Secretary of State left Washington Friday on the United States steamer "Tallapoosa," to visit the birthplace of Washington, preliminary to carrying out the provisions of Congress, directing him to place there a suitable monument to mark this historic spot. The Secretary was accompanied by Gen. Sherman and others.

The Supreme Court has decided the case of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company vs. Olga De Maluta Twaloff, in error from the United States Circuit Court of the southern district of New York, where a Russian Countess, traveling for pleasure, obtained a judgment for laces lost in her baggage. Judgment of the lower court was affirmed, the court holding that the railroad company was bound to give notice to a passenger of a claim for extra compensation for carrying extra valuable baggage, and having failed to do so in this case, it became an insurer of the baggage. Justices Field, Miller and Strong dissented on the ground that the 275 yards of lace, claimed by the owner to be worth $75,000, and found by the jury to be of the value of $10,000, cannot, as a matter of law, be properly considered as the baggage of a passenger for which a railroad company, in the absence of a special agreement, should be held liable.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued an order prohibiting the importation of meat cattle from Canada, to take effect Dec. 1st.

EAST.

Major Gen. Joseph Hooker died at Garden City L. I., Oct. 31. Gen. Hooker had been in his usual health until an hour before his death, and purposed going to New York tomorrow to attend to business matters. He gave a large dinner party at the Garden City Hotel on the 25th, and has seemed to be in the best of spirits and to enjoy social intercourse with his many friends as fully as any time in his life. He took his accustomed walk in the park during the afternoon, and did not complain of feeling ill until about 4 o'clock, when he retired to his apartments and summoned his valet, who helped him to a sofa, where he rested about an hour, and then rose and busied himself about his rooms till 5:45. His valet hearing the General struggling for breath, hastened to his side and assisted him to lie down upon the bed, and at the same time ringing for help. The hotel superintendent hurried to the room, but when he arrived the General was dead.

Near Scranton Pa., Nov. 2, a tremendous explosion of fire damp occurred in the Delaware and Hudson mine at Mill Creek. George Fassie, Daniel Rupp and J. Kinney have been taken out dead. Two men yet in the mine are believed to be killed. The dead bodies of Zach Thomas and D. Jenkins have been taken from the mine. The men were all dead when found and the bodies fearfully mangled. The remains were hoisted to the surface amidst the weeping and lamentations of friends and relatives of the unfortunate men. It cannot be definitely ascertained how the accident occurred. It is thought, however, the flame from one of the miner's lamps came in contact with the gas.

WEST.

At Rawlins Wy., Oct. 29, James Drais, Gen. Merritt's Chief of Scouts, came into the town with dispatches and mail. He reports numerous fresh Indian trails crossing the road in the vicinity of Williams Fork and More rapids, and also a camp-fire near Milk Run, about eight miles west of Snake river. At the crossing of Cottonwood Creek on the Muddy he saw three Indians. He and Eugene Taylor, one of Merritt's scouts, fired upon them and they retreated up the bed of the creek. Drais came on into Rawlins, warning the escort with the body of Lieut. Weir, which was a short distance ahead of him, and also a number of ranchmen on their way to Snake River.

At St. Louis, Oct. 30, a consultation between a committee of prominent citizens of Cincinnati and George Bain, President of the Millers' National Association, as to where the next meeting of that Association shall be held, resulted in selecting Cincinnati as the place, and June next as the time. The Exposition building and steam power are to be furnished free for the exhibit of milling and other machinery to be made on that occasion, and other accommodations are guaranteed.

Col. Sidney D. Maxwell, Superintendent of the Chamber of Commerce, at Cincinnati in his forthcoming report for the year ending September 1st, shows that the receipts of coal at Cincinnati are less the past year than for any previous year since 1871 2. This is attributable first, to the disturbance among Pittsburg miners early in the year, secondly, to the low stage of the Ohio River since August. Of the receipts during the year, 9.5 per cent. of the whole are by river, and only 85 per cent. by rail, showing the comparative incapacity of the railroads to supply the demand. There have been increases in the supply from the Ohio River mines and from the anthracite regions, the latter coal being unusually cheap. There is also a marked increase in the demand for crushed gas house coke, both for manufacturing and domestic purposes. Shipments from Cincinnati to interior points have been the largest in the history of the City, aggregating 6,500,000 bushels. The aggregate receipts during the year ending September 1st. are 34,211,000 bushels, which is over four millions less than last year.

A St. Louis dispatch says the gang of counterfeiters reported a couple of days ago as having been arrested in Andrew County, Missouri have been lodged in jail in Kansas City. Their names are David Bain, W. B. Bain, Edward Bain, Jesse C. Lewis, Thomas G. Ladman and George Riley. They were arrested while casting dollars, and their molds and material captured. Northwest Missouri has been flooded with spurious dollars and half dollars made by the gang, and they are said to be good counterfeits and but little light.

At Rawlins, Nov. 2 a courier came in from the front with dispatches and mail. All is quiet at Merritt's camp. On the 29th an Indian came into Merritt's camp to have a peace talk. He was informed that Merritt had no authority to make peace. He then gravely told the General if he would give up his arms, ammunition, horses and mules, he would be allowed to leave with his men. After the Indian left the camp, numerous signal fires were observed in the neighborhood of the camp. Two companies of infantry will be stationed at Snake River, to protect the stores and furnish escorts for wagon trains with supplies for Merritt.

SOUTH.

At Macon, Ga., Oct. 29, the Confederate monument was unveiled amid most imposing ceremonies, in the presence of 25,000 people. The military display was very fine. Col. Thos. Hardeman, the orator of the day, was introduced by Gov. Colquett, and delivered an eloquent and patriotic address, in which he counselled the burying of all animosities of the past. It was received with immense enthusiasm.

At Louisville, Ky. extensive arrangements are being made in the City for the reception of ex-Pres. Grant, who is expected to visit Louisville during the latter part of this month. Regarding the matter the Courier Journal says: "Gen. Grant telegraphs a response to the Mayor's invitation, in which he says, in a hearty, informal way, that he does not know when he will go East, but when he does he will drop in on Louisville. It is sufficient to say at this present moment that we shall all welcome Grant; that, politics aside, there is not a man, woman child or dog in Kentucky who will not be glad to see him and to extend to him an old-fashioned, cordial greeting."

At Nashville, Oct. 30, a novel case was decided in the United States District Court by Judge Connolly F. Trigg. Miller Hurst, an ex-Federal soldier, was convicted by the Morgan County Circuit Court, 10 months ago, for the murder of Thomas Staples in 1865, and sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment. He was taken from the penitentiary on a writ of habeas corpus by Col. John P. Murray, an ex-Confederate soldier, to-day, who proved that when the act alleged to have been done was committed, Hurst was a member of Capt. Dave Beatty's company, which was recognized as belonging to the United States army, and it was not known whether he killed Staples or any of the 40 composing the company, and that Staples was a Captain in the Confederate army. Hurst was discharged.

At Louisville, Oct. 31, Capt. A. Nesbit Lee, United States officer in charge of the Portland Canal under Gen. Weitzel, died suddenly at his boarding-house. The cause of his death was apoplexy. Capt. Lee was a native of Baltimore, and was in his 36th year. He was the son of Admiral Lee, and received a West Point education, graduating June 23, 1865. He leaves a wife and three children. The remains will be removed to Baltimore.

The Richmond, Va., Intelligence of October 31, publishes what it says is not a stolen interview, but an outspoken and cordial statement of the views of Pres. Hayes on the Virginia debt canvass, given to the editor on a recent visit to Washington. The President was willing his views should be known. He strongly advised the Republicans not to ally themselves with the re adjusters in Virginia. They should give no countenance whatever to any project which contained even the germ of repudiation, even to gain a transient advantage over their adversaries. He declared that forcible readjustment was nothing less in principle than repudiation. His views on the subject he knew were shared by Gen. Grant, Blaine, Sherman, and all the leading Republicans of the North, and he hoped the Southern Republicans would not oppose such leaders. The Intelligencer states that the President was gratified to learn that the Federal officials were not supporting the debt repudiators, and he hoped the colored people of Virginia would not be misled by appeals of demagogues and induced to cast their votes against the debt payers, the party of honesty and right in this contest.

FOREIGN.

Great Britain.

The London Daily News of Oct. 30, says: Although further proroguing of Parliament rather discountenances, it does not negative the idea of immediate dissolution. There are people who are confident the dissolution will be announced Friday, or Monday at the latest. With this belief are combined rumors that the ministry will undergo the most vital change that can affect it. This means Beaconsfield will retire from office. All newspapers except the News seems to regard further prorogation of Parliament as negativing the idea of dissolution. The rumors of cabinet changes are probably unfounded.

A dispatch says at the municipal elections throughout England, Saturday, wherever political considerations were involved, the Liberals were mostly triumphant. In one or two very important boroughs the balance of power was completely reversed in favor of the Liberals. In Liverpool, where the Town Council stood 42 Conservatives and 22 Liberals, it now stands 34 Conservatives and 30 Liberals.

Germany.

A Constantinople dispatch says at the last sitting of the Greek Frontier Commission the Greek members accused the Turkish members of a want of respect for the treaty of Berlin. Sawas Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs protested against the charge. The Turkish members then declared that the frontier proposed by the Greeks was at variance with the treaty of Berlin, and called on them to give it up.

An Athens dispatch says King George, in a speech at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies, said that negotiations were progressing between Greece and Turkey, aided by the co-operation of Europe, and were expected to terminate favorably. A peaceful solution, he said, would be advantageous to both countries, but it was necessary, in order to maintain the army in an effective condition, to continue the military preparations, because strength greatly regulated the relations between Nations. Bills will be presented concerning the army and navy.

Berlin advices says the reports of Prince Bismarck's ailments have been exaggerated and made to appear as if his life was endangered. There is no warrant for such statements. Bismarck suffers from neuralgia and gout. His physicians do not regard his condition serious.

Canada.

At Montreal, Oct. 29, the Board of Trade had a special meeting to further consider the proposition of the Board of Trade of Minneapolis, Minn., for an air line railway between that City and Montreal. The chairman said he did not consider such a road would be a rival of the Grand Trunk, which would have all the traffic it could possibly attend to on the completion of its line to Chicago. All present promised to give the new scheme their active support. It was arranged to send a deputation to the Government to urge the scheme upon their attention and if possible, have them adopt the line as a part of the Pacific railway.

Spain.

Madrid advices says there have been heavy rains throughout the country. At Malaga, a water spout uprooted trees and injured many persons. At Vera, in Almeria, the river overflowed and flooded the mines, throwing 1,500 men out of work. Twenty one persons were drowned, and 30 houses and 500 piastres worth of ore carried away. At Cuevas several lives were lost and one house destroyed. Marauders are taking advantage of these events to depredate on property. The Saragossa & Barcelona Railway is submerged for a distance of 16 kilometers.

At Madrid Nov. 3, representatives in the Cortes from Cuba and Porto Rico held a meeting to discuss the ministerial policy. It was decided to unanimously name a deputation to ask the minority to present to the Legislature simultaneously with the bill for the abolition of slavery, bills for the reform of tariff and commercial relations between Spain and her Colonies. If these demands are not conceded, members talk of withdrawing from the next Legislature.

Hungary.

France and England now regret not having agreed to accept the co operation of Italy in Egypt. Italy has been compelled to form with Germany and Austria a league against the excessive preponderance of England and France. Even in this league, however, Italy will show that she only seeks to reconcile her interests with the stand point of the general interests of Europe.

France.

It is said a telegram was posted at the Paris bourse Thursday which stated that the settlement of the Turkish debt had been effected under the auspices of the Ottoman bank on a pledge of revenues from salt and tobacco, and a surplus of Egyptian tribute. The payment of the first dividend is fixed for March 30.

TUESDAY'S ELECTIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2.—Under the law of Pennsylvania there can be no mass meetings or other political demonstrations of a popular character after the Saturday preceding the election. The campaign, therefore, closed Monday and the leaders of both parties are making up their estimates. There are four candidates for State Treasurer—Butler, Republican; Barr, Democrat; Sutton, Greenback; and Richardson, Prohibitionist. The campaign has been unusually quiet, very little speaking having been done, but something in the nature of a "still hunt" has been pretty vigorously kept up from the headquarters of the Democratic State Committee to Pittsburg. Both sides, as usual, are expecting victory, or, rather, that is what they tell the public. The vote will be light, as there is nothing to call it out, except in two or three localities where there has been an exciting contest over local offices. Hoyt's (Republican) majority over Dill (Democrat), in 1876, was 22,653. According to the Republican estimate, Butler's majority over Barr, this year will be 27,900 while, according to the Democratic estimate, Barr's majority over Butler will be 5,360. Mr. Barr's individual estimate claims for him a majority of some 15,000 outside of Philadelphia, and, conceding that he will be beaten in the City 8,000 or 9,000, he expects to be elected by 6,000 or 7,000. The most experienced political observers however, agree that the Republicans are likely to carry the State by not less than 15,000 majority, and any less majority would be a surprise all around.

BOSTON, Nov. 4.—The weather to-day is clear and cold, and in this City as well as in other Towns of the State the election is progressing quietly, the voting being lighter than last year and the enthusiasm meager. At Salem a slight gain for the Republicans is reported from some of the Wards. Newburyport at noon reports Butler ahead in four Wards and not greatly behind in the other two. He will probably carry the City by a small plurality. Lowell reports Butler ahead, and that he will probably carry the City.

Carney (Dem) and the independent nominee for Representative, will probably defeat Goulding, the Republican candidate.

Paul Butler, son of Gen. Butler, who is running for the Legislature, will probably be defeated by Peckman, the present Republican incumbent.

The first complete return received here from Hull, which gave Talbot 10 majority last year, gives Butler 26, Long 22.

Springfield at noon reports a lighter vote than usual and the Butler men active. The Republicans are confident, however, that the city will go for Land by a grand plurality. There is a very large vote in the Democratic wards of Worcester where there is a fight over the Representatives. Fall River reports that Butler will probably increase his majority of 600 last year. At Lawrence a majority of votes will be polled in the afternoon. At noon, however, indications were that Butler's vote will not be as large as last year, but he led slightly in wards two, three, five and six, but was behind in wards one and four.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The day is a fine one and the election proceeds quietly. The workers are too busy pushing the claims of their candidates to give any time for brawls and fights. No trouble is expected by the authorities, notwithstanding the intensity of feeling existing. Robinson men say the election will be settled in this city and Brooklyn. The Kelleyites claim they will poll enough votes to retire Robinson forever. The friends of Cornell are confident of his election, yet many Republicans scratch his name from the ballots and many more vote for Robinson. Politics are so now so muddled that all speculations as to results can but be the merest guess work. In the City and County elections the personal merit of the candidate promises to have a good deal to do with his election.

ALBANY, Nov. 4—Noon.—The weather is cold and lowering. There has been great activity at the polls, indicating a heavy vote, but it is impossible to discover which ticket is receiving the most votes, scratching being so general. Each party is divided on local issues and all sections are earnestly at work. Never were there so many posters used at an election here.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—Election day dawned bright and cold, and prospects for pleasant weather during the day and a full vote. The impression prevails at both headquarters, that up to noon the Republican ticket was considerably ahead. Scratching was common, and it is not improbable that a mixed ticket will be elected. The banks closed at one o'clock and the Board of Trade held no session. The principal wholesale business houses are closed.

CHILI AND PERU.

Severe Naval Battle in Which the Peruvian Ironclad "Huascar" is Captured.

PANAMA, Oct. 25.—The Star and Herald has a story of a naval battle between the Peruvian Ironclad "Huascar" and "Division of Chilian fleet. Steaming rapidly along the coast. The "Huascar" at about 3:30 on the 8th of October signalled to her consort the Union that the enemy was in sight and immediately proceeded at full speed to the northward, hoping to elude their vigilance in the darkness, and trusting to the superior rapidity of the "Union" to mislead the opposition squadron. The "Union" rather invited the enemy's attention, in hopes that the "Huascar" might get far enough away before daybreak to escape. The Chilian vessels were one ironclad and three wooden steamers. At 7 A. M., on the 8th inst., the Chilians were still in pursuit, about 6,000 metres from the "Union" and the "Huascar" ahead, but when the fog lifted there appeared directly in front the remaining division of the enemy's fleet, an iron armored frigate and three corvettes or transports. The Peruvians wished to avoid a conflict with the Chilian fleet, and endeavored to escape, but to no purpose. The "Huascar" at 9:30 A. M. found herself in front of the "Morro of Mejeilones and the second ironclad within cannon shot whilst the first was coming rapidly up, running in towards shore in the very bay of Mejeilonce de Bolivia. The "Huascar" awaited the advance of her nearest antagonist and let drive her two turret guns, following up the discharge with an attempt at ramming, which proved unsuccessful, owing to the ower possessed by the Chilians to turn in their own length with their twin screws. The fire was instantly returned, and mitralleuses in the tops of the "Huascar" and her enemies commenced their dreadful rattle. The "Union" to save herself from capture or destruction continued her flight and the "Huascrr" unaided continued the fight. She placed herself between the enemy's vessels but the Chilians took every opportunity of getting in shots at the stern of the ram, her vulnerable point, and the "Huyscar" was taken frequently at a disadvantage. She several times repeated her attempt to ram, but unsuccessfully. After two hours combat the "Huascar" with her hull riddled, her engines damaged, her turret so jammed that it would not revolve, and with only four officers unwounded, hauled down the Peruvian flag and surrendered.

The Chilian ironclad first into action, fired her broadsides very rapidly, as with her twin screws, she was able to present to her adversary in a few minutes any battery she wished to use. The "Huascar's" guns were well served, and in an hour discharged 25 shots. Her gunners were foreigners, principally English and Scotch, among whom the mortality must have been considerable. Her engineers were all foreigners, 25 of the crew in all being Europeans. The damage done the civilian ironclads was considerable.

The "Almirante Cochrane," which sustained the brunt of the battle, was somewhat damaged, but the "Blanco Encalada" escaped almost entirely. The unequal character of the fight may be understood when it is known that the "Huascar" had but 300 pounders to oppose to 1200 pounders, and her armor was four and a half inches, as against nine inches.

Subscriptions have been opened in Lima for the purchase of an ironclad to be called the "Almirant Grau." Men give their money, their houses, their estates, their watches, and even their sleeve links. Women have thrown into the fund their diamonds and silver plate. One lady sent diamond jewelry valued at £2,000. Others have been equally liberal. The Arch-Bishop of Lima heads the subscription with 2,000 soles. Already nearly 200,000 soles have been collected.

The ministry to give the President opportunity to choose new advisers resigned en masse but their resignation was not accepted. In spite of the feeling of sadness at the loss of Admiral Grau and his ship the "Huascar" there is no thought of submission.

A Commission composed of Dr. Rasas, President of the Peruvian Senate, and Senor Camacho, editor of the Opinion Nacional, of Lima, sailed for Europe from Aspinwall the 22d instant, to endeavor to purchase another iron clad to replace the lost "Huascar." It is hinted that the Spanish government may assist them. The battle is called "The Trafalgar of the Pacific."

The "Huascar" carried 51 men, officers, sailors, marines and engineers. Her plating amidships was 4½ inches, tapering off to 2½ inches at the bow and stern, and her measurement about 1,250 tons, with two Armstrong rifles (300 pounders) in the turret and two 40-pounders on deck, which probably could not be used from the height of the Chilian vessels and extremely short range, sometimes 200 metres, sometimes a stone's throw.

Commander Grau, of the "Huascar," and both of his Lieutenants were killed in the engagement with the Chilian fleet. Many of the crew were killed and wounded. At the close of the actiyn the "Huascar" nearly sank. It was thought doubtful whether she could reach port.

The Chilian army, numbering 18,000, is reported marching on Iquique. Peru. Mrs. Grau is reported dying soon after being informed of her husband's death.

THE LAST SIGH

Of the Fever-Stricken.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 29.—Two cases were report to the Board of Health this morning.—James Hartwell and Ed. Dubach, both at the city hospital. One death occurred last night, John A. Glass, two miles east of the city. The weather is warmer.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 30.—The National Board of Health will, during the month of November, begin a sanitary survey of the City, which work will be supervised by Col. Harring and Mayor W. H. H. Benyard, as soon as the absentees have all returned. The inspection will be made under the auspices of the National Board, with a view of ascertaining the necessities for a proper sanitary improvement. This work will be completed about the 25th of November, and submitted to Dr. J. S. Billings, Vice President; Drs. Johnson and Mitchell, members of the National Board, and Dr. Folsom, of Boston, who will visit the City at the period named. A test of the Wolf River cistern water will be made by Dr. Smith, Surgeon of the United States army. A survey of the City will be made in compliance with the request for taxing the district government.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 1.—No new cases have been reported since Thursday. Last night was the coldest of the season. The thermometer at 7 o'clock this morning had fallen to 37 deg.

The Appeal and Avalanche will both resume publication of full size issues tomorrow. Merchants report a rush of business, and physicians all agree that the cold wind of last night swept away all the lingering germs of the fever.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 3.—Ice was formed this morning in all the gutters of the City and the day is by far the coldest of the season. Fully 500 telegrams have been sent by physicians advising that all can return with safety. Thus ends the epidemic of 1879.

Lapse of Memory.

Two very rich Maryland planters, brothers, died about a quarter of a century ago, one of them a bachelor, while the other left several children, supposed to be illegitimate. These latter inherited their father's estate by the terms of his will, and on the death of their bachelor uncle claimed his property also, as being heirs at law of a man dying intestate. Their claim was disputed by a cousin of the deceased, who himself insisted upon being recognized as nearest of kin, on the ground that the other claimants were illegitimate. These latter proved their legitimacy, after a long legal struggle, by finding in Europe the priest who performed the marriage ceremony for their parents. They therefore obtained possession of their uncle's estate, but not until they had reduced themselves to poverty by a series of contests that ended only in the highest Court of the land, many of the leading lawyers of the Nation having taken prominent part in the struggle. The bachelor brother, instead of dying intestate, made a will in favor of the cousin who fought so hard the supposed heirs at law, and left it with a Washington lawyer, who went South at the begining of the war, leaving with his office boy a box of papers to be delivered to the persons addressed in case of the non-return of the attorney, and the boy probably forgot. A short time ago the youngster, having presumably come to man's estate, recovered his memory, and the will, the existence of which had been unknown, was sent to the cousin's lawyer, and the case is again to go before the Supreme Court.

Great Merit.

All the fairs gave the first premiums and special awards of great merit to Hop Bitters, as the purest and best family medicine, and we most heartily approve of the award, for we know they deserve it. They are now on exhibition at the State Fairs, and we advise all to test them. See another column.

A Jewelry Offer.

We have seen a sample of the chain and locket offered by the World Manufacturing Co., whose advertisement is published elsewhere. It appears to be all that could possibly be expected at so low a price, and is an excellent imitation of a real gold article.

ANOTHER STORY

Which Set the World Agog.

Grant as Tom Scott's Successor.

A Rumor That Disturbed the Stock Market, and Sent Pennsylvania Railroad Stocks Kiting.

Special to the Cincinnati Commercial.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 30.—Great excitement was caused, both here and in New York, this afternoon, by the publication in the New York Sun of a dispatch from this city, signed "J. W. F.," and because of the initials supposed to emanate from Col. John W. Forney, a clear and confidential friend of Col. Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The dispatch stated that the writer had it from a first-rate, authentic source that the physical condition of Col. Tom Scott was so bad that he would shortly resign the position of President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and that it would be offered to Gen. Grant immediately on his reaching Philadelphia, and in case of acceptance the ex-President would be unanimously elected.

It was also stated that General Grant would be elected President of the Texas and Pacific railroad, which position is also held at present by Colonel Scott. The dispatch went on to say that Scott's paralytic stroke, on which account he went so suddenly to Europe, has left him so incapable of performing the active duties of the office that the hour or two a week he spends at the Pennsylvania railroad office are given at the risk of his life. His only reason for continuing in office is to secure a suitable successor before he resigns.

The City of Philadelphia owns $3,000,000 of the stock of the Pa. R. R. Co., and in consequence elects annually two Directors to represent the interests of the City in that company. These two Directors will be instructed by vote of the Councils of the City to vote for Gen. Grant for President of the company, and as Col. Scott and all the remaining Directors favor Grant, his election will, therefore, be made without any dissenting vote. The salary of the office is $35,000 a year, and it is probable that at the annual meeting in March a resolution will be carried directing that it be increased to $50,000.

As soon as the Sun reached here containing this dispatch the Stock Exchange was in an uproar, and Pennsylvania shares went up and down like a balloon, but finally steadied under the repeated denials of the exceedingly plausible story. Vice Pres. Dennis, of the United Railroads of New Jersey, which form the connecting link between Philadelphia and New York, and is leased by the Pennsylvania Company, came posting over from New York to ascertain the truth of the story. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, a heavy stockholder in the Pennsylvania and a leading man in the Texas & Pacific Company, rushed up here for the same purpose. On interviewing Col. Scott through a telephone which connects the railroad depot and his home, nine miles out in the country, he replied, in answer to interrogations: "I know nothing of the foundation of such a dispatch, and the whole thing is a fabrication from beginning to end." Col. Scott was much annoyed at the remarks about his health. These statements about his physical health can not be exaggerated, for they are entirely true. The knowledge of this made the report generally believed. Col. Scott is in fact a total wreck from his chin to his toes, one entire half of his body being so affected by paralysis, that he is compelled to walk supported by a secretary or a son on one side, while he leans heavily on a heavy cane in the other hand. His face is the hue of a lobster boiled, and he has an apoplectic look about the eyes and throat. His brain, however, is not affected, and he retains all the intellectual abilities for which the great railroad President is famous.

Henry M. Phillips, Chairman of the Board of Directors, was kept busy all the afternoon answering reporters and denying the story.

Editor McClure, who is generally credited with being the mouthpiece of Colonel Scott, publishes an editorial in the Times to-morrow morning, contradicting the statement in the most emphatic way.

George W. Childs, who is by all odds the principal spokesman of General Grant on the Atlantic coast, said in the course of an interview this evening: "The thing has never occurred to the General or any of his friends."

It is now known that the dispatch was concocted and sent by John W. Frazier an able, but somewhat unsavory politician of this City, the first man who nominated John Sherman for President, and a devoted friend of the latter. He got up the whole affair for the purpose of inducing Grant's friends to take the initiative, get him the position, and thus remove a formidable opponent from Sherman's path, giving him a clear field for the Presidential nomination.

"Write Me as One Who Loves His Fellow-Man."

Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

A saloon keeper went down to the train last night to overhaul a man who owed him $16. He announced his intention of wiping the platform with the man if he once got hold of him. He found the man, and the two had a talk about the debt. The creditor told a pitiful story about his hard luck, and said he had only just enough money to get to Elko. The saloon keeper is a kind-hearted German, and, after hearing the story of the fellow's misfortunes, the tears stood in his eyes, and he remarked: "Mine Gott, Pill, is dot so! Veil, here's two toller and a half for you to get grub on the vay," and, thrusting the money in the man's hand, he pressed it with a warm grip and a tremulous "Good-by, Pill," and went up town murmuring: "Dot poy ish alvays in hart luck."

—"Is there a man with soul so dead, who hath suffered the miseries of a cough or cold, yet neglected to try "Sellers' Cough Syrup?"

Courtney probably looked upon the accident which lost him the race as a wise saw and modern instance.—*New York Com. Adv.*

DEBILITY AND NERVOUSNESS ARE CURED!

No organ of thought or action can be employed without the assistance of the blood, and without a supply of healthy blood. [illegible] FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES [illegible]

Persons suffering from impure blood, or whose health is giving way [illegible]

H. G. Addy M.D., St. John, N. B., writes as follows:

Mr. James I. Fellows, Chemist: Dear Sir—Having used your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites [illegible]

Sold by Every Druggist.

PRICE $1.50 PER BOTTLE.

COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

Better than a horse, because you can ride it more miles in a day than a horse can go, and it eats nothing. Send Three-cent Stamp for Price List and 24 page Illustrated Catalogue, with full information.

THE POPE MANUF'G CO., 72 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Health is Wealth.

Health of Body is Wealth of Mind.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A Grateful Recognition.

To cure a CHRONIC OR LONG STANDING DISEASE is truly a victory in the healing art; that reasoning power that clearly discerns DEFECT and supplies a remedy; that restores step by step—by degrees—the body which has been slowly attacked and weakened by an insidious disease, not only commands our respect but deserves our gratitude. Dr. Radway has furnished mankind with that wonderful remedy, RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, which accomplishes this result, and suffering humanity, who drag out an existence of pain and dismay, through long days and long nights, owe him their gratitude.—Medical Messenger.

FALSE AND TRUE.

We extract from Dr. Radway's Treatise on Disease and its cure, as follows:

LIST OF DISEASES CURED BY

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Chronic Skin Diseases, Caries of the Bone, Humors in the Blood, Scrofulous Diseases, Bad or Unnatural Habit of Body, Syphilis and Venereal, Fever Sores, Chronic or Old Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Rickets, White Swelling, Scald Head, Uterine Affections, Cankers, Glandular Swellings, Nodes, Wasting and Decay of the Body, Pimples and Blotches Tumors, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Consumption, Gravel and Calculous Deposits, and varieties of the above complaints to which sometimes are given special names.

We assert that there is no known remedy that possesses the curative power over these diseases that RADWAY'S RESOLVENT furnishes. It cures step by step, surely, from the foundation, and restores the injured parts to their sound condition. The wastes of the body are stopped and healthy blood is supplied to the system, from which new material is formed. This is the first corrective power of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT.

In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver, Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

If those who are taking these medicines for the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous or Syphilitic diseases, however slow may be the cure, "feel better" and find their general health improving, their flesh and weight increasing or even keeping its own, it is a sure sign that the cure is progressing. In these diseases the patient either gets better or worse—the virus of the disease is not inactive; if not arrested and driven from the blood it will spread and continue to undermine the constitution. As soon as the SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient feel better every hour you will grow better and increase in health, strength and flesh.

OVARIAN TUMORS.

The removal of these Tumors by RADWAY'S RESOLVENT is now so certainly established, that what was once considered almost miraculous is now a recognized fact by all parties. Witness the cases of Hannah P. Knapp, Mrs. C. Krapf, Mrs. J. H. Jolly and Mrs. P. D. Hendrix, published in our Almanac for 1879; also that of Mrs. C. S. Bibbins, in the present edition of our False and True.

Space forbids our making particular reference to the various cases of chronic diseases reached by our SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Invalids and their friends must consult our writings if they wish to obtain an idea of the promise and potency of R. R. R. Remedies.

One Dollar per Bottle.

MINUTE REMEDY.

Only requires minutes, not hours, to relieve pain and cure acute diseases.

Radway's Ready Relief,

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Bruises, Summer Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for Fifty Cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

Miners and Lumbermen should always be provided with it.

CAUTION.

All remedial agents capable of destroying life by an overdose should be avoided. Morphine, opium, strychnine, arnica, hyosciamus, and other powerful remedies, does at certain times, in very small doses, relieve the patient during their action in the system. But perhaps the second dose, if repeated, may aggravate and increase the suffering, and another dose cause death. There is no necessity of using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least difficulty in either infant or adult.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATNIG PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operatio

VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE for CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, mineral or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinkings or Flutterings in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest and Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the System from all of the above named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

FROM THE HONORABLE THURLOW WEED,

INDORSING DR. RADWAY'S R. R. R. REMEDIES,

AFTER USING THEM FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1877.

DEAR SIR: Having for several years used your medicines, doubtingly at first, but after experiencing their efficacy with full confidence, it is no less a pleasure than a duty to thankfully acknowledge the advantage we have derived from them. The pills are resorted to as often as occasion requires, and always with the desired effect. The Ready Relief cannot be better described than it is by its name. We apply the liniment frequently and freely, almost invariably finding the promised "Relief." Truly yours, (Signed) THURLOW WEED.

DR. RADWAY.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."
and others relating to different classes of Diseases

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

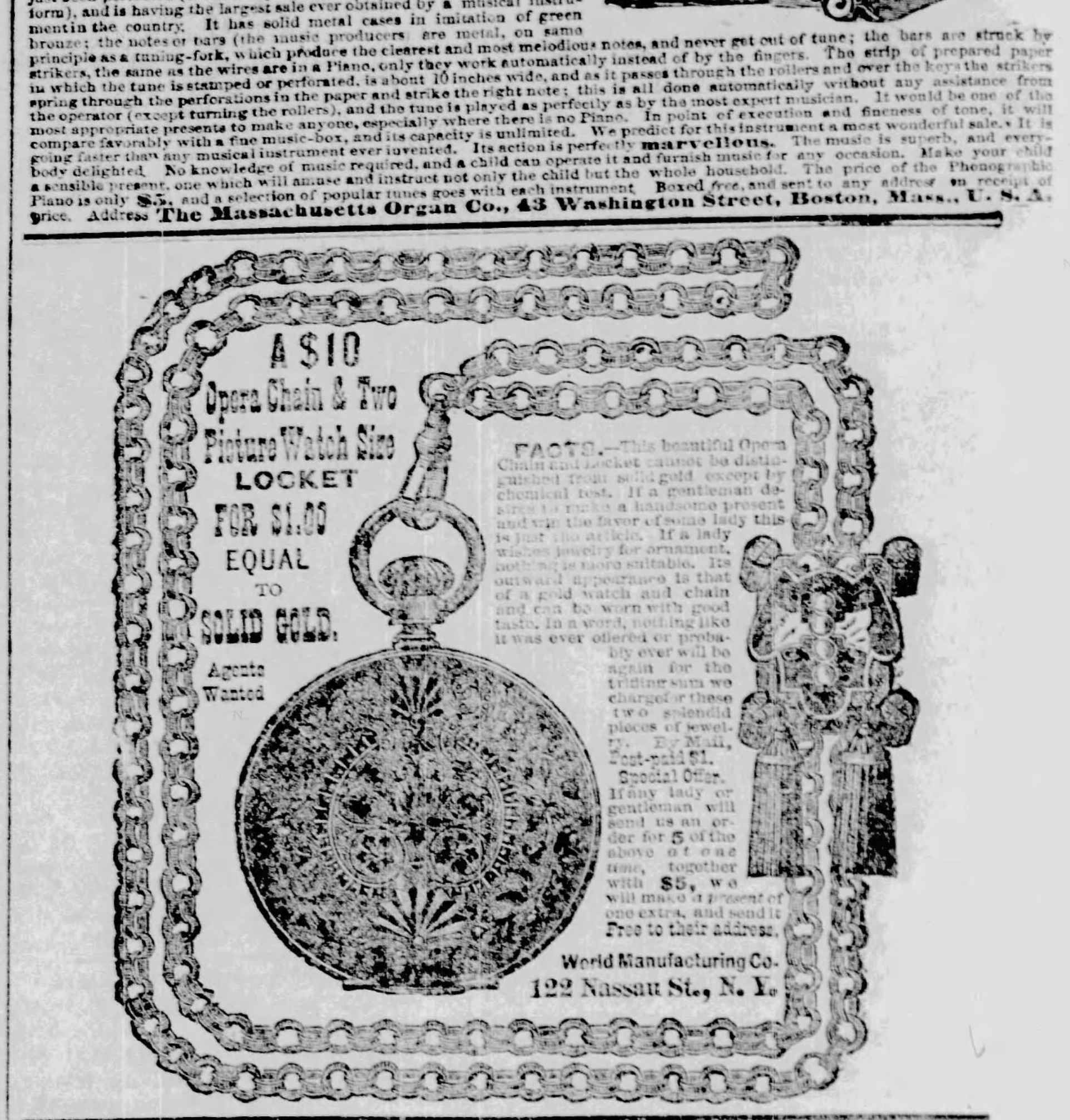
Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.

☞ Information worth thousands [illegible]

THE PHONOGRAPH SET TO MUSIC.

The Phonographic Piano.—A Most Wonderful Invention!

The Phonographic Piano has been called the most marvelous mechanical invention of the age. [illegible] Piano is only $5, and a [illegible] price. Address The Massachusetts Organ Co., 43 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



A $10 Opera Chain & Two Picture Watch Size LOCKET FOR $1.00 EQUAL TO SOLID GOLD. Agents Wanted.

[illegible] gentleman will send us an order for 5 of the above at one time, together with $5, we will make a present of one extra, and send it Free to their address.

World Manufacturing Co. 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

The Markets.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—On the curb-stone wheat sold about 1c lower, 114½c being bid for seller December. Corn was ½c lower, 42½c for seller May. Provisions steady. Hogs—Receipts, 31,000 head; active, firm and 5@10c higher. Cattle—Receipts, 4000 head; shipping nominal, weak; others slow and unchanged.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3.—Breadstuffs—Flour—inquiry confined exclusively to local consumers; superfine, $5 00@5 25. Wheat—limited inquiry; western rejected, 133c; No. 2 red, in elevator, 143@146c. Corn firmer; western low and high-mixed, on track, 60@61c; yellow do, 61@62c. Oats, more doing; mixed western, 41½@42½c; white do, 43@45c.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 4.—Flour firm at $5 80@7 00. Wheat—Market is firmer at 127@129c. Corn is dull; old at 45c; new at 35@37c. Oats firm and unchanged at 33@35c. Whisky quiet at 107c. Provisions—Pork quiet and unchanged at $11 00@11 25. Lard firm at $6 25. Bulk meats unchanged; shoulders, ——; new partly cured, short ribs, ——; do short clear, $——. Bacon unchanged at $——@——. Green meats firm; shoulders, $3 50; clear ribs, $5 00; hams $6 50@7 00.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4.—Breadstuffs — Flour is unchanged; XX, at ——@——; XXX, ——@——; family, ——@——; choice to fancy, ——@——. Wheat lower and quiet; No 2 red, 121@125⅞c for cash; ——@—— seller November; 125¾@124c for seller December; 130@128¾c for seller January; 139¾@132¾c seller February; No 3 do, 112¾@111¼c. Corn dull at 35½@35¼c for cash; 35½@35¼c for seller November and year; 35⅞@35¼c seller December; ——@—— seller January; ——@——c seller February. Oats quiet at 26½@26¾c for cash; 29¾@20c seller December. Rye—market is dull at 70c bid. Barley is steady; choice, 85c. Whisky quiet at 109c. Pork easier at $10 25 cash; $10 25@10 27½ for seller January. Dry salt meats quiet; boxed lots $2 50@3 00; shoulders $3 70; clear ribs, $5 50; clear, $5 65; Bacon no sales; clear ribs, ——; long clear, ——c. Lard quiet; $6 30 asked; $6 20 bid. Green Hams, ——. Receipts—Flour, 4,000 bbls; wheat, 21,000 bu; corn 15,000 bu; oats, 5,000 bu; rye, —— bu; barley, 2,800 bu. Shipments—Flour, 9,000 bbls; wheat, 30,000 bu; corn 4,000 bu; oats, —— bu; rye, 2,000 bu; barley, —— bu. Hogs quiet; mixed packing, $3 40@3 60; Yorkers to Baltimores $3 30@3 40; butchers to select heavy $3 50@3 65. Receipts, 7,400 head; shipments, 3,800 head.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 4.—Cotton unchanged; middlings, 10½c. Flour—Market more active but unchanged; Western superfine, $4 75@5 25; do extra, $5 75@6 25; do family, $6 50@7 25. Wheat—Western dull; No 2 red, ——@——c; do amber, ——@——c; No 2 western winter red, spot sales, 136c; do seller November, 136c; seller December, 142¾@142¾c. Corn — Market dull; Western mixed, spot, 57c; seller November, 57c; seller December, 58@58¼c; seller January, 58½@58¾c; steamer, —c. Oats — market steady; western white, 42@43c; do mixed, 40@41c; Pennsylvania, 42@43c. Rye—The market is lower at 90c. Hay—The market is firm; prime to choice Pennsylvania and Maryland, $15 00@16 00. Provisions—The market is easier but without quotable change. Mess pork, at $11 50. Bulk meats—loose shoulders, $4 50; clear rib sides, $6 75; packed, $4 50@5 75. Bacon—Shoulders, $5 00; clear rib sides, $8 25. Hams, $10 00@11 00. Lard—refined in tierces, $7 25. Butter—The market is firm; prime to choice western packed, 20@23c; roll, 20@23c. Eggs—The market is firm; fresh Western at 21@22c. Petroleum—market unchanged; crude, at 6¾@7¼c; refined at 7¼c. Coffee—The market is steady; rio cargoes, old, 15¾@18¾c; new, —c. Sugar—market is firm; A soft, 9¾@10¼c. Whisky firm at 113c. Freights to Liverpool, per steam, unchanged; cotton, ⅜d; flour, 3s 3d; grain, 8½@9d. Receipts—Flour, 3,739 bbls; wheat, 192,000 bu; corn, 68,200 bu; oats, 5,600 bu; rye, 1,000 bu; barley, —— bu. Shipments—Wheat, 318,500 bu; corn, 425,000 bu. Sales of wheat, 400,970 bu; corn, 10,525 bu.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, Nov. 5.—We have to again note a drop in the price of Wheat, with a dull market at the close: Spot amber, 125c. White wheat very dull; No. No. 2 white Wabash 125c; No. 2 red Wabash 125c; seller November 125c; seller December 129c; seller January 132c; rejected wheat 105c; No. 2 Amber Illinois, 127c; western amber, 126c. The Corn market is dull but steady; spot, High Mixed old, 46½c; No. 2, 45c; damaged, 39c; No. 2 new, spot, 42c; rejected 40c. Oats—No. 2, 32½c. Clover Seed dull; nominally $5 20 for prime medium, and $4 85 for No 2. Rye, 80c. Dressed Hogs, $4 50, all weights. Bran, $10 50. Lumber—Uppers, 1 inch, $38 00; 1¼, 1½ and 2 inch, $40 00; selects, 1 inch, $30 00; selects, 1¼, 1½ and 2 inch, $33 00; select common, 1 inch, $22 00; 1¼, 1½ and 2 inch, $25 00; stock boards, A, $35 00; B 1x12, $24 00; B 1x10, $24 00; common, 1x12, 14 & 16 ft, $15 00; common, 1x12, 18 & 20 ft, $16 00@18 00; common, 1x10, 12, 14 & 16 ft, $15 00; common, 1x10, 18 & 20 ft, $16 00@18 00; cull, 1x12, $13 00. Common boards, 14 & 16 ft, $13 00; do, 12, 18 & 20 ft, $14 00. Cull boards, $12 00. Strips, 1st and 2d clear, 6-in, $38 00; do, 1st common, 6 in, $30 00; second do, 6-in, $24 00; do, irregular, 4 to 7 in, $23 00. Fencing, 12, 14 & 16 ft, $14 00; do cull, $12 00. Bill stuff, 12 to 18 ft, $13 00; do, 20 to 26 ft, $15 00@18 00. Norway pine, [illegible] 1 and 2d clear, [illegible]; do first common, $17 00; [illegible] common, $12 00; do 6-in, 1st and 2d clear, $22 00; first common, $18 00; fencing, $14 00; [illegible] and 2d clear, $22 00; 1x12; first common, $18 [illegible]; 1x12, common, $14 00. Shingles, 16 inch XXX, $3 15; 18-in clear butts, $2 15. Lath, $2 25. Dressed—Flooring, 1st and 2d clear, $35 00; first common, $32 00; second common, $26 00; fence, $19 00; Norway, good, $25 00; common, $20 00; fence, $16 00; siding, 1st and 2d clear, $18 00; first common, $16 00; second common, $14 00; patent, $26 00@32 00; shelving, 1-in, $24 00; finishing, 1-in, $32 00.

Money, Stocks, etc.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2, 1879.

Money stringent at 7¼@7, closing at 7 1-16, prime mercantile paper 5@7 ℘ cent.

Sterling steadier; long, 480¼; short, 482¾.

Governments steady and ¼@1 ℘ cent. higher in railroad bonds. The principal activity was in Kansas & Texas issues, which advanced from 89¼ to 92½ for consols assented, and from 89¼ to 91½ for seconds. The former afterwards fell off to 91½, and the latter to 46½.

State Securities dull.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thu	Fri.	Sat
Old Tennessee's	37	38	38	38	37½	37
New Tennessee's	31	32½	32½	31½	31½	31
Old Virginia's	27	27	28½	27	28	27
New Virginia's	28	27	28	28	28	28
Missouri's	106	106	106	106	106	104½

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thu	Fri.	Sat.
U. S. 6's, '81	106¼	105¾	105¾	106	105¾	105¾
U. S. 5's, '81	102¾	103¼	103¼	103¼	103¼	102¾
U. S. new 4½'s	106¼	105¾	105⅝	105⅝	105¾	106¼
U. S. new 4's	102¾	102¾	102¾	102¾	102¾	102¾
Currency 5's	121½	121½	122	121	122	122
Sterling, sight	483	483	483¼	482½	482½	483¼
Sterling, 60 d	480¼	480¼	480¼	480¼	480¼	480¼

The money market was stringent throughout the day, and most of the loans on call were an ⅛@¼ per diem and legal interest. To-morrow being a legal holiday brokers had to provide themselves with money over to Wednesday, which aggravated the stringency. Towards the close of business the market relaxed slightly, and loans were made at 1-16 per diem. The notification of the Secretary of the Treasury that he would buy $10,000,000 worth of six per cent. bonds for the Sinking Fund, and that proposals for the sale of the same to the Government would be received up to noon Saturday, had a buoyant effect on government bonds, and also on stocks at the opening. The latter, however, afterwards declined on money pressure. Stocks were buoyant early in the day, and prices advanced ¼ to 1½ per cent. The improvement was afterwards lost in the general list, while Mobile & Ohio declined from 24½ to 21, but towards the close a firmer feeling prevailed, and in some instances the highest quotations of the day were made. Ohio & Mississippi was a feature of the common rising 2½, and preferred 3¾ per cent. The Grangers were noticeably firm, especially for St. Paul preferred, which rose to the highest figures of the year. The market was somewhat irregular at the close, but mainly strong. Pacific Mail fell back to 37⅞ on suspicion that the pool had marketed some of their stock at the recent advance. Gould and Sage are said to have been sellers to-day, and predictions are made that another shaking out of weak holders will occur before a material advance takes place. While a decided bullish feeling predominated at the close, enthusiasm was not so intense as of late. Sioux City common closed at 25; preferred, 57.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 3.—Hogs—Market steady; common, $2 80@3 40; light, $3 45@3 70; packing, $3 50@3 80; butchers', $3 80@3 90. Receipts, 8,066 head; shipments, 886 head.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Hogs—Receipts —— head; shipments, —— head; market opened dull, weak and lower, and ruled active with full prices, except that light were 5c lower at $3 50@3 60; mixed packing at $3 40@3 60; choice heavy, $3 65@3 95; closed firm, all sold.

Cattle—Receipts, —— head; shipments, —— head; good nominal, with no demand, and but few sales at $3 25@3 40; butchers' and canning grades strong and active; western cattle firm; through Texans steady.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, —— head; shipments, —— head; market dull and weak at $3 00@4 00.

EAST LIBERTY, Nov. 3.—Cattle—Receipts since and including Friday last, 903 head through, and 1,158 head local stock; total for the week ending this day, 1,781 head through and 3,564 head local, against 1,804 head through and 3,146 head local last week. The supply for to-day's sales was not so heavy as a week ago. There are a good many yet on hand of good common to medium, which are going off briskly, but a shade off from last week; best, $5 00; fair to good, $4 00@4 75; common, $3 10@3 60. Sales to-day, 903 head, against 1,600 last Monday.

Hogs—Receipts, 32,790 head; total for the week, 33,075 head, against 29,400 head last week. Yorkers, $3 60@3 85; Philadelphias, $4 00@4 15.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 7,500 head; total for the week, 15,500 head, against 15,600 head last week. Selling slow at last week's prices.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Beeves—Receipts for two day's, 5,400 head, making —— head for the week, against —— head last week; market opened dull and late with a reduction of ¼c on all grades, and continued depressed to the finish, without a clearance; native steers, $6 75@9 75, with 64 Kentucky steers, 1,527 lbs, to exporters; Texas and Cherokee cattle, $6 60@6 75; none taken for export except the 64 head for shipment alive. Shipments for the week, 370 head live cattle and 4,520 quarters of beef.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for two days, 16,500 head, making —— head for the week, against —— head last week; market weak and lower; slow sales; $3 25@4 50 for common to choice sheep; a few fancy wethers at @5 25@5 50; lambs, $4 50@5 75. Shipments for the week, 1,200 carcasses of mutton.

Hogs—Receipts for two days, 31,500 head; making —— head for the week, against —— head last week; none for sale alive; market nominally weak at $3 75@4 25.

Movements of Flour and Grain

at and from Western Lake and River ports for the week ended Oct. 25, 1879:

RECEIPTS.

	Flour, bbl.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.	Barly, bu.
Chicago	62192	1240049	1409186	395794	258872
Milwaukee	60689	504148	25210	28850	294289
Toledo	....	540621	145479	86169	
Detroit	11439	381778	1619	10844	7745
Cleveland	3142	71506	35005	47720	9059
St. Louis	45419	513159	120105	95568	78879
Peoria	1025	9600	192600	174400	44800
Duluth	3100	182958	17293		
Total	191596	3849920	2022847	841542	648316
Prev. week	175322	3948954	1701743	728211	659951

COMPARATIVE RECEIPTS of flour and grain at the same ports from Dec. 31 to Oct. 25, inclusive, four years:

	1879.	1878.	18[illegible]
Flour, bbls	5,454,558	4,477,944	3,821,858
Wheat, bu	82,662,912	70,792,208	40,081,179
Corn, bu	82,024,680	82,120,293	68,750,506
Oats, bu	26,552,974	26,648,471	20,286,663
Barley, bu	7,291,822	7,848,532	6,464,984
Rye, bu	4,942,638	4,356,525	4,492,301
Total	202,545,076	191,666,112	140,075,638

COMPARATIVE SHIPMENTS from the same ports from Dec. 31 to Oct. 25, inclusive, for four years:

	1879.	1878.	1877.
Flour, bbls	5,945,042	4,746,694	4,062,951
Wheat, bu	69,008,609	58,848,181	34,614,707
Corn, bu	75,050,894	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oats, bu	18,962,288	18,029,284	13,913,015
Barley, bu	4,196,017	3,919,216	5,298,715
Rye, bu	3,729,223	3,390,454	4,118,169
Total	176,[illegible]	156,842,630	178,190,332

N. Y. Prod. Ex. [illegible]

Boston Wool Market.

The receipts of Wool this week have been 7,575 bales, against [illegible] for the corresponding week in 1878. The imports [illegible] against 8 bales [illegible] 1878, and 527 [illegible]

The past week [illegible] record, the [illegible] and 1,181,500 [illegible] 300 lbs. larger [illegible] the history of [illegible] grades have [illegible] tendency of [illegible] ward. We [illegible] amount of Wool [illegible] leading to [illegible] Michigan and [illegible] have been sold [illegible] there if now [illegible] could be bought [illegible] have been [illegible] now held [illegible] are unwilling [illegible] which price [illegible] present activity [illegible]

The most [illegible] market the [illegible] change that [illegible] market. The [illegible] vance in Wool [illegible] eral improvement [illegible] English [illegible] here this week [illegible] be imported [illegible] vanced in Great [illegible] is now doubtful [illegible] that market [illegible] prices.

It is estimated [illegible] country this year [illegible] 000; cheese and [illegible] products, $25 [illegible] $220,000,000; [illegible] 000; wheat, $ [illegible] butter and cheese [illegible] ditional quantity [illegible] by dealers [illegible] values of corn [illegible] meats are [illegible] showing that [illegible]

NEEDLES

AGENTS, MALE AND FEMALE. 120 [illegible] Mixed Darners [illegible] Worsted, 1 Mot[illegible] 25c. Sample [illegible] NEEDLE CO., [illegible]

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

ORGAN BEATTY PIANO

[illegible] Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.